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PSALMS AND HYMNS

ADAPTED TO

SOCIAL, PRIVATE, AND PUBLIC WORSHIP

IN THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

IN THE

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APPROVED AND AUTHORIZED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

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ADVERTISEMENT

THE want of some improvement in the existing Psalmody, and particularly of an enlarged and arranged collection of Hymns, suitable for public and private worship in the Presbyterian Church, has for a considerable time been felt and acknowledged. In the year 1838, a Committee was appointed by the General Assembly, to which was entrusted the preparation of such a collection as would supply the exigency, and, at the same time, such a modification or improvement in the present version of Psalms, as might be found to be practicable. After reporting, from time to time, the progress they had made, the result of their labours is submitted in the present volume. The Psalms have been left without alteration, the Committee believing that it would be extremely difficult to furnish a more acceptable version than that of Watts. The Hymns, as may be seen, have undergone great and essential modifications.

Agreeably to an act of the General Assembly in 1842, the Committee was directed, after having respectfully considered any emendations which might in a limited time be suggested to it by individuals or Presbyteries, to publish the book, and submit it to the churches; and at the same time authority was given to use it in the worship of God. The Hymns are arranged under a simple and obvious classification, a little acquaintance with which, will enable any person to find, with facility, hymns suited to particular occasions, or adapted to particular subjects. The collection itself comprehends what were supposed to be the best hymns in the one now in use, with a large addition from other sources, and in sufficient variety, it is presumed, to meet all the wants of worshippers.

METRES.

L. M.—*Long Metre.*
C. M.—*Common Metre.*
S. M.—*Short Metre.*
H. M.—*Hallelujah Metre.*
L. M. D.—*Long Metre Double.*
C. L. M.—*Common Long Metre.*

The other metres are distinguished by the number of syllables, as 11s, 7s, 8s, &c.

PSALMS.

PSALM 1. FIRST PART. C. M.

BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 He, like a plant of generous kind
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge, at his right hand,
Appoints his saints a place.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

PSALM 1. SECOND PART. S. M.

THE man is ever blest,
Who shuns the sinner's ways,
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place:

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live;
His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race;
They no such blessings find;
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet?

6 He knows, and he approves
The way the righteous go:
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

PSALM 1. THIRD PART. L. M.

HAPPY the man whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way where sinners go,
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ his morning light,
Among the statutes of the Lord;
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin.

4 But sinners find their counsels crossed
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand
In judgment with the pious race;
The dreadful Judge, with stern command,
Divides him to a different place.

6 "Straight is the way my saints have trod;
I blessed the path, and drew it plain;
But you would choose the crooked road;
And down it leads to endless pain."

PSALM 2. FIRST PART. S. M.

MAKER and sovereign Lord
Of heaven, and earth, and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.

2 The things so long foretold
By David, are fulfilled;
When Jews and Gentiles join to slay
Jesus, thine Holy Child.

3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord
Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' anointed of the Lord?

4 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design;
Against the Lord their powers unite,
Against his Christ they join.

5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne;
He that hath raised him from the dead,
Hath owned him for his Son.

PSALM 2. SECOND PART. S. M.

OUR Lord 's ascended high,
And rules the subject earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heavenly birth.

2 Beneath his sovereign sway
The Gentile nations bend;
Far as the world's remotest bounds
His kingdom shall extend.

3 The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod:
He'll vindicate those honours well,
Which he received from God.

4 Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne;
With trembling joy, ye judges, bow
To God's exalted Son.

5 If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place;
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.

PSALM 2. THIRD PART. C. M.

WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down?

2 The Lord that sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below;
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.

3 I call him my eternal Son,
And raise him from the dead;
I make my holy hill his throne,
And wide his kingdom spread.

4 "Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
The utmost heathen lands;
Thy rod of iron shall destroy
The rebel that withstands."

5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey th' anointed Lord;
Adore the King of heavenly birth,
And tremble at his word.

6 With humble love address his throne;
For if he frown, ye die:
Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his grace rely.

PSALM 3. FIRST PART. C. M.

MY God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

2 The lying tempter would persuade
There 's no relief in heaven,
And all my growing sins appear
Too great to be forgiven.

3 But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread:
Shalt silence all my threatening guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

4 I cried, and from his holy hill,
He bowed a listening ear;
I called my Father, and my God,
And he subdued my fear.

5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes:
I woke and wondered at the grace
That guarded my repose.

6 What though the hosts of death and hell,
All armed, against me stood:
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
My refuge is my God.

7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing:
My God hath broke the serpent's teeth,
And death hath lost his sting.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
His arm alone can save:
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

Psalm 3. second part. L. M.

O LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tired with the burdens of the day,
To thee I raised an evening cry;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thine heavenly aid
I laid me down and slept secure:
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.

4 But God sustained me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
He raised my head to see the light,
And makes his praise my morning song.

PSALM 4. FIRST PART. L. M.

O GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain:
Thou hast enlarged me in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame;
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?

3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside;
He hears and pities their complaints,
For the dear sake of Christ that died.

4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in his pardoning grace.

5 Let the unthinking many say,
"Who will bestow some earthly good?"
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;
Our souls desire this heavenly food.

6 Then shall my cheerful powers rejoice
At grace divine, and love so great;
Nor will I change my happy choice
For all their wealth and boasted state.

PSALM 4. SECOND PART. C. M.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

PSALM 5. C. M.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter with a base design
To make my soul their prey.

7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy;
While those that in thy mercy trust
For ever shout for joy.

8 The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

PSALM 6. FIRST PART. C. M.

IN anger, Lord, do not chastise,
Withdraw the dreadful storm;
Nor let thine awful wrath arise
Against a feeble worm.

2 My soul 's bowed down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain opprest;
My couch is witness to my tears,
My tears forbid my rest.

3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
I waste the night with cries,
And count the minutes as they pass,
Till the slow morning rise.

4 Shall I be still afflicted more?
My eyes consumed with grief?
How long, my God, how long before
Thine hand afford relief.

5 He hears his mourning children speak,
He pities all our groans,
He saves us for his mercy's sake
And heals our broken bones.

6 The virtue of his sovereign word
Restores our fainting breath;
For silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

PSALM 6. SECOND PART. L. M.

LORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindness dost chastise,
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not against me rise!

2 Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows that I feel;
The wounds thy heavy hand hath made,
O let thy gentler touches heal!

3 See how in sighs I pass my days,
And waste in groans the weary night:
My bed is watered with my tears;
My grief consumes, and dims my sight.

4 Look how the powers of nature mourn!
How long, Almighty God, how long?
When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy grace my song?

5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair;
But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.

6 Depart, ye tempters, from my soul,
And all despairing thoughts depart;
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh and cheer my heart

PSALM 7. C. M.

MY trust is in my heavenly friend,
My hope in thee, my God;
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood.

2 With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey
When no deliverer's near.

3 If e'er my pride provoked them first,
Or once abused my foe,
Then let them tread my life to dust,
And lay mine honour low.

4 If there be malice found in me,
I know thy piercing eyes;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and power control;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliverance for my soul.

6 Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust;
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just?

7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright:
His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spite.

8 Though leagued in guile, their malice spread
A snare before my way;
Their mischiefs on their impious head
His vengeance shall repay.

9 That cruel persecuting race
Must feel his dreadful sword;
Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord.

PSALM 8. FIRST PART. S. M.

O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon complete in light
Adorn the darksome skies:

3 When I survey the stars,
In all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
A-kin to dust and worms?

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels he is placed,
And lord of all below.

5 Thine honours crown his head,
While beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.

6 How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways:
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

PSALM 8. SECOND PART. L. M.

LORD, what was man, when made at first,
Adam the offspring of the dust,
That thou shouldst set him and his race
But just below an angel's place?

2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?

3 But O, what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born!

4 See him below his angels made,
Behold him numbered with the dead,
To save a ruined world from sin;
But he shall reign with power divine.

5 The world to come, redeemed from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New made and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

PSALM 9. FIRST PART. C. M.

WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou, Sovereign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put thy foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his justice known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor opprest,
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men that know thy name, will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou wilt ne'er forsake the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threatening word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

PSALM 9. SECOND PART. C. M.

WHEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood,
The humble souls that mourn in dust,
Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise;
In Zion's gates with cheerful breath,
They sing their Father's praise.

3 His foes shall fall with heedless feet
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net
That their own hands have spread.

4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God!
Are thy deep counsels known;
When men of mischief are destroyed,
In snares that were their own.

5 The wicked shall sink down to hell;
Thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Against thy known commands.

6 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait, and long complain,
Their cries shall never be forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

7 Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
To judge and save the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.

8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain,
Make them confess that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.

PSALM 10. C. M.

WHY doth the Lord depart so far,
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?

2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy laws?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And slight thy righteous cause?

3 They cast thy judgments from their sight,
And then insult the poor;
They boast, in their exalted height,
That they shall fall no more.

4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,
Attend our humble cry;
No enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.

5 Why do the men of malice rage,
And say, with foolish pride,
"The God of heaven will ne'er engage
To fight on Zion's side?"

6 But thou for ever art our Lord;
And mighty is thy hand,
As when the heathen felt thy sword,
And perished from thy land.

7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear;
Accept the vows thy children pay,
And free thy saints from fear.

8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just;
And mighty sinners shall confess
They are but earth and dust.

PSALM 11. L. M.

MY refuge is the God of love;
Why do my foes insult and cry,
"Fly like a timorous trembling dove,
To distant woods or mountains fly?"

2 Behold the wicked bend their bow,
And fit their arrows to the string;
To lay the men of virtue low,
In secrecy their darts they fling.

3 If government be once destroyed
(That firm foundation of our peace,)
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress?

4 The Lord in heaven has fixed his throne,
His eye surveys the world below;
To him all mortal things are known,
His eyelids search our spirits through.

5 If he afflicts his saints so far,
To prove their love and try their grace,
What may the bold transgressors fear?
His soul abhors their wicked ways.

6 On impious wretches he will rain
Sulphureous flames of wasting death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.

7 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

PSALM 12. C. M.

HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground;
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatterer's part:
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

3 If we reprove some hateful lie,
They scorn our faithful word!
"Are not our lips our own," they cry,
"And who shall be our Lord?"

4 Scoffers appear on every side,
Where a vile race of men
Is raised to seats of power and pride,
And bears the sword in vain.

5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is rarely to be found,
And love is waxing cold,

6 Is not thy chariot hastening on?
Hast thou not given the sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

7 "Yes," saith the Lord, "now will I rise,
And make th' oppressors flee;
I shall appear to their surprise,
And set my servants free."

8 Thy word, like silver seven times tried,
Through ages shall endure;
The men that in thy truth confide
Shall find thy promise sure.

PSALM 13. C. M.

HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays
That chase my fears away?

2 How long shall my poor labouring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes control,
And ease my raging pain.

3 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts;
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep;
Make haste before mine eyes are sealed
In death's eternal sleep.

5 How would the tempter boast aloud
Should I become his prey!
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
To see thy long delay.

6 But they shall flee at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

7 Thou wilt display thy sovereign grace,
Whence all my comforts spring;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And thy salvation sing.

PSALM 14. C. M.

FOOLS in their hearts believe and say,
That all religion 's vain,
"There is no God that reigns on high,
Or minds th' affairs of men."

2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord from his celestial throne,
Looked down on things below,
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

4 By Nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There 's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There 's none that loves his name.

5 Their tongues are used to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease:
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace!

6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
In every heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

7 O that salvation might proceed
From Zion's sacred place,
Till Israel's captives all are freed,
And sing recovering grace.

PSALM 15. FIRST PART. C. M.

WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
That trusts his Maker's promised grace,
And follows his commands.

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never wrong the poor:
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

PSALM 15. SECOND PART. L. M.

WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below:

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Or vent it to his neighbour's hurt:
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honoured in his eyes.

4 Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.

5 He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold:
While others scorn and wrong the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.

6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

7 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

PSALM 16. FIRST PART. L. M.

PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need;
For succour to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead:
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confest
How empty and how poor I am:
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy name.

3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.

4 How fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol-god!
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their offerings of forbidden blood.

5 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon;
He for my life has offered up
Jesus, his best beloved Son.

6 His love is my perpetual feast;
By day his counsels guide me right;
And be his name for ever blest,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

7 I set him still before mine eyes;
At my right hand he stands prepared
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

PSALM 16. SECOND PART. L. M.

WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad my heart, rejoice my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

Psalm 17. L. M.

LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love:
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below;
'Tis all the happiness they know;
'Tis all they seek, they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

4 This life 's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

Psalm 18. first part. L. M.

THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tower, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

2 Death and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade;
While floods of high temptation rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.

3 I saw the opening gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
(Which none but they that feel can tell)
While I was hurried to despair.

4 In my distress I called my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine;
He bowed his ear to my complaint,
And proved his saving grace divine.

5 With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful, and bright as lightning shone
The face of my deliverer, God.

6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his Almighty breath:
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.

7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength, and more their rage;
But Christ, my Lord, is conqueror still,
In all the wars the proud can wage.

8 My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord
Due to his mercy and his power

PSALM 18. SECOND PART. L. M.

LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear,
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast owned my righteous cause.

2 Since I have learned thy holy ways,
I've walked upright before thy face:
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
Thy love reclaimed my wandering heart.

3 What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and strugglings in my breast!
But through thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin.

4 That sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will;
When shall thy Spirit's sovereign power
Destroy it, that it rise no more?

5 With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward;
The kind and faithful souls shall find
A God more faithful and more kind.

6 The just and pure shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they
And men that love revenge shall know,
God hath an arm of vengeance too.

PSALM 18. THIRD PART. L. M.

JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great rock of my secure abode:
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where 's a refuge like our God?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And, while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3 He lives, and blessings crown his reign,
The God of my salvation lives;
The dark designs of hell are vain,
While heavenly peace my Father gives.

4 Before the scoffers of the age,
I will exalt my Father's name;
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

5 To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend;
Thy love to saints, in Christ their head,
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

PSALM 19. FIRST PART. S. M.

BEHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its maker, God!
And all the starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land,
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye christian lands, rejoice,
Here he reveals his word,
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

7 Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight;
Nor gold that has the furnace passed
So much allures the sight.

8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim;
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

PSALM 19. SECOND PART. S. M.

BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just;
For ever sure thy promise, Lord;
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
Oh may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

5 I heard thy word with love,
And I would fain obey:
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

6 Oh! who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet, with a bold, presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.

7 Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults;
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

PSALM 19. THIRD PART. L. M.

THE heavens declare thy glory Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

PSALM 19. FOURTH PART. P. M.

GREAT God, the heavens' well-ordered frame
Declares the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder shine:
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power, and skill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read:
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice:
The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his maker, God;
All nature joins to show thy praise:
Thus God in every creature shines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines;
But fairer is the book of grace.

PSALM 19. FIFTH PART. P. M.

I LOVE the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distrest!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 From the discoveries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw:
These are my study and delight:
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace passed,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace
And book of nature, not in vain.

PSALM 20. L. M.

NOW may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.

2 The name of Jacob's God defends,
When bucklers fail and brazen walls:
He from his sanctuary sends
Succour and strength when Zion calls.

3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

5 Some trust in horses trained for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

6 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and strong;
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

PSALM 21. C. M.

OUR land, O Lord, with songs of praise,
Shall in thy strength rejoice;
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To heaven a cheerful voice.

2 Thy sure defence, through nations round,
Hath spread our country's name;
And all her humble efforts crowned
With freedom and with fame.

3 In deep distress, a patriot band
Implored thy power to save;
For liberty they prayed; thy hand
The timely blessing gave.

4 Most righteous Lord, thy stubborn foes
Shall quake through all their train;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
Who hate thy gracious reign.

5 On thee, in want, in woe or pain,
Our hearts alone rely;
Our rights thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants supply.

6 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare,
And still exalt thy fame;
While we glad songs of praise prepare,
For thine Almighty name.

PSALM 22. FIRST PART. C. M.

"NOW from the roaring lion's rage,
O Lord, protect thy Son,
Nor leave thy darling to engage
The powers of hell alone."

2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears;
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chased away his fears.

3 Great was the victory of his death,
His throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship or shall die.

4 A numerous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans;
They shall be reckoned in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.

5 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

6 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God,
And nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his blood.

Psalm 22. second part. L. M.

NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complained in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews behold him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads and laugh in scorn;
"He rescued others from the grave,
Now let him try himself to save.

3 This is the man did once pretend
God was his father and his friend!
If God, the blessed, loved him so,
Why doth he fail to help him now?"

4 O savage people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like raging beasts!
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their power.

5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

6 But God his father heard his cry;
Raised from the dead he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

Psalm 23. first part. L. M.

MY shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well supplied;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

2 In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food 's divinely blest.

3 My wandering feet his ways mistake;
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my shepherd 's with me there.

5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6 The sons of earth and sons of hell
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine
To see my table spread so well,
With living bread and cheerful wine.

7 How I rejoice, when on my head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
'Tis a divine anointing, shed
Like oil of gladness at a feast.

8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days:
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.

PSALM 23. SECOND PART. C. M.

MY shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me for his mercy's sake
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death
Thy presence is my stay;
One word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
Oh may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

6 There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come,)
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

PSALM 23. THIRD PART. S. M.

THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

PSALM 24. FIRST PART. C. M.

THE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With Adam's numerous race;
He raised its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.

2 But who among the sons of men
May visit thine abode?
He that has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.

3 This is the man may rise and take
The blessings of his grace;
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face.

4 Now let our souls' immortal powers
To meet the Lord prepare,
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The King of glory 's near.

5 The King of glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

PSALM 24. SECOND PART. L. M.

THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms, and beasts and birds;
He raised the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling place.

2 But there 's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky;
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his maker, God?

3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
Him shall the Lord, the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of Jacob's face;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh.
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour 's he.

6 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The conqueror comes with God to dwell.

7 Raised from the dead in royal state,
He opens heaven's eternal gate,
To give his saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

PSALM 25. FIRST PART. S. M.

I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name;
Let not the foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

2 Sin and the powers of hell
Would tempt me to despair;
Lord, make me know thy covenant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

3 From the first dawning light
Till evening shades arise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing eyes.

4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth:
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

5 The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

6 For his own goodness sake
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons (though my guilt be great)
Through my Redeemer's name.

PSALM 25. SECOND PART. S. M.

WHERE shall the man be found
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his covenant show,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his power
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as keep his covenant sure,
And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face,
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

PSALM 25. THIRD PART. S. M.

MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord,
I love to plead his promised grace
And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

4 With every morning light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

5 O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame,
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

6 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

PSALM 26. L. M.

JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lies;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

3 Amongst thy saints will I appear
Arrayed in robes of innocence;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell;
There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my soul be joined at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints, and near my God.

PSALM 27. FIRST PART. C. M.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
Oh grant me mine abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still,
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God is a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

PSALM 27. SECOND PART. C. M.

SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children seek my grace,"
My heart replied, without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want or die,
My God will make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believed,
To see thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceived.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit while it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

PSALM 28. L. M.

TO thee, O Lord, I raise my cries;
My fervent prayer in mercy hear;
For ruin waits my trembling soul,
If thou refuse a gracious ear.

2 While suppliant toward thy holy hill
I lift my mournful hands to pray,
Afford thy grace, nor drive me still
With impious hypocrites away.

3 To sons of falsehood, that despise
The works and wonders of thy reign,
Thy justice gives the due reward,
And sinks their souls to endless pain.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Whose mercy hears my mournful voice!
My heart, that trusted in his word,
In his salvation shall rejoice.

5 Let every saint, in sore distress,
By faith approach his Saviour, God;
Then grant, O Lord, thy pardoning grace,
And feed thy church with heavenly food.

PSALM 29. L. M.

GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
Through every ocean, every land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 He speaks, and tempest, hail, and wind,
Lay the wide forest bare around;
The fearful hart and frighted hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.

4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And lo, the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.

5 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
The thunderer reigns for ever king;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

6 In gentler language, there the Lord
The counsel of his grace imparts:
Amidst the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM 30. FIRST PART. L. M.

I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high:
At thy command diseases fly:
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints, and prove
How large his grace, how kind his love:
Let all your powers rejoice, and trace
The wondrous records of his grace.

3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days:
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

PSALM 30. SECOND PART. L. M.

FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night;
Fondly I said within my heart,
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long:
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.

3 I cried aloud to thee, my God,
"What canst thou profit by my blood?
Deep in the dust can I declare
Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?

4 Hear me, O God of grace," I said,
"And bring me from among the dead:"
Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,
Thy pardoning love removed my guilt.

5 My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turned to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heaven,
For sickness healed, and sins forgiven.

PSALM 31. FIRST PART. C. M

TO thee, O God of truth and love,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeemed my soul from death,
And saved me from the pit.

2 My times are in thy hand, I cried,
Though I draw near the dust:
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.

3 Oh make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine,
And save me, for thy mercy's sake,
For I am wholly thine.

4 'Twas in my haste my spirit said,
"I must despair and die,
I am cut off before thine eyes;"
But thou hast heard my cry.

5 Thy goodness, how divinely free.
How sweet thy smiling face
To those that fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promised grace!

6 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

PSALM 31. SECOND PART. C. M.

MY heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my heavenly trust;
Thou hast preserved my face from shame,
Mine honour from the dust.

2 "My life is spent with grief," I cried,
"My years consumed in groans,
My strength decays, mine eyes are dried,
And sorrow wastes my bones."

3 Among mine enemies my name
A proverb vile was grown,
While to my neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and fear on every side
Seized and beset me round:
I to thy throne of grace applied
And speedy rescue found.

5 How great deliverance thou hast wrought
Before the sons of men?
The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boasting vain.

6 Thy children from the strife of tongues
Shall thy pavilion hide,
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.

7 Within thy sacred presence, Lord,
Let me for ever dwell;
No fenced city, walled and barred,
Secures a saint so well.

PSALM 32. FIRST PART. S. M.

OH blessed souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

PSALM 32. SECOND PART. L. M.

BLEST is the man, for ever blest,
Whose guilt is pardoned by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confessed,
And covered with his Saviour's blood.

2 Before his judgment seat, the Lord
No more permits his crimes to rise;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace, relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free,
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Through all his life appears and shines.

PSALM 33. FIRST PART. C. M.

REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you:
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true!

2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim;
His works of nature, and of grace,
Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His word, with energy divine,
Those heavenly arches spread,
Bade starry hosts around them shine,
And light the heavens pervade.

4 He taught the swelling waves to flow
To their appointed deep;
Bade raging seas their limits know,
And still their station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

PSALM 33. SECOND PART. P. M.

YE holy souls in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice,
Great is your theme, your songs be new;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

2 Behold, to earth's remotest ends,
His goodness flows, his truth extends;
His power the heavenly arches spread;
His word, with energy divine,
Bade starry hosts around them shine,
And light the circling heavens pervade.

3 His hand collects the flowing seas;
Those watery treasures know their place,
And fill the store-house of the deep:
He spake, and gave all nature birth;
And fires, and seas, and heaven, and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble and adore
A God of such resistless power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands,
But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM 34. FIRST PART. C. M.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 My soul shall make her boast in him,
And celebrate his fame;
Come magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

4 O! make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide,
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Come make his service your delight;
He'll make your wants his care.

PSALM 34. SECOND PART. L. M.

LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue:
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come magnify the Lord with me,
Let every heart exalt his name;

I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reached his ears:
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calmed the tumult of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
With heavenly joy their faces shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and love divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord;
Oh fear and love him, all his saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.

6 The wild young lions, pinched with pain
And hunger, roar through all the wood;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

PSALM 34. THIRD PART. L. M.

CHILDREN, in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

4 To humble souls and broken hearts
God with his grace is ever nigh;

Pardon and hope his love imparts
When men in deep contrition lie.

6 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death;
His Spirit heals their broken bones,
His praise employs their tuneful breath.

PSALM 34. FOURTH PART. C. M.

I'LL bless the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come help my lips to praise.

2 Sing to the honour of his name,
How a poor sufferer cried,
Nor was his hope exposed to shame,
Nor was his suit denied.

3 Oh sinners, come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

4 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell;
What ills their heavenly care prevents,
No earthly tongue can tell.

5 Oh love the Lord, ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just:
How richly blest their portion is
Who make the Lord their trust!

6 Young lions, pinched with hunger, roar,
And famish in the wood;
But God supplies his holy poor
With every needful good.

PSALM 35. C. M.

BEHOLD the love, the generous love,
That holy David shows;

Behold his kind compassion move
For his afflicted foes.

2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead!
And, fasting, mortified his soul,
While for their life he prayed.

4 They groaned and cursed him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double blessings on his head,
The righteous God returns.

5 Oh glorious type of heavenly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6 He, the true David, Israel's king,
Blest and beloved of God,
To save us rebels, dead in sin,
Paid his own dearest blood.

PSALM 36. FIRST PART. L. M.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;

The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God, how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

PSALM 36. SECOND PART. C. M.

WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
"Their thoughts believe there 's none."

2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare,
(Whate'er their lips profess,)
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.

3 What strange self-flattery blinds their eyes!
But there 's a hastening hour,
When they shall see, with sore surprise,
The terrors of thy power.

4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathomed sea.

5 Above these heavens' created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;

Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,
Where time and nature end.

6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children love to rest.

7 From thee, when creature-streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

8 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day
Where clouds can never rise.

PSALM 37. FIRST PART. C. M.

WHY should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners waxing great,
By violence and lies?

2 As flowery grass cut down at noon,
Before the evening fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon,
In everlasting shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practice all that 's good;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.

4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,

Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heaven;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.

7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise,
Though providence shall long delay
To punish haughty vice.

8 Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he sees
Their day of vengeance come.

9 They have drawn out the threatening sword,
Have bent the murderous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.

10 My God shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts,
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pierce their stubborn hearts.

PSALM 37. SECOND PART. C. M.

WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinner's gold.

2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The saint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3 His alms with liberal heart he gives
Amongst the sons of need;

His memory to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

4 His soul abhors discourse profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learned of God.

5 The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet shall never slide.

6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand
Preserved from every snare;
They shall possess the promised land,
And dwell for ever there.

PSALM 37. THIRD PART. C. M.

MY God, the steps of pious men
Are ordered by thy will:
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

5 The haughty sinner have I seen
Not fearing man nor God,

Like to a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

6 And lo, he vanished from the ground,
Destroyed by hands unseen:
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found
Where all that pride had been.

7 But mark the man of holy fear,
How blest is his decease!
He spends his days in duty here,
And leaves the world in peace.

PSALM 38. C. M.

AMIDST thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord,
Nor let a Father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword.

2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely prest;
Between the sorrow and the smart
My spirit finds no rest.

3 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea
That sinks my comforts down;
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my father's frown.

5 Lord, I am weak and broken sore,
None of my powers are whole;
The inward anguish makes me roar,
The anguish of my soul.

6 All my desires to thee are known,
Thine eye counts every tear;

And every sigh, and every groan
Is noticed by thine ear.

7 Thou art my God, my only hope;
My God will hear my cry,
My God will bear my spirit up,
When Satan bids me die.

8 My foes rejoice whene'er I slide,
To see my virtue fail;
They raise their pleasure and their pride,
Whene'er their wiles prevail.

9 To thee will I confess my guilt,
And thus will plead with thee;
"Was not the blood of Jesus spilt
To set the sinner free?"

10 My God, forgive my follies past,
And be for ever nigh;
O Lord of my salvation haste
Before thy servant die.

PSALM 39. FIRST PART. C. M.

THUS I resolved before the Lord,
"Now will I watch my tongue,
Lest I let slip one sinful word,
Or do my neighbour wrong."

2 Whene'er constrained a while to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Lest scoffers should occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.

4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be over awed,

But let the scoffing sinners hear
That I can speak for God.

PSALM 39. SECOND PART. C. M.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time:
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore,
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

PSALM 39. THIRD PART. C. M.

GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;

I'll not attempt a murmuring word
Against thy chastening hand.

3 Yet I may plead, with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes:
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

4 Crushed as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

5 I'm but a stranger here below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepared to go,
When I the summons hear!

6 And if my life be spared a while
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM 40. FIRST PART. C. M.

I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds released my feet—
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,

And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

PSALM 40. SECOND PART. C. M.

THUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
Give your burnt-offerings o'er;
In dying goats and bullocks slain,
My soul delights no more."

2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,
My God, to do thy will;
Whate'er thy sacred books declare
Thy servant shall fulfil.

3 "Thy law is ever in my sight,
I keep it near my heart;
Mine eyes are opened with delight
To what thy lips impart."

4 And see, the blest Redeemer comes,
Th' eternal Son appears,
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.

5 Much he revealed his Father's grace,
And much his truth he showed,
And preached the way of righteousness
Where great assemblies stood.

6 His Father's honour touched his heart,
He pitied sinners' cries,

And to fulfil a Saviour's part
Was made a sacrifice.

7 No blood of beasts on altars shed
Could wash the conscience clean;
But the rich sacrifice he paid,
Atones for all our sin.

8 Then was the great salvation spread,
And Satan's kingdom shook;
Thus by the woman's promised seed
The serpent's head was broke.

PSALM 40. THIRD PART. L. M.

THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt:
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy designs he bows his ears;
Assumes a body well prepared,
And well performs a work so hard.

4 "Behold, I come," the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes,
"I come, to bear the heavy load
Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

5 "'Tis written in thy great decree,
'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
I must fulfil the Saviour's part,
And lo! thy law is in my heart.

6 "I'll magnify thy holy law,
And rebels to obedience draw,

When on my cross I'm lifted high,
Or to my crown above the sky.

7 "The Spirit shall descend and show
What thou hast done, and what I do;
The wondering world shall learn thy grace,
And all creation tune thy praise."

PSALM 41. L. M.

BLEST is the man whose heart can move,
And melt with pity to the poor;
Whose soul, by sympathising love,
Feels what his fellow saints endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief,
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has mercy too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

PSALM 42. FIRST PART. C. M.

WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;

The foe insults without control,
"And where's your God at last?'

4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days:
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

5 But why, my soul, sink down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
My spirit, why indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

PSALM 42. SECOND PART. L. M.

MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread:
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.

3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day;
Nor in the night his grace remove:
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, "My God, my heavenly Rock!
Why doth thy love so long forget
The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?"

5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low;
Why should my soul indulge her grief?

Hope in the Lord, and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

PSALM 43. C. M.

JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause,
Against a sinful race;
From vile oppression and deceit
Secure me by thy grace.

2 On thee my steadfast hope depends,
And am I left to mourn?
To sink in sorrows, and in vain
Implore thy kind return?

3 Oh send thy light to guide my feet,
And bid thy truth appear;
Conduct me to thy holy hill,
To taste thy mercies there.

4 Then to thy altar, oh my God,
My joyful feet shall rise,
And my triumphant song shall praise
The God that rules the skies.

5 Sink not, my soul, beneath thy fear,
Nor yield to dark despair;
For I shall live to praise the Lord,
And bless his guardian care.

PSALM 44. C. M.

LORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of power and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days.

2 They saw the beauteous churches rise,
The spreading gospel run;

While light and glory from the skies
Through all their temples shone.

3 In God they boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.

4 But now our souls are seized with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with heaven;
Nor have our steps declined the road
Of duty thou hast given:

6 Though dragons all around us roar
With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruised us sore,
Hard by the gates of death.

7 We are exposed all day to die,
As martyrs for thy name;
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie,
And wait the kindling flame.

8 Awake, arise, Almighty Lord,
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we seem like men abhorred,
Or banished from thy face?

9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries?
For ever hide thine heavenly love
From our afflicted eyes?

10 Down to the dust our soul is bowed,
And dies upon the ground;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their powers confound.

11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

PSALM 45. FIRST PART. C. M.

I'LL speak the honours of my King,
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God, with blessings infinite,
Hath crowned thy sacred head.

3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule thy saints by love.

5 Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice:
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

PSALM 45. SECOND PART. L. M.

NOW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King,
Jesus the Lord; how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with far superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy sword;
In majesty and glory ride
With truth and meekness at thy side.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy kind and sweet
Shalt melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
But grace and justice thy delight.

6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

Psalm 45. third part. L. M.

THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorned with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The Queen arrayed in purest gold;
The world admires her heavenly dress;
Her robes of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne;
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the favorite of his choice;
Let him be loved, and yet adored,
For he 's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 Oh happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons, (a numerous train,)
Each like a prince in glory reign.

6 Let endless honours crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescension of his love.

PSALM 46. FIRST PART. L. M.

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God!
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

PSALM 46. SECOND PART. L. M.

LET Zion in her King rejoice,
Tho' tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid;
Behold the works his hand has wrought,
What desolations he has made!

3 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame·
Let earth in silent wonder hear
The sound and glory of his name.

5 Be still, and learn that he is God,
He reigns exalted o'er the lands;
He will be known and feared abroad,
But still his throne in Zion stands.

6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure and sing,
Nor fear the raging powers of hell.

PSALM 47. C. M.

OH for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He loved that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known;
While powers and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before his throne.

PSALM 48. FIRST PART. S. M.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone!
How fair his heavenly grace!

4 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear.

5 When navies, tall and proud,
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempests roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.

6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold,
Where his own flocks have been.

7 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
Recall to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

PSALM 48. SECOND PART. S. M.

FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well:

4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

8 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

Psalm 49. first part. C. M.

WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
With every rising tide?

2 Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self-same clay,
And boast as though his flesh were born
Of better dust than they?

3 Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

4 Eternal life can ne'er be sold,
The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be bribed with gold,
That man may never die.

5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The timorous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.

6 Yet, 'tis his inward thought and pride
"My house shall ever stand;
And that my name may long abide
I'll give it to my land."

7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
How soon his memory dies!
His name is buried in the dust,
Where his own body lies.

8 This is the folly of their way;
And yet their sons, as vain,
Approve the words their fathers say,
And act their works again.

9 Men void of wisdom and of grace,
Though honour raise them high,
Live like the beasts, a thoughtless race,
And like the beasts they die.

10 Laid in the grave, like silly sheep,
Death triumphs o'er them there,
Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep,
And wakes them in despair.

PSALM 49. SECOND PART. C. M.

YE sons of pride, that hate the just,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust,
Your pomp shall rise no more.

2 The last great day shall change the scene;
When will that hour appear?
When shall the just revive, and reign
O'er all that scorned them here?

3 God will my naked soul receive,
Called from the world away,
And break the prison of the grave,
To raise my mouldering clay.

4 Heaven is my everlasting home,
Th' inheritance is sure;
Let men of pride their rage resume,
But I'll repine no more.

PSALM 49. THIRD PART. L. M.

WHY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have?
How vain are riches to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave!

2 They can't redeem an hour from death
With all the wealth in which they trust;
Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.

3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
Shall clasp their naked bodies round;
That flesh so delicately fed
Lies cold and moulders in the ground.

4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
And leaves his glories in the tomb:
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And hear the oppressor's awful doom.

5 His honours perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood;
That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.

6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode;
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell for ever near my God.

PSALM 50. FIRST PART. C. M.

THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse his long delay
To insolence and sin.

3 Throned on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.

5 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
"That made their peace with God
By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
And sealed it with his blood.

6 Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
Shall make the world confess
My sentence of reward is right,
And heaven adore my grace."

PSALM 50. SECOND PART. C. M.

THUS saith the Lord, "the spacious fields,
And flocks and herds are mine:
O'er all the cattle of the hills
I claim a right divine.

2 I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
Nor bullocks burnt with fire:
To hope and love, to pray and praise,
Is all that I require.

3 Invoke my name when trouble's near,
My hand shall set thee free;
Then shall thy thankful lips declare
The honour due to me.

4 The man that offers humble praise,
Declares my glory best;
And those that tread my holy ways,
Shall my salvation taste."

PSALM 50. THIRD PART. C. M.

WHEN Christ to judgment shall descend,
And saints surround their Lord,
He calls the nations to attend
And hear his awful word.

2 "Not for the want of bullocks slain
Will I the world reprove;
Altars, and rites, and forms are vain
Without the fire of love.

3 And what have hypocrites to do
To bring their sacrifice?
They call my statutes just and true,
But deal in theft and lies.

4 Could you expect t' escape my sight
And sin without control?
But I shall bring your crimes to light,
With anguish in your soul."

5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord
Before his wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his sword,
There 's no deliverer there.

PSALM 50. FOURTH PART. L. M.

THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns,
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hope in rites and forms,
But make not faith and love their care.

2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name
With lips of falsehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And soothe and flatter those they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
They take his covenant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

4 To heaven they lift their hands unclean,
Defiled with lust, defiled with blood;
By night they practise every sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

5 And while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure and sin the more;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

6 Oh dreadful hour! when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes!
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliverer dare to rise.

PSALM 50. FIFTH PART. P. M.

THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations and awakes the north;
From east to west the sovereign orders spread,
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead.
The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more; behold the day;
Behold the Judge descends; his guards are nigh;
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.
When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

3 "Heaven, earth, and hell draw near; let all things come
To hear my justice and the sinner's doom;
But gather first my saints, (the judge commands,)
Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands."

When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion;
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

4 "Behold my covenant stands for ever good,
Sealed by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
And signed with all their names, the Greek, the Jew,
That paid the ancient worship or the new."
There 's no distinction here; join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven rejoices.

5 "Here (saith the Lord) ye angels, spread their thrones,
And near me seat my favorites and my sons;
Come, my redeemed, possess the joys prepared
Ere time began, 'tis your divine reward."
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion;
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

6 "Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your sinful works amend,
Fly to the Saviour; make the Judge your friend."
Then join the saints, wake every cheerful passion:
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

Psalm 51. first part. L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 Oh wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Psalm 51. second part. L. M.

LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
The law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
Oh make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.

4 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop-branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice
And make my broken heart rejoice.

PSALM 51. THIRD PART. L. M.

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways:
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

8 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

PSALM 51. FOURTH PART. C. M.

LORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!

2 Hadst thou condemned my soul to hell,
And crushed me to the dust,
Heaven had approved thy vengeance well,
And earth had owned it just.

3 I from the stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.

4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And as my days advanced, I grew
A juster prey for death.

5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love;
Oh make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.

6 Let not thy Spirit e'er depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

7 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

Psalm 51. fifth part. C. M.

O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My loads of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall,
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats nor heifers slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul oppressed with sin's desert
My God will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart
Is our best sacrifice.

Psalm 52. first part. C. M.

WHY should the mighty make their boast,
And heavenly grace despise?
In their own arm they put their trust,
And fill their mouth with lies.

2 Our God in vengeance shall destroy,
And drive them from his face;
No more shall they his church annoy,
Nor find on earth a place.

3 But like a cultured olive grove,
Dressed in immortal green,
Thy children, blooming in thy love,
Amid thy courts are seen.

4 On thine eternal grace, O Lord,
Thy saints shall rest secure,
And all who trust thy holy word,
Shall find salvation sure.

Psalm 52. second part. L. M.

WHY should the haughty tyrant boast
His vengeful arm, his warlike host?
While blood defiles his cruel hand,
And desolation wastes the land.

2 He joys to hear the captive's cry,
The widow's groan, the orphan's sigh:
And when the wearied sword would spare,
His falsehood spreads the fatal snare.

3 He triumphs in the deeds of wrong,
And arms with rage his impious tongue;
With pride proclaims his dreadful power,
And bids the trembling world adore.

4 But God beholds, and with a frown,
Casts to the dust his honours down;
The righteous freed, their hopes recall,
And hail the proud oppressor's fall.

5 How low the proud transgressor lies,
Who dared th' eternal power despise!
And vainly deemed, with envious joy,
His arm almighty to destroy.

6 We praise the Lord, who heard our cries,
And sent salvation from the skies;
The saints who saw our mournful days,
Shall join our grateful songs of praise.

PSALM 53. C. M.

ARE all the foes of Zion fools,
Who thus destroy her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

2 They shall be seized with sad surprise;
For God's avenging arm
Shall crush the hand that dares arise
To do his children harm.

3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God on high dismays their host,
They fall an easy prey.

4 Oh for a word from Zion's King,
Her captives to restore!
The joyful saints thy praise shall sing,
And Israel weep no more.

PSALM 54. C. M.

BEHOLD us, Lord, and let our cry
Before thy throne ascend;
Cast thou on us a pitying eye,
And still our lives defend.

2 For impious foes insult us round;
Oppressive, proud, and vain;
They cast thy temples to the ground,
And all our rights profane.

3 Yet thy forgiving grace we trust,
And in thy power rejoice;
Thine arms shall bring our foes to dust,
Thy praise inspire our voice.

4 Be thou with those whose friendly hand
Upheld us in distress,
Extend thy truth through every land,
And still thy people bless.

PSALM 55. FIRST PART. C. M.

O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears;
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

2 Their rage is leveled at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.

3 What inward pains my heart-strings wound!
I groan with every breath;
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst the shades of death.

4 Oh were I like a feathered dove,
And innocence had wings,
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

5 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry;
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

7 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear
If he command their aid.

8 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon his word,
That saints shall never fall.

9 My highest hopes shall not be vain,
My lips shall spread his praise;
While cruel and deceitful men,
Scarce live out half their days.

PSALM 55. SECOND PART. S. M.

LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear, nor trust thy name
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burden on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly power can move.

PSALM 56. FIRST PART. C. M.

O THOU whose justice reigns on high,
And makes the oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.

2 The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.

3 In God most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

5 Shall they escape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
Oh cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand.

PSALM 56. SECOND PART. C. M.

GOD counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

2 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee:
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

3 In thee, most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

4 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing how faithful is thy word,
How righteous all thy ways.

5 Thou hast secured my soul from death:
Oh set thy prisoner free,
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employed for thee.

Psalm 57. L. M.

MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

Psalm 58. P. M.

JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause?
When vile oppression wastes the land,
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hand?

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
High in the heavens his justice reigns;
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains.

3 A poisoned arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
And death attends where'er it wounds;
You hear no counsels, cries, nor tears;
So the deaf adder stops her ears
Against the power of charming sounds.

4 Break out their teeth, eternal God;
Those teeth of lions, dyed in blood;
And crush the serpents in the dust:
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
So let their hopes and names be lost.

5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky;
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of snow dissolve and run;
Or snails that perish in their slime,
Or births that come before their time,
Vain births, that never see the sun.

6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford;
And all that hear shall join and say,
"Sure there 's a God that rules on high,
A God that hears his children cry,
And will their sufferings well repay."

PSALM 59. S. M.

FROM foes that round us rise,
O God of heaven defend,
Who brave the vengeance of the skies,
And with thy saints contend.

2 Behold, from distant shores,
And desert wilds they come,
Combine for blood their cruel force,
And through thy cities roam.

3 Beneath the silent shade,
Their secret plots they lay,
Our peaceful walls by night invade,
And waste the fields by day.

4 And will the God of grace,
Regardless of our pain,
Permit, secure, that impious race
To riot in their reign?

5 In vain their secret guile,
Or open force they prove;
His eye can pierce the deepest veil,
His hand their strength remove.

6 Yet save them, Lord, from death,
Subdue them by thy word,
Confound their councils with thy breath,
But pardoning grace afford.

7 Then shall our grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God;

The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

PSALM 60. C. M.

LORD, thou hast scourged our guilty land;
Behold thy people mourn;
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

2 Beneath the terrors of thine eye,
Earth's haughty towers decay;
Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,
And mortals melt away.

3 Our Zion trembles at the stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand;
Oh heal the people thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.

4 Exalt thy banner in the field,
For those that fear thy name;
From barbarous hosts our nation shield,
And put our foes to shame.

5 Attend our armies to the fight,
And be their guardian God;
In vain shall numerous powers unite
Against thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops beneath thy guiding hand,
Shall gain a glad renown:
'Tis God who makes the feeble stand,
And treads the mighty down.

PSALM 61. FIRST PART. S. M.

WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh lead me to the rock
That 's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM 61. SECOND PART. P. M.

LORD, hear my voice, my prayer attend,
From earth's far distant coasts I bend,
With supplicating cry:
When the dark storm o'erwhelms my breast,
Then lead me on the Rock to rest,
That 's higher far than I!

2 Long has my soul thy shelter found,
And thee I boast when foes surround,
The tower of my defence;
Still in thy presence I'll abide,
Beneath thy wings securely hide,
And none shall pluck me thence.

3 Thou, gracious Lord, my vows didst hear,
And 'midst the men who own thy fear
My heritage ordain:
Thine arm has raised my Saviour high,
Enthroned him King o'er earth and sky,
And bid his years remain!

4 Eternal shall his throne endure,
Mercy and truth his reign secure,
In the bright realms of day:

My God, my lips exalt thy name,
Salvation from thy grace I claim,
And daily vows repay.

Psalm 62. L. M.

MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in a balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glittering dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

5 Once has his awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard
"All power is his eternal due;
He must be feared and trusted too."

6 For sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne;
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

Psalm 63. first part. C. M.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

3 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

5 Thus till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

PSALM 63. SECOND PART. L. M.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties;
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers, in thirsty lands,
Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

5 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

6 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And bless the remnant of my days.

PSALM 63. THIRD PART. S. M.

MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore:
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.

4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

5 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

6 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

PSALM 64. L. M.

GREAT God, attend to my complaint,
Nor let my drooping spirit faint;
When foes in secret spread the snare,
Let my salvation be thy care.

2 Shield me without, and guard within
From treacherous foes and deadly sin;
May envy, lust, and pride depart,
And heavenly grace expand my heart.

3 Thy justice and thy power display,
And scatter far thy foes away;
While listening nations learn thy word,
And saints triumphant bless the Lord.

4 Then shall thy church exalt her voice,
And all that love thy name rejoice;
By faith approach thine awful throne,
And plead the merits of thy Son.

PSALM 65. FIRST PART. L. M.

THE praise of Zion waits for thee,
My God, and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray;
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And every yielding heart obey.

3 Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away the stain;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee;
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

5 With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request;
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love to give his churches rest.

6 Then shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

PSALM 65. SECOND PART. L. M.

THE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Zion mixed with tears;
Yet when he comes with kind designs,
Through all the way his terror shines.

2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.

3 Sailors, that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frighted souls to God,
When tempests rage and billows roar
At dreadful distance from the shore.

4 He bids the noisy tempests cease;
He calms the raging crowd to peace,
When a tumultuous nation raves
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

5 Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,
He settles in a peaceful form;
Mountains established by his hand,
Firm on their old foundations stand.

6 Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly;
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

7 At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.

8 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and drest in flowers.

9 'Tis from his watery stores on high
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.

10 The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant fruit the valleys yield;
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,
And neighbouring hills repeat their joys.

11 The pastures smile in green array,
There lambs and larger cattle play;
The larger cattle and the lamb,
Each in his language speaks thy name.

12 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear:
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year!

PSALM 65. THIRD PART. C. M.

PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee,
There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pardoning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thy house,
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

6 They dread thy glittering tokens, Lord,
When signs in heaven appear;
But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

Psalm 65. fourth part. C. M.

'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.

4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

Psalm 65. fifth part. C. M.

GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers raised on high,
Pour out at his command
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The softened ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring:
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor labourers sing.

4 The little hills on every side
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, dressed in beauteous pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

5 The thirsty clods, refreshed with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns,
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

Psalm 66. first part. C. M.

SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honours and your joys.

2 Say to the Power that formed the sky,
"How terrible art thou!
Sinners before thy presence fly,
Or at thy feet they bow."

3 Come see the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways!
In Moses' hand he put the rod,
And clave the frighted seas.

4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Israel passed the flood;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.

5 He rules by his resistless might;
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke the Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?

6 Oh bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

7 Lord, thou hast proved our suffering souls,
To make our graces shine;
So silver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.

8 Through watery deeps and fiery ways
We march at thy command,
Led to possess the promised place
By thine unerring hand.

PSALM 66. SECOND PART. C. M.

NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that Almighty Power,
That heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.

3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heavenly aid;
He saved my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

4 If sin lay covered in my heart
While prayer employed my tongue;
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

5 But God (his name be ever blest)
Has set my spirit free;
Nor turned from him my poor request,
Nor turned his heart from me.

PSALM 67. C. M.

SHINE, mighty God, on Zion shine
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.

2 When shall thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

4 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
In wisdom rules the worlds he made
And bids them taste his love

5 Earth shall obey his high command,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

6 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

PSALM 68. FIRST PART. L. M.

LET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight;
As smoke, that sought to cloud the skies,
Before the rising tempest flies.

2 He comes, arrayed in burning flames:
Justice and vengeance are his names:
Behold his fainting foes expire
Like melting wax before the fire.

3 He rides, and thunders through the sky,
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high;
Sing to his name ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

4 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress;
In him the poor and helpless find
A Judge that 's just, a Father kind.

5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And prisoners see the light again;
But rebels that dispute his will
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wondrous names and powers rehearse,
His honours shall enrich your verse.

7 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar throne.

8 Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest;
He 's your defence, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

PSALM 68. SECOND PART. L. M.

LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounced his holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM 68. THIRD PART. L. M.

WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with heavenly food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide difference that remains,
Is endless joy, or endless pains.

5 The Lord that bruised the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

6 But his right hand his saints shall raise,
From the deep earth or deeper seas,
And bring them to his courts above;
There shall they taste his special love.

PSALM 69. FIRST PART. C. M.

"SAVE me, O God, the swelling floods
Break in upon my soul;
I sink, and sorrows o'er my head
Like mighty waters roll.

2 "I cry till all my voice be gone,
In tears I waste the day:
My God, behold my longing eyes,
And shorten thy delay.

3 "They hate my soul without a cause,
And still their number grows
More than the hairs about my head,
And mighty are my foes.

4 "'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
That men could never pay,
And gave those honours to thy law,
Which sinners took away."

5 Thus in the great Messiah's name
The royal prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
And gives us joy by turns.

6 "Now shall the saints rejoice and find
Salvation in my name,
For I have borne their heavy load
Of sorrow, pain, and shame.

7 "Grief, like a garment, clothed me round,
And sackcloth was my dress,
While I procured, for naked souls,
A robe of righteousness.

8 "Amongst my brethren and the Jews
I like a stranger stood,
And bore their vile reproach, to bring
The Gentiles near to God.

9 "I came in sinful mortals' stead
To do my Father's will:
Yet, when I cleansed my Father's house,
They scandalized my zeal.

10 "My fastings and my holy groans
Were made the drunkard's song;
But God from his celestial throne,
Heard my complaining tongue.

11 "He saved me from the dreadful deep,
Where fears beset me round;
He raised and fixed my sinking feet
On well-established ground.

12 "'Twas in a most accepted hour,
My prayer arose on high,
And for my sake my God shall hear
The dying sinner's cry."

PSALM 69. SECOND PART. C. M.

NOW let our lips, with holy fear
And mournful pleasure, sing
The sufferings of our great High Priest,
The sorrows of our King.

2 He sinks in floods of deep distress;
How high the waters rise!
While to his heavenly Father's ear
He sends unceasing cries.

3 "Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
Nor hide thy shining face;
Why should thy favourite look like one
Forsaken of thy grace!

4 "With rage they persecute the man
That groans beneath thy wound,
While for a sacrifice I pour
My life upon the ground.

5 "They tread my honour to the dust,
And laugh when I complain;
Their sharp insulting slanders add
Fresh anguish to my pain.

6 "All my reproach is known to thee,
The scandal and the shame;
Reproach has broke my bleeding heart;
And lies defiled my name.

7 "I looked for pity, but in vain;
My kindred are my grief:
I ask my friends for comfort round,
But meet with no relief.

8 "With vinegar they mock my thirst,
They give me gall for food;
And sporting with my dying groans,
They triumph in my blood.

9 "Shine into my afflicted soul,
Let thy compassion save;
And though my flesh sink down to death
Redeem it from the grave.

10 "I shall arise to praise thy name,
Shall reign in worlds unknown;
And thy salvation, O my God,
Shall seat me on thy throne."

PSALM 69. THIRD PART. C. M.

FATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name,
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress has raised us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfilled the law which mortals broke,
And finished all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please my God,
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goat's or bullock's blood.

4 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.

5 Let heaven and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance his praise.

6 Zion is thine, most holy God,
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory purchased by his blood
For thine own Israel waits.

PSALM 69. FOURTH PART. L. M.

DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll
To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curst design.

3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Has made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for crimes which we had done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law restored;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

5 Oh for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live:
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

PSALM 70. L. M.

O THOU, whose hand the kingdom sways,
Whom earth, and hell, and heaven obeys,
To help thy chosen sons appear,
And show thy power and glory here!

2 While stupid mortals, sunk in sleep,
Slide onward to the fiery deep,
To sense, and sin, and madness given,
Believe no hell, and wish no heaven;

3 While fools deride, while foes oppress,
And Zion mourns in deep distress;
Her friends withdraw, her foes grow bold,
Truth fails, and love is waxen cold;

4 O haste, with every gift inspired,
With glory, truth, and grace attired,
Thou Star of heaven's eternal morn;
Thou Sun, whom beams divine adorn!

5 Assert the honour of thy name;
O'erwhelm thy foes with fear and shame;
Bid them beneath thy footstool lie,
Nor let their souls for ever die.

6 Saints shall be glad before thy face,
And grow in love, and truth, and grace;
Thy church shall blossom in thy sight,
And yield her fruits of pure delight.

7 O hither, then, thy footsteps bend;
Swift as a roe, from hills descend;
Mild as the sabbath's cheerful ray,
Till life unfolds eternal day!

PSALM 71. FIRST PART. C. M.

MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up.
And strengthened all my youth.

2 My flesh was fashioned by thy power,
With all these limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour,
I've been entirely thine.

3 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year;
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

5 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

PSALM 71. SECOND PART. C. M.

MY Saviour, my almighty friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march, with courage, in thy strength,
To see my Father, God.

4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King;
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God,
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And saved me by his blood.

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

PSALM 71. THIRD PART. C. M.

GOD of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
Before the rising age,
And leave a savour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
Oh may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threatenings roar,
And oft endured the grief;
But when thy hand has pressed me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

8 When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These withered limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

Psalm 72. first part. L. M.

GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands,
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

Psalm 72. second part. L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 Behold the nations with their kings;
There Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Persia, glorious to behold,
And India shines in eastern gold;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

4 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

5 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

7 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost

8 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

PSALM 73. FIRST PART. C. M.

GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through life's dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Behold! the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

PSALM 73. SECOND PART. L. M.

LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride and robes of honour shine.

2 But oh! their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again,
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4 Their fancied joys how fast they flee!
Like dreams, as fleeting and as vain;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a prelude to their pain.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine,
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

Psalm 73. third part. S. M.

SURE there 's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools with scornful eyes,
In robes of honour shine.

3 Pampered with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair,
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.

4 Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure,
Through all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.

5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God:
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.

6 Then I, with flowing tears,
Allowed my doubts to rise;
"Is there a God that sees or hears
The things below the skies?"

7 The tumult of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.

8 Thy word with light and power,
Did my mistake amend;
I viewed the sinner's life before,
But here I learned his end.

9 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go!
And oh! that dreadful fiery deep
That waits their fall below!

10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

PSALM 73. FOURTH PART. C. M.

NO, I shall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great,
Though they increase their golden store
And rise to wondrous height.

2 They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod!
Well they may search the creature through,
For they have ne'er a God.

3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own:
But death comes hastening on to you,
To mow your glory down.

4 Yes, you must bow your stately head;
Away your spirit flies;
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the skies.

5 Go now and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright they shine;
Your heaps of glittering dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

PSALM 74. FIRST PART. C. M.

WILL God for ever cast us off?
His wrath for ever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock?

2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood;
Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.

3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haste,
Aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.

4 Where once thy churches prayed and sang,
Thy foes profanely rage;
Amid thy gates their ensigns hang,
And there their hosts engage.

5 How are the seats of worship broke?
They tear the buildings down,
And he that deals the heaviest stroke
Procures the chief renown.

6 With flames they threaten to destroy
Thy children in their rest;
"Come, let us burn at once, they cry,
The temple and the priest."

7 And still to heighten our distress,
Thy presence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted signs of power and grace,
Thy power and grace are gone.

8 No prophet speaks to calm our grief,
But all in silence mourn;
Nor know the times of our relief,
The hour of thy return.

PSALM 74. SECOND PART. C. M.

HOW long, eternal God, how long
Shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame?

2 Canst thou for ever sit and hear
Thine holy name profaned?
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thine hand?

3 What strange deliverance hast thou shown
In ages long before?
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

4 Thou didst divide the raging sea
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And then secure their flight.

5 Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

6 Hath not thy power formed every coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?

7 And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred power blaspheme?
Will not thy hand that formed them first
Avenge thine injured name?

8 Think on the covenant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex the trembling dove.

9 Our foes will triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thine own cause, almighty God,
And give thy children rest.

PSALM 75. L. M.

TO thee most high and holy God,
To thee our thankful hearts we raise;
Thy works declare thy name abroad,
Thy wondrous works demand our praise.

2 To bondage doomed, thy chosen sons
Beheld their foes triumphant rise;
And sore oppressed by earthly thrones,
They sought the Sovereign of the skies.

3 'Twas then, Great God, with equal power,
Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,
To scourge their legions from the shore,
And save the remnant of thy race.

4 Thy hand that formed the restless main,
And reared the mountain's awful head,
Bade raging seas their course restrain,
And desert wilds receive their dead.

5 Such wonders never come by chance,
Nor can the winds such blessings blow;
'Tis God, the judge, doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

6 Let haughty sinners sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their impious thoughts aside,
And own the empire God hath made.

PSALM 76. C. M.

IN Judah, God of old was known;
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.

2 Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he chose;
There he received their just complaints,
Against their haughty foes.

3 From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke that threatening spear;
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crushed th' Assyrian war.

4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else,
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells
Is glorious more than they.

5 'Twas Zion's King that stopped the breath
Of captains and their bands:
The men of might sleep fast in death,
That quells their warlike hands.

6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell:
Who knows the terrors of thy rod?
Thy vengeance who can tell?

7 What power can stand before thy sight,
When once thy wrath appears?
When heaven shines round with dreadful light,
The earth adores and fears.

8 When God, in his own sovereign ways,
Comes down to save th' opprest,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.

9 Vows to the Lord, and tribute bring,
Ye princes, fear his frown:
His terrors shake the proudest king,
And smite his armies down.

10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke,
Our haughty foes shall feel;
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
But dwells in Zion still.

PSALM 77. FIRST PART. C. M.

TO God I cried with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad hour when trouble rose,
And filled my heart with fear.

2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refused relief;
I thought on God the just and wise,
But thoughts increased my grief.

3 Still I complained, and still oppressed
My heart began to break;
My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,
And kept my eyes awake.

4 My overwhelming sorrows grew
Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And called thy judgments o'er.

5 I called back years and ancient times
When I beheld thy face;
My spirit searched for secret crimes,
That might withhold thy grace.

6 I called thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoyed before;
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His face appear no more?

7 Will he for ever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark, despairing frame,
Remembering what thy hand hath wrought;
Thy hand is still the same.

9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er,
Thy wonders of recovering grace,
When flesh could hope no more.

10 Grace dwells with justice on the throne;
And men that love thy word,
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

PSALM 77. SECOND PART. C. M.

"HOW awful is thy chastening rod!"
(May thy own children say,)
"The great, the wise, the dreadful God!
How holy is his way!"

2 I'll meditate his works of old;
The King that reigns above
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.

3 Long did the house of Jacob lie
With Egypt's yoke opprest:
Long he delayed to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.

4 Israel, his people and his sheep,
Must follow where he calls;
He bids them venture through the deep,
And makes the waves their walls.

5 The waters saw thee, mighty God!
The waters saw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
To make thine armies room.

6 Strange was thy journey through the sea;
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown:
Terrors attend the wondrous way,
That brings thy mercies down.

7 He gave them water from the rock;
And safe by Moses' hand,
Through a dry desert led his flock
Home to the promised land.

PSALM 78. FIRST PART. C. M.

LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practice his commands.

PSALM 78. SECOND PART. C. M.

OH what a stiff rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race!
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.

2 They broke the covenant of his love,
And did his laws despise;
Forgot the works he wrought, to prove
His power before their eyes.

3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light,
From his avenging hand;
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the stubborn land.

4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And marched with safety through,
With watery walls to guard their way,
Till they had 'scaped the foe.

5 A wondrous pillar marked the road,
Composed of shade and light;
By day it proved a sheltering cloud;
A leading fire by night.

6 He from the rock their thirst supplied;
The gushing waters flowed,
And ran in rivers by their side,
Along the desert road.

7 Yet they provoked the Lord most high
And dared distrust his hand;
"Can he with bread our host supply
Amidst this barren land?"

8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caused his wrath to flame;
His terrors ever stand prepared
To vindicate his name.

PSALM 78. THIRD PART. L. M.

GREAT God, how oft did Israel prove
By turns thine anger and thy love!
There in a glass our hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.

2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought;
Then they provoke him to his face,
Nor fear his power, nor trust his grace.

3 The Lord consumed their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march through unknown ways,
Wore out their strength, and spent their days.

4 Oft when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourned, and sought the Lord again;
Called him the rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer, and their God.

5 Their prayers and vows before him rise,
As flattering words or solemn lies,
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his covenant and his love.

6 Yet could his sovereign grace forgive
The men who ne'er deserved to live;
His anger oft away he turned,
Or else with gentle flame it burned.

7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail;
The God of Abraham loved them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

PSALM 79. L. M.

BEHOLD, O God, what cruel foes,
Thy peaceful heritage invade;
Thy holy temple stands defiled,
In dust thy sacred walls are laid.

2 Wide o'er the valleys, drenched in blood,
Thy people fallen in death remain;
The fowls of heaven their flesh devour,
And savage beasts divide the slain.

3 Th' insulting foes, with impious rage,
Reproach thy children to their face;
"Where is your God of boasted power,
And where the promise of his grace?"

4 Deep from the prison's horrid glooms,
Oh! hear the mourning captive sigh,
And let thy sovereign power reprieve
The trembling souls condemned to die.

5 Let those who dared insult thy reign,
Return dismayed with endless shame,
While heathens, who thy grace despise,
Shall from thy justice learn thy name.

6 So shall thy children, freed from death,
Eternal songs of honour raise,
And every future age shall tell
Thy sovereign power and pardoning grace.

PSALM 80. FIRST PART. L. M.

GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep:

2 Thy church is in the desert now:
Shine from on high, and guide us through,
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

PSALM 80. SECOND PART. L. M.

LORD thou hast planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands;
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?

2 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit?
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree!

3 Why is her beauty thus defaced?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And every beast devours the vine.

4 Return, almighty God, return;
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn:
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

PSALM 80. THIRD PART. L. M.

LORD, when thy vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too;
Attacked in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair branch of promise rose.

2 Fair branch, ordained of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root;
Himself a noble vine, and we
The lesser branches of the tree.

3 'Tis thy own Son; and he shall stand,
Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand;
Thy first-born Son, adorned and blest
With power and grace above the rest.

4 Oh! for his sake attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches lest they die:
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

PSALM 81. S. M.

SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise;
God is our strength, our Saviour God;
Let Israel hear his voice.

2 "From idols false and vain,
Preserve my rites divine;
I am the Lord, who broke thy chain
Of bondage and of sin.

3 "Stretch thy desires abroad,
And I'll supply them well;
But if ye will refuse your God,
If Israel will rebel;

4 "I'll leave them (saith the Lord)
To their own lusts a prey,
And let them run the dangerous road,
'Tis their own chosen way.

5 "Yet oh! that all my saints
Would hearken to my voice!
Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
And bid their hearts rejoice.

6 "While I destroy their foes,
I'll richly feed my flock,
And they shall taste the stream that flows
From their eternal Rock."

PSALM 82. L. M.

AMONG the assemblies of the great,
A greater ruler takes his seat;
The God of heaven, as Judge, surveys
Those gods on earth, and all their ways.

2 Why will ye frame oppressive laws?
Or why support the unrighteous cause?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That foes may vex the saints no more?

3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know
Dark are the ways in which they go;
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.

4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod;
He is our Judge, and he our God.

Psalm 83. S. M.

AND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of Justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep?

2 Behold what cruel snares
The men of mischief spread;
The men that hate thy saints and thee,
Lift up their threatening head.

3 Against thy hidden ones,
Their counsels they employ;
And malice, with her watchful eye,
Pursues them to destroy.

4 "Come, let us join (they cry)
To root them from the ground,
Till not the name of saints remain,
Nor memory shall be found."

5 Awake, almighty God,
And call thy power to mind;
Make them to bow before thy will,
And let them pardon find.

6 Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them seek thy name;
Or else their impious rage confound,
And turn their pride to shame.

7 Then shall the nations know
Thy glorious, dreadful word;
Jehovah is thy name alone,
And thou the sovereign Lord.

PSALM 84. FIRST PART. L. M.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are;
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be,
So far from all my joys and thee!

3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want!

4 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne above the sky;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

5 Blest are the saints who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

PSALM 84. SECOND PART. L. M.

GREAT God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

PSALM 84. THIRD PART. C. M.

MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercies there,
And sing thy praises still.

5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts and see
My Saviour and my God?

6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove;
Oh make me, like the sparrows, blest,
To dwell but where I love.

7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employed in carnal joys.

8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state
Or dwell in tents of sin.

9 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

PSALM 84. FOURTH PART. P. M

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are;
To thine abode
My heart aspires, with warm desires
To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest;
My spirit faints
With equal zeal, to rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they, that love the way
To Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears;
O glorious seat,
When God our King shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

5 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside;
Where God resorts,
I love it more to keep the door,
Than shine in courts.

6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are filled;
We draw our blessings thence;
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race peculiar grace
And glory too.

7 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves;
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts, whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

Psalm 85. first part. L. M.

LORD, thou hast called thy grace to mind,
Thou hast reversed our heavy doom:
So God forgave when Israel sinned,
And brought his wandering captives home.

2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate:
Now let our hearts be turned to thee,
And our salvation be complete.

3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

4 We wait to hear what God will say;
He'll speak, and give his people peace:
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

Psalm 85. second part. L. M.

SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord
And grace descending from on high
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;
By his obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;

Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road.

PSALM 86. C. M.

AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There 's none hath power divine:
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.

2 The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
For thou alone dost wondrous things,
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thy heavenly ways,
And all my wandering thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.

4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

PSALM 87. L. M.

GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundation for his heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:

Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born and nourished there.

PSALM 88. FIRST PART. S. M.

STRETCHED on the bed of grief,
In silence long I lay;
For sore disease and wasting pain
Had worn my strength away.

2 How mourned my sinking soul,
The sabbath's hours divine,
The day of grace, that precious day,
Consumed in sense and sin.

3 The work, the mighty work
Of life, so long delayed;
Repentance, yet to be begun,
Upon a dying bed!

4 Then to the Lord I prayed,
And raised a bitter cry;
"Hear me, O God, and save my soul,
Lest I for ever die."

5 He heard my humble cry;
He saved my soul from death:
To him I'll give my heart and hands,
And consecrate my breath.

6 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

PSALM 88. SECOND PART. L. M.

SHALL man, O God of light, and life,
For ever moulder in the grave?

Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save?

2 Shall spring the faded world revive?
Shall waning moons their light return?
Again shall setting suns ascend,
And the lost day anew be born?

3 Shall life revisit dying worms,
And spread the joyful insect's wing?
And oh, shall man awake no more,
To see thy face, thy name to sing?

4 Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears;
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprung,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rung.

5 Him, the first fruits, his chosen sons
Shall follow from the vanquished grave;
He mounts his throne, the King of kings,
His church to quicken, and to save.

6 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold, to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

7 The trump shall sound; the dust awake;
From the cold tomb the slumberers spring;
Through heaven with joy their myriads rise,
And hail their Saviour, and their King.

PSALM 88. THIRD PART. L. M.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah soon! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!

"Come, sinners, haste, oh haste away,
While yet a pardoning God he's found.

3 "Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear, or save.

4 "In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies."

5 No wonders to the dead are shown,
(The wonders of redeeming love;)
No voice his glorious truth makes known
Nor sings the bliss of climes above.

6 Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
In these forgetful realms appear,
Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
And hope shall never enter there.

PSALM 89. FIRST PART. L. M.

FOR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord;
Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heaven, established by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son he sware and said,
"With thee my covenant first is made;
In thee shall dying sinners live;
Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 "Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest;
Thy children shall be ever blest;
Thou art my chosen King, thy throne
Shall stand eternal like my own.

4 "There's none of all my sons above,
So much my image or my love;

Celestial powers thy subjects are,
Then what can earth to thee compare?

5 "David, my servant, whom I chose
To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
And raised him to the Jewish throne,
Was but a shadow of my Son."

6 Now let the church rejoice and sing
Jesus her Saviour and her King:
Angels his heavenly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

PSALM 89. SECOND PART. C. M.

MY never-ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speaks a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish throne!
But there 's a nobler covenant sealed
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above:
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging love.

PSALM 89. THIRD PART. C. M.

WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;

His high commands devoutly hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories rise!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power with thee that vies,
Or truth compared with thine!

3 The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou makst the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
And the dark world of hell;
They saw thine arm in vengeance shine,
When Egypt durst rebel.

6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace!
While truth and mercy joined in one,
Invite us near thy face.

PSALM 89. FOURTH PART. C. M.

BLEST are the souls who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound!
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
And fills their foes with shame.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;

Israel, thy king for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM 89. FIFTH PART. C. M.

HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercies known;
"Sinners, behold, your help is laid
On my almighty Son.

2 "High shall he reign on David's throne,
My people's better King:
My arm shall beat his rivals down,
And still new subjects bring.

3 "My truth shall guard him in his way,
With mercy by his side;
While in my name, o'er earth and sea,
He shall in triumph ride.

4 "Me, for his Father and his God,
He shall for ever own,
Call me his rock, his high abode,
And I'll support my Son.

5 "My first-born Son, arrayed in grace,
At my right hand shall sit;
Beneath him angels know their place,
And monarchs at his feet.

6 "My covenant stands for ever fast,
My promises are strong;
Firm as the heavens his throne shall last,
His seed endure as long."

PSALM 89. SIXTH PART. C. M.

"YET," saith the Lord, "if David's race,
The children of my Son,
Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
And tempt mine anger down;

2 "Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
And make their follies smart;

But I'll not cease to be their God,
Nor from my truth depart.

3 "My covenant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my grace in mind;
And what eternal love hath spoke,
Eternal truth shall bind.

4 "Once have I sworn (I need no more)
And pledged my holiness,
To seal the sacred promise sure
To David and his race.

5 "The sun shall see his offspring rise
And spread from sea to sea,
Long as he travels round the skies
To give the nations day.

6 "Sure as the moon that rules the night
His kingdom shall endure,
Till the fixed laws of shade and light
Shall be observed no more."

PSALM 89. SEVENTH PART. L. M.

REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life, how short its date?
Where is the man that draws his breath,
Safe from disease, secure from death?

2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and strength repine and cry,
"Must death for ever rage and reign?
Or hast thou made mankind in vain?

3 "Where is thy promise to the just?
Are not thy servants turned to dust?"
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,

And clears the honour of thy word:
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

PSALM 89. EIGHTH PART. P. M.

THINK, mighty God, on feeble man,
How few his hours, how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave;
Who can secure his vital breath,
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly, or power to save?

2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,
"The race of men was only made
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?"
Are not thy servants, day by day,
Sent to their graves and turned to clay?
Lord, where 's thy kindness to the just?

3 Hast thou not promised to thy Son,
And all his seed a heavenly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair:
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward,
For all their toil, reproach, and pain;
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat their loud Amen.

PSALM 90. FIRST PART. L. M.

THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;

And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.

5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life 's a dream:
An empty tale, a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

6 Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the time! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan, than live.

7 But, oh! how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread!
We fear the power that strikes us dead.

8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out the span,
Till thine own grace, so rich, so free,
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

PSALM 90. SECOND PART. C. M.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,

From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising dawn.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

PSALM 90. THIRD PART. C. M.

LORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grows severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust;
By one offence to thee,
Adam, with all his sons, have lost
Their immortality.

3 Life, like a vain amusement, flies,
A fable or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;

And all beyond that short account,
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

5 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
Oh let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

6 Our souls would learn the heavenly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

PSALM 90. FOURTH PART. C. M.

RETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?

2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thy own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

PSALM 90. FIFTH PART. S. M.

LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas, the brittle clay
That built our body first!

And every month, and every day,
'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Our feeble powers decay;
Swift as a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Yet, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

PSALM 91. FIRST PART. L. M.

HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God, thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower;
I that am formed of feeble dust
Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
From Satan's wiles, who still betrays
Unguarded souls, a thousand ways.

4 Just as a hen protects her brood,
From birds of prey that seek their blood,
The Lord his faithful saints shall guard,
And endless life be their reward.

5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire;

God is their life, his wings are spread,
To shield them with a healthful shade.

6 If vapours, with malignant breath,
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe: the poisoned air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

7 What though a thousand at thy side,
Around thy path ten thousand died,
Thy God his chosen people saves
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

8 The sword, the pestilence, or fire
Shall but fulfil their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

PSALM 91. SECOND PART. C. M.

YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Exposed to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And try and trust his care.

2 No ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell
'Twill raise the saints on high.

3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

4 Their hand shall bear you lest you fall
And dash against the stones;
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent to guard his sons?

5 Adders and lions you shall tread,
The tempter's wiles defeat;

He that hath bruised the serpent's head,
Puts him beneath your feet.

6 "Because on me they set their love,
I'll save them," saith the Lord;
"I'll bear their joyful souls above
Destruction and the sword.

7 "My grace shall answer when they call,
In trouble I'll be nigh:
My power shall help them when they fall,
And raise them when they die.

8 "Those that on earth my name have known,
I'll honour them in heaven;
There my salvation shall be shown,
And endless life be given."

PSALM 92. FIRST PART. L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die:
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart.

And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM 92. SECOND PART. L. M.

LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive;)
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just and true;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM 93. FIRST PART. L. M.

JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness,
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM 93. SECOND PART. P. M.

THE Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high;
His robes of state are strength and majesty:
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, established by his hand;
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

2 God is th' eternal King; thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellions to confound thy reign;
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies;
Foaming at heaven they rage with wild commotion,
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

3 Ye tempests, rage no more; ye floods, be still;
And thou, mad world, submissive to his will:
Built on his truth his church must ever stand:
Firm are his promises and strong his hand;
See his own sons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

Psalm 93. third part. P. M.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word;
Thy throne was fixed on high
Ere stars adorned the sky:
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar;
In vain with angry spite
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their power engage;
Let swelling tides assault the sky;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.

5 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new,
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove;
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

Psalm 94. first part. C. M.

O GOD! to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud;

Let sovereign power redress our wrongs,
Let justice smite the proud.

2 They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears;"
When will the vain be wise?
Can He be deaf, who formed their ears?
Or blind, who made their eyes?

3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his power;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
In some surprising hour.

4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler rod;
Thy providence, thy sacred book
Shall make them know their God.

5 Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
And to his duty draw;
Thy scourges make thy children wise
When they forget thy law.

6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
Nor his own promise break;
He pardons his inheritance,
For their Redeemer's sake.

PSALM 94. SECOND PART. C. M.

WHO will arise and plead my right
Against my numerous foes?
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose.

2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustained my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul among the dead.

3 "Alas! my sliding feet!" I cried;
Thy promise bore me up;

Thy grace stood constant by my side,
And raised my sinking hope.

4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

5 Powers of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God my refuge rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.

6 Let malice vent her rage aloud
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

Psalm 95. first part. C. M.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compared with him.

4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

5 Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before his face;

Oh may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

6 Now is the time he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

PSALM 95. SECOND PART. S. M.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race:

6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand and swear,
"You that despise my promised rest,
Shall have no portion there."

PSALM 95. THIRD PART. L. M.

COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise:

God is a sovereign King; rehearse
His honour in exalted verse.

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our nature with his word:
He is our shepherd; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey,
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew:

4 Israel, that saw his works of grace,
Tempted their Maker to his face;
A faithless, unbelieving brood,
That tired the patience of their God.

5 Thus saith the Lord, "How false they prove!
Forget my power, abuse my love;
Since they despise my rest, I swear
Their feet shall never enter there."

6 Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offered grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessings by delay.

7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe, and take the promised rest;
Obey, and be for ever blest.

PSALM 96. FIRST PART. C. M.

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;

His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array
And fields in cheerful green.

4 The joyous earth, the bending skies,
His glorious train display;
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 His voice shall raise the slumbering dead,
And bid the world draw near;
But how will guilty nations dread,
To see their Judge appear!

PSALM 96. SECOND PART. P. M.

LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The heathen know thy glory, Lord,
The wondering nations read thy word;
But here Jehovah's name is known:
Nor shall our worship e'er be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He framed the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;

His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name:
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM 97. FIRST PART. L. M.

HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in evangelic strains:
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne:
Though gloomy clouds his ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

PSALM 97. SECOND PART. L. M.

THE Lord is come; the heavens proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name;
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies:

Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.

3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound;
But Zion shall his glories sing,
And earth confess her sovereign King.

PSALM 97. THIRD PART. L. M.

TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 Oh ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown,
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

PSALM 97. FOURTH PART. C. M.

LET earth, with every isle and sea,
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns:
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the valleys rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

3 The heavens his rightful power proclaim;
The idol gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.

4 Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.

5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire:
His children take their upward flight,
And leave the world on fire.

6 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

PSALM 98. FIRST PART. C. M.

TO our almighty Maker, God,
New honours be addressed;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.

2 To Abraham first he spoke the word,
And taught his numerous race;
The Gentiles own him sovereign Lord,
And learn to trust his grace.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her different tongues;
And spread the honour of his name
In melody and songs.

PSALM 98. SECOND PART. C. M.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM 99. FIRST PART. S. M.

THE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion stands his throne,
His honours are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

PSALM 99. SECOND PART. S. M.

EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
  When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
  He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
  Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his justice known,
  When they abused his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
  Whose grace is still the same;
Still he 's a God of holiness,
  And jealous for his name.

PSALM 100. FIRST PART. L. M.

YE nations round the earth, rejoice
  Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give,
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

PSALM 100. SECOND PART. L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
  Ye nations bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise:
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM 101. FIRST PART. L. M.

MERCY and judgment are my song;
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my songs and vows I bring.

2 If I am raised to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsel from thy word;
Thy justice and thy heavenly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside:
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.

4 No sons of slander, rage, and strife,
Shall be companions of my life:
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.

5 I'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honour, wealth, and trust:
The men that work thy holy will,
Shall be my friends and favorites still.

6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flattering or malicious lies;
Nor, while the innocent I guard,
Shall bold offenders e'er be spared.

PSALM 101. SECOND PART. C. M.

OF justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows:
Thy grace and justice, heavenly King,
Teach me to rule my house.

2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise;
I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine eyes.

3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong,
By falsehood or by force,
The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,
I'll banish from my doors.

4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy;
These are the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.

5 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM 102. FIRST PART. C. M.

HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer lest I die:
Hast thou not built a throne of grace
To hear when sinners cry?

2 My days are wasted like the smoke
Dissolving in the air;
My strength is dried, my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.

3 My spirits flag like withering grass,
Burnt with excessive heat;
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

4 As on some lonely building's top
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone.

5 My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl;
Where the sad raven finds her place,
And where the screaming owl.

6 Dark, dismal thoughts, and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.

7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast;
My daily bread, like ashes, grows
Unpleasant to my taste.

8 Sense can afford no real joy
To souls that feel thy frown;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanced me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.

9 My looks, like withered leaves appear;
And life's declining light
Grows faint as evening shadows are,
That vanish into night.

10 But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

11 Thou wilt arise and show thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond the appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And by mysterious ways
Redeems the prisoners doomed to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

Psalm 102. second part. C. M.

LET Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promised hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eye;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemned to death,
And when his saints complain,
It sha'n't be said, that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record;
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

PSALM 102. THIRD PART. L. M.

IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race;
Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon!

3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage;
"Our Father and our Saviour live:
Christ is the same through every age."

4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid;
Heaven is the building of his hand;
This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,
And all be changed at his command.

5 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments, shall be laid aside:
But still thy throne stands firm and high;
Thy church for ever must abide.

6 Before thy face, thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be raised again.

PSALM 103. FIRST PART. L. M.

BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim the highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done,
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels;
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting lives from threatening graves.

5 Our youth decayed, his power repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years:
He fills our store with every good,
And feeds our souls with heavenly food.

6 He sees th' oppressor and th' opprest,
And often gives the sufferers rest;
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

7 His power he showed by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel his commands;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.

8 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

PSALM 103. SECOND PART. L. M.

THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far hath nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slow his awful wrath to rise!
On swifter wings salvation flies;
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

6 So fathers their young sons chastise,
With gentle hands and melting eyes:
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

7 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust,
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.

8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or morning flowers, that fade at noon.

9 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure:
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

PSALM 103. THIRD PART. S. M.

OH bless the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

PSALM 103. FOURTH PART. S. M.

MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath:
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM 103. FIFTH PART. S. M.

THE Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fixed his throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wondrous works
Through his vast kingdom show
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his praises too.

PSALM 104. FIRST PART. P. M.

MY soul, thy great Creator praise;
When clothed in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.
"Great is the Lord! what tongue can frame
An equal honour to his name!"

2 The heavens are for his curtains spread;
Th' unfathomed deep he makes his bed;
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.

3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move,
To bear his vengeance or his love.

4 The world's foundation by his hand
Is laid, and shall for ever stand:
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

5 When earth was covered with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thundered, and the ocean fled,
Confined to its appointed bed.

6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels take their round;

Yet thence conveyed by secret veins,
They spring on hills, and drench the plains.

7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the valleys as they go;
There gentle herds their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.

8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

Psalm 104. second part. L. M.

GOD, from his cloudy cistern, pours,
On the parched earth enriching showers;
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

2 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies;
With herbs for men, of various power
To nourish nature, or to cure.

3 What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a pleasing juice;
Our hearts are cheered with generous wine;
His gifts proclaim his love divine.

4 His bounteous hands our table spread,
He fills our cheerful stores with bread;
While food our vital strength imparts,
Let daily praise inspire our hearts.

Psalm 104. third part. L. M.

BEHOLD, the stately cedars stand,
Raised by the Great Creator's hand;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.

2 To craggy hills ascends the goat;
And at the airy mountain's foot

The feebler creatures make their cell:
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

3 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face;
And when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

4 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And, roaring, ask their meat from God;
But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.

5 Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repose:
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

6 How strange thy works! how great thy skill!
While every land thy riches fill;
Thy wisdom round the world we see:
This spacious earth is full of thee.

7 Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wondrous motions, swift or slow,
Still wandering in the paths below.

8 There ships divide their watery way,
And shoals of scaly monsters play;
There dwells the huge Leviathan,
And foams and sports in spite of man.

PSALM 104. FOURTH PART. L. M.

VAST are thy works, almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon thy word;
And the whole race of creatures stand
Waiting their portion from thy hand.

2 But when thy face is hid they mourn,
And, dying, to their dust return;

Both man and beast their souls resign;
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.

3 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

4 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honoured with his own delight:
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

5 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

6 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

7 While haughty sinners die accurst,
Their glory buried with their dust,
I to my God, my heavenly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

PSALM 105. FIRST PART. C. M.

GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

2 His covenant, which he kept in mind
For numerous ages past,
To numerous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.

3 He sware to Abraham and his seed,
And made the blessing sure:

Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

4 "Thy seed shall make all nations blest,"
Said the Almighty voice;
"And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
The type of heavenly joys."

5 How large the grant! how rich the grace!
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A small and feeble band!

6 Like pilgrims through the countries round
Securely they removed;
And haughty kings that on them frowned,
Severely he reproved.

7 "Touch mine anointed, and mine arm
Shall soon avenge the wrong:
The man that does my prophets harm
Shall know their God is strong."

8 Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear:
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PSALM 105. SECOND PART. C. M.

WHEN Pharaoh dared to vex the saints,
And thus provoked their God,
Moses was sent at their complaints,
Armed with his dreadful rod.

2 He called for darkness; darkness came,
Like an o'erwhelming flood:
He turned each lake and every stream
To lakes and streams of blood.

3 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Through the whole country spread:

And frogs in baleful armies rise
About the monarch's bed.

4 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,
The tenfold vengeance flew;
Locusts in swarms devoured their trees,
And hail their cattle slew.

5 Then by an angel's midnight stroke
The flower of Egypt died;
The strength of every house was broke,
Their glory and their pride.

6 Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

Psalm 105. third part. C. M.

JEHOVAH'S tribes from bondage freed,
Soon left the hated ground;
Rich with Egyptian spoils they fled,
And none were feeble found.

2 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And marked their journeys right,
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

3 They thirst, and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow;
And following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.

4 O wondrous stream! O blessed type
Of overflowing grace!
So Christ our Rock maintains our life,
And aids our wandering race.

5 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possessed

Canaan, the rich, the promised land,
And there enjoyed their rest.

6 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear;
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PSALM 106. FIRST PART. L. M.

TO God the great, the ever blest,
Let songs of honour be addressed:
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.

PSALM 106. SECOND PART. S. M.

GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace!

2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung;
But soon thy works of power forgot,
And murmured with their tongue.

3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow!

Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
And he reduced them low.

4 Yet when they mourned their faults,
He hearkened to their groans,
Brought his own covenant to his thoughts,
And called them still his sons.

5 Their names were in his book,
He saved them from their foes;
Oft he chastised, but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.

6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who loved their ancient race;
And Christians join the solemn word,
Amen, to all the praise.

PSALM 107. FIRST PART. L. M.

GIVE thanks to God, he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 When God's own arm their fetters broke,
And freed them from th' Egyptian yoke,
They traced the desert, wandering round
A wild and solitary ground.

4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for their fixed abode:
Nor food nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.

5 In their distress to God they cried;
God was their Saviour and their guide;

He led their wandering march around,
And brought their tribes to Canaan's ground

6 Thus, when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke, and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dangerous and a tiresome place.

7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

8 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM 107. SECOND PART. L. M.

FROM age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are still the same;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with every good.

2 But if their hearts rebel and rise
Against the God who rules the skies;
If they reject his heavenly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord;

3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliverer shall be found;
Laden with grief they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.

4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade
That hung so heavy round their head.

5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling prisoners through;

Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the labouring soul relief.

6 Oh may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

Psalm 107. third part. L. M.

WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad!
With the bold mariners survey
The unknown regions of the sea!

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind;
Till God command and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

3 Now to the heavens they mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful deeps again;
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a staggering drunkard reel!

4 When land is far and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry;
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
And stormy tempests cease to rage;
The gladsome train their fears give o'er,
And hail with joy their native shore.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

Psalm 107. fourth part. C. M.

THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
That rule the boisterous sea,

The sons of courage shall record,
Who tempt the dangerous way.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves!
The men, astonished, mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3 Again they climb the watery hills,
And plunge in deeps again;
Each like a tottering drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.

4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with fluttering breath;
And, hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.

5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
He hears the loud request,
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allayed:
Now to their eyes the port appears;
There let their vows be paid.

7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know,
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.

8 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

PSALM 108. FIRST PART. C. M.

AWAKE, my soul, to sound his praise,
Awake my harp to sing;

Join all my powers the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.

2 Among the people of his care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there his name resound.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry train;
Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world thy reign.

4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng thy courts above;
While sinners hear thy pardoning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

PSALM 108. SECOND PART. L. M.

AGAIN, my tongue, thy silence break,
My heart, and all my powers, awake;
My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Awake, and sing Jehovah's name.

2 Ye saints rejoice; ye nations hear;
While I your Maker's praise declare;
High o'er the clouds his truth ascends;
Through earth, through heaven, his grace extends.

3 O'er heaven exalted is his throne;
In every world his glory shown;
The church he loves, his hand shall save
From death, and sorrow, and the grave.

4 Ye kingdoms hear his awful voice!
"In Zion shall my heart rejoice;
This hand shall all her foes dismay,
And make their scattered strength a prey.

5 "Mine are the sons of Zion, mine
Their glory, grace, and truth divine;

My sceptre shines in Judah's hands,
And still my strength in Ephraim stands.

6 "My foes to ruin shall be driven,
The shame of earth, the scorn of heaven,
Their eyes shall see my church prevail;
Their strength shall shrink, their courage fail."

7 O thou, beneath whose sovereign sway
Nations, and worlds, in dust decay,
Though thy sweet smile has been withdrawn,
Thine aid denied, thy presence gone:

8 Yet wilt thou still with love return;
With duty teach our hearts to burn;
Our dying graces, Lord, revive,
And bid thy fainting children live.

9 Save us from sin, and fear, and woe,
From every snare, and every foe,
And help us boldly to contend,
Falsehood resist, and truth defend.

PSALM 109. C. M.

GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song;
Though sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found;
With cruel slanders false and vain
They compassed him around.

3 Their miseries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursued;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good

4 Their malice raged without a cause,
Yet with his dying breath

He prayed for murderers on his cross,
And blest his foes in death.

5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a soul a-kin to thine,
To love mine enemies.

6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
And in my Saviour's name
I shall defeat their pride and rage,
Who slander and condemn.

PSALM 110. FIRST PART. L. M.

THUS God th' eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son: "Ascend and sit
At my right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed,
Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to thy command.

3 "That day shall show thy power is great,
When saints shall flock with willing minds,
And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines."

4 O blessed power! O glorious day!
What a large victory shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

PSALM 110. SECOND PART. C. M.

JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit;
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass

The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sovereign grace.

3 God hath pronounced a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
When Aaron's is no more.

4 "Melchisedec, that wondrous priest,
That king of high degree,
That holy man, who Abram blest,
Was but a type of thee."

5 Jesus our Priest for ever lives
To plead for us above;
Jesus our King for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain,
Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM 111. FIRST PART. C. M.

SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hands have wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How fair and beauteous nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts designed.

4 When he redeemed his chosen sons,
He fixed his covenant sure:

The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?

6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill!
And he 's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.

PSALM 111. SECOND PART. C. M.

GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his covenant sure;
Holy and reverend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

PSALM 112. FIRST PART. L. M.

THRICE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word:
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.

2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclined:
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread,
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is armed against the fear;
For God with all his power is there.

4 His spirit, fixed upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.

5 He hath dispersed his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God;
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners rage in vain.

PSALM 112. SECOND PART. C. M.

HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well established mind;
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of danger and distress
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

PSALM 113. FIRST PART. P. M.

YE that delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess.

2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds;
The heavens are far below his height;
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Armed with his uncreated might.

3 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things;
His sovereign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And seats them on the thrones of kings

4 When childless families despair,
He sends the blessing of an heir
To rescue their expiring name;
The mother, with a thankful voice,
Proclaims his praises and her joys:
Let every age advance his fame.

PSALM 113. SECOND PART. L. M.

YE servants of th' Almighty King,
In every age his praises sing:
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
His throne of glory stands on high;
Nor time, nor place, his power restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels with their God compare?
His glories, how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 Behold his love! he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From dust and cottages obscure
His grace exalts the humble poor!
Gives them the honour of his sons,
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.

6 A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren house rejoice:
Though Sarah's ninety years were past,
The promised seed is born at last.

7 With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done;
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs;
If nature fails, the promise bears.

PSALM 114. L. M.

WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way;
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains shook like frighted sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

4 What power could make the deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the dread that Sinai feels?

5 Let every mountain, every flood
Retire and know th' approaching God,
The King of Israel: see him here;
Tremble, thou earth; adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns,
The rock to standing pools he turns;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

Psalm 115. first part. L. M.

NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due,
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise, and true.

2 Display to earth thy dreadful name;
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and, to raise our shame,
Say, "Where 's the God you've served so long?"

3 The God we serve maintains his throne,
Above the clouds, beyond the skies;
Through all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

4 But the vain idols they adore
Are senseless shapes, of stone and wood·
At best a mass of glittering ore,
A silver saint, or golden god.

5 With eyes and ears they carve the head;
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind:
In vain are costly offerings made,
And vows are scattered in the wind.

6 Their feet are never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray,
Mortals that pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.

7 O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

8 The dead no more can speak thy praise;
They dwell in silence in the grave;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy power to save.

PSALM 115. SECOND PART. P. M.

NOT to our names, thou only just and true,
Not to our worthless names is glory due:
Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice claim
Immortal honours to thy sovereign name.
Shine through the earth from heaven, thy blest abode,
Nor let the heathen say, "And where 's your God?"

2 Heaven is thy higher court: there stands thy throne,
And through the lower worlds thy will is done;
Earth is thy work; the heavens thy wisdom spread;
But fools adore the gods their hands have made;

The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.

3 Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears;
The molten image neither sees nor hears;
Their helpless hands and feet can never move;
They have no speech, nor thought, nor power, nor love;
Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols, and their moveless saints.

4 The rich have statues well adorned with gold;
The poor, content with gods of coarser mould,
With tools of iron, carve the senseless stock,
Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock;
People and priest drive on the solemn trade,
And trust the gods, that saws and hammers made.

5 Be heaven and earth amazed! 'Tis hard to say
Which are more stupid, or their gods or they.
O Israel! trust the Lord; he hears and sees;
He knows thy sorrows and restores thy peace;
His worship does a thousand comforts yield;
He is thy help, and he thy heavenly shield.

6 O Zion! trust the Lord: thy foes in vain
Attempt thy ruin, and oppose his reign;
Had they prevailed, darkness had closed our days,
And death and silence had forbid his praise;
But we are saved, and live; let songs arise,
And saints adore the God that built the skies.

Psalm 116. first part. C. M.

I LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord: he bowed his ear,
And chased my griefs away:
Oh let my heart no more despair
While I have breath to pray.

3 My flesh declined, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs and fears of hell
Perplexed my wakeful head.

4 "My God," I cried, "thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust."

5 The Lord beheld me sore distrest,
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

6 My God hath saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

Psalm 116. second part. C. M.

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thy house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life which thou hast made thy care,
Lord I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

Psalm 117. first part. C. M.

O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord
Each with a different tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns through every land;
Proclaim his grace abroad;
For ever firm his truth shall stand;
Praise ye the faithful God.

Psalm 117. second part. L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall set and rise no more.

PSALM 117. THIRD PART. S. M.

THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is thy grace and sure thy word:
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

PSALM 118. FIRST PART. C. M.

THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my soul afraid,
Of what the sons of earth can do,
Since heaven affords its aid.

2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

3 'Tis through the Lord my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice!

4 Like angry bees they girt me round;
When God appears, they fly;
So burning thorns with crackling sound
Make a fierce blaze and die.

5 Joy to the saints, and peace belongs;
The Lord protects their days:
Let Israel tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

PSALM 118. SECOND PART. C. M.

LORD thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescued from the grave;

Now shall he live, and none can die,
If God resolve to save.

2 Thy praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand, that hath chastised him sore,
Defends him still from death.

3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there,
The house where all the righteous go,
Thy mercy to declare.

4 Among the assemblies of thy saints
Our thankful voice we raise;
There we have told thee our complaints,
And there we speak thy praise.

PSALM 118. THIRD PART. C. M.

BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
How glorious is his name!
Saints trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Firm on this Rock the Church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

PSALM 118. FOURTH PART. C. M.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;

Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest is the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

PSALM 118. FIFTH PART. S. M.

SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse:
Yet God hath built his Church thereon
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes:
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;

Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood:
Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

PSALM 118. SIXTH PART. L. M.

LO! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse!
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews.

2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad;
Hosanna, let his name be blest;
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest!

4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole Church address their King
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

PSALM 119. FIRST PART. C. M.

BLEST are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But flee from every sin.

2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,
And practice thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy;
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

5 But haughty sinners God will hate,
The proud shall die accurst;
The sons of falsehood and deceit
Are trodden to the dust.

6 Vile as the dross the wicked are,
And those that leave thy ways
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

PSALM 119. SECOND PART. C. M.

TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

2 My spirit faints to see thy grace;
Thy promise bears me up,
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee;
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind,
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

Psalm 119. third part. C. M.

THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Oh save thy servant, Lord;
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.

6 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus till mortal life shall end
Would I perform thy will.

Psalm 119. fourth part. C. M.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road:
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

6 The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these, thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express.

7 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.

8 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

PSALM 119. FIFTH PART. C. M.

O HOW I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight:
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word:
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 Thy heavenly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue,
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yield me a heavenly song.

4 Am I a stranger or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.

5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

PSALM 119. SIXTH PART. C. M.

LORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With every flattering lust.

2 Thy precepts often I survey;
I keep thy law in sight,
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
"How sweet thy comforts be!"
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

4 And when my spirit drinks her fill,
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men, that share the spoil,
Have joys compared to mine.

PSALM 119. SEVENTH PART. C. M.

LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I've seen an end to what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no further go.

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

6 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM 119. EIGHTH PART. C. M.

LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

PSALM 119. NINTH PART. C. M.

THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear!
Open my eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

2 My heart was fashioned by thy hand,
My service is thy due;
Oh make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Thy path O do not hide,
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

4 When I confest my wandering ways,
Thou heardst my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

5 If God to me his statutes show,
And heavenly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

7 In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that blessed gospel go
Whence all my hopes I draw.

8 When I have learned my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways;
My thankful lips, inspired with zeal,
Shall sing aloud his praise.

PSALM 119. TENTH PART. C. M.

BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promised quickening grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
O bear thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail
Who dare reproach my hope.

4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

PSALM 119. ELEVENTH PART. C. M.

OH that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
Oh that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 Oh send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart,
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere:
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
Offend against my God.

PSALM 119. TWELFTH PART. C. M.

MY God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Though I have sinned against thy grace,
I can't forget thy laws.

2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach,
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

4 My eyes with expectation fail;
My heart within me cries,
"When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
And bid my comforts rise."

5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And show thy grace the same;
Thy tender mercies still afford
To those that love thy name.

PSALM 119. THIRTEENTH PART. C. M.

WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face,
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
To be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

5 My heart with sacred reverence hears
The threatenings of thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fear,
The judgments of the Lord.

6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

PSALM 119. FOURTEENTH PART. C. M.

CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints,
When will my troubles end?

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins:
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

4 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk amongst the dead.

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest sufferings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

6 Before I knew thy chastening rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

PSALM 119. FIFTEENTH PART. C. M.

O THAT thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large?

4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name:
I'll speak thy word though kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

5 Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right,
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill:
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

PSALM 119. SIXTEENTH PART. C. M.

MY soul lies cleaving to the dust:
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickening powers;
Thy word that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!

6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM 119. SEVENTEENTH PART. L. M.

WHEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
All my support is from thy word:
My soul dissolves from heaviness;
Uphold me with thy strengthening grace.

2 The proud have framed their scoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
They tempt my soul to snares and sin;
Yet thy commands I'll ne'er decline.

3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws!
But I will trust and fear thy name,
Till pride and malice die with shame.

PSALM 119. EIGHTEENTH PART. L. M.

FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forced my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God.

2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;
I left my guide, and lost my way,
But now I love and keep thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

4 The law that issues from thy mouth,
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south;
Or richest hills of golden ore.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy spirit formed my soul within:
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

6 Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my salvation shall rejoice,
For I have trusted in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

PSALM 120. C. M.

THOU God of love, thou ever blest,
Pity my suffering state;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest,
From lips that love deceit?

2 Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing quarrels waste
My golden hours of life.

3 Oh might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide, lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!

4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.

5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong:
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!

6 Should burning arrows smite me through,
Strict justice would approve;
But I would rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

PSALM 121. FIRST PART. L. M.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my almighty refuge lives.

2 He lives; the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens, with all their host he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles adorn the day:
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray,
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

7 On thee foul spirits have no power;
And in thy last departing hour
Angels that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

PSALM 121. SECOND PART. C. M.

TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid:
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call;
His eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

4 Israel rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have its leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

PSALM 121. THIRD PART. P. M.

UPWARD I lift my eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made;
God is the tower
To which I fly; his grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep, shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there;
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade, to guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die, till from on high
Thou call me home.

PSALM 122. FIRST PART. C. M.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
In Zion let us all appear
And keep the solemn day.

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

PSALM 122. SECOND PART. P. M.

HOW pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinners sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:

The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house!
For here my friends and kindred dwell:
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

PSALM 123. C. M.

O THOU, whose grace and justice reign
Enthroned above the skies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain
To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servants watch their master's hand,
And fear the angry stroke;
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look:

3 So, for our sins, we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remove the rod.

4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live,
Our daily groans deride;
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

PSALM 124. C. M.

HAD not the God of truth and love,
When hosts against us rose,

Displayed his vengeance from above,
And crushed the conquering foes;

2 Their armies like a raging flood,
Had swept the guardless land,
Destroyed on earth his blest abode,
And 'whelmed our feeble band.

3 But safe beneath his spreading shield
His sons securely rest,
Defy the dangers of the field,
And bare the fearless breast.

4 And now our souls shall bless the Lord,
Who broke the deadly snare;
Who saved us from the murdering sword,
And made our lives his care.

5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who formed the heavens above;
He that supports their wondrous frame,
Can guard his church by love!

PSALM 125. FIRST PART. C. M.

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains stand,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That trusts th' Almighty hand.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge,
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion will assuage
The fury of the rod.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on

To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

5 But if we trace those crooked ways
That the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell,
Shall smite his followers too.

PSALM 125. SECOND PART. S. M.

FIRM and unmoved are they
That rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his saints around.

3 What though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope and love, and every grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint;
The God of Israel will support
His children lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell.
We must expect our portion there,
Where bolder sinners dwell.

PSALM 126. FIRST PART. L. M.

WHEN God restored our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme,

The grace beyond our hopes so great,
That joy appeared a pleasing dream.

2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name;
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3 When we reviewed our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanished so;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man that in his furrowed field,
His scattered seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

PSALM 126. SECOND PART. C. M.

WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cried,
And owned the power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come,

They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It sha'n't deceive their hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

Psalm 127. first part. L. M.

IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What though we rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat our bread,
To shun that poverty we dread;

3 'Tis all in vain, 'till God hath blest;
He can make rich, can give us rest:
On God, our Sovereign, still depends
Our joy in children, and in friends.

4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends!
How sweet our daily comforts prove
When they are seasoned with his love!

Psalm 127. second part. C. M.

IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns without his wakeful eye,
A useless watch maintain.

2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And till the stars ascend the skies
Your tiresome toil pursue.

3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare,
In vain, till God has blest;
But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

PSALM 128. C. M.

O HAPPY man, whose soul is filled,
With zeal and reverend awe?
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.

2 A careful providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children, round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil
For months and years to come:
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send thee blessings home.

5 This is the man whose happy eyes,
Shall see his house increase,
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

PSALM 129. C. M.

UP from my youth, may Israel say,
Have I been nursed in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

2 Up from my youth I bore the rage,
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assailed my riper age,
But God preserved my life.

3 O'er all my frame their cruel dart
Its painful wounds impressed;
Daily they vexed my fainting heart,
Nor let my sorrows rest.

4 The Lord in anger, on his throne,
With an impartial eye,
Measured the mischiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.

5 How was their insolence surprised
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Zion seized
With horror to the soul!

6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints
Be blasted from the sky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their prospects die.

7 What though they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath;
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despised in death.

8 So corn that on the house-top stands,
No hope of harvest gives;
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves.

PSALM 130. FIRST PART. C. M.

OUT of the deeps of long distress.
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to reach thine ear.

2 Great God! should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

3 But there are pardons with my God,
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son hath bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.

5 Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes:

6 So waits my soul to see thy grace;
And more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.

7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good, as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.

8 There 's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslaved;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be saved.

PSALM 130. SECOND PART. L. M.

FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I raised my cries:
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long, and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son:
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done

PSALM 131. C. M.

IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see:
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And peaceful as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM 132. FIRST PART. L. M.

WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God,
A dwelling for th' Eternal Mind,
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still;
His church is with his presence blest.

3 "Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever," saith the Lord;
"Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

4 "Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners, that wait before my door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.

5 "Girded with truth, and clothed with grace,
My priests, my ministers shall shine;
Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
Appears so glorious and divine.

6 "The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joy, shall shout and sing:
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King."

7 Jesus shall see a numerous seed
Born here to uphold his glorious name;
His crown shall flourish on his head,
While all his foes are clothed with shame.

PSALM 132. SECOND PART. C. M.

NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David would afford,
Till he had found below the skies
A dwelling for the Lord.

2 The Lord in Zion placed his name,
His ark was settled there;
And there the assembled nation came
To worship thrice a year.

3 We trace no more those toilsome ways,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy people meet for praise,
There is a house for God.

4 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest:
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

5 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.

6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

7 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

8 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

PSALM 133. FIRST PART. C. M.

LO! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of harmony and love!

2 Where streams of bliss, from Christ the spring,
Descend to every soul;
And heavenly peace with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis like the oil, divinely blest,
Which, poured on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, perfumed his vest,
And round its fragrance shed.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews,
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

Psalm 133. second part. S. M.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head,
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil down to his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.

4 Thus, on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

Psalm 134. C. M.

YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wondrous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high;

Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quickening grace;
The God that spreads the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM 135. FIRST PART. L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his earthly courts ye wait,
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4 Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known th' Almighty God.

5 Bless ye the Lord who taste his love,
People and priests exalt his name;
Among his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

PSALM 135. SECOND PART. L. M.

GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all powers, and every throne;
Whate'er he pleased in earth and sea,
Or heaven, or hell, his hand hath done.

2 At his command the vapours rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar;
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempest from his airy store.

3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, through thy stubborn land,
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

4 What mighty nations, mighty kings,
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeemed,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave!

5 His power the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell:
And heaven he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

PSALM 135. THIRD PART. C. M.

AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord, and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

3 Heaven, earth, and sea, confess his hand;
He bids the vapours rise;
Lightning and storm, at his command,
Sweep through the sounding skies.

4 All power, that gods or kings have claimed,
Is found with him alone;
But heathen gods should ne'er be named
Where our Jehovah 's known.

5 Which of the stocks and stones they trust,
Can give them showers of rain?
In vain they worship glittering dust,
And pray to gold in vain.

6 Their gods have tongues that speechless prove,
Such as their makers gave;
Their feet were never formed to move,
Nor hands have power to save.

7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray;
Mortals that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.

8 Ye nations, know the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honours there.

PSALM 136. FIRST PART. C. M.

GIVE thanks to God, the sovereign Lord;
His mercies still endure;
And be the King of kings adored;
His truth is ever sure.

2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
How mighty is his hand!
Heaven, earth, and sea, he framed alone:
How wide is his command!

3 The sun supplies the day with light:
How bright his counsels shine!
The moon and stars adorn the night:
His works are all divine.

4 He struck the sons of Egypt dead:
How dreadful is his rod!
And thence with joy his people led:
How gracious is our God!

5 He cleft the swelling sea in two:
His arm is great in might;
And gave the tribes a passage through:
His power and grace unite.

6 But Pharaoh's army there he drowned;
How glorious are his ways!
And brought his saints through desert ground,
Eternal be his praise.

7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand;
Victorious is his sword;
While Israel took the promised land,
And faithful is his word.

8 He saw the nations dead in sin;
He felt his pity move:
How sad the state the world was in!
How boundless was his love!

9 He sent to save us from our woe;
His goodness never fails:
From death and hell, and every foe;
And still his grace prevails.

10 Give thanks to God, the heavenly King;
His mercies still endure:
Let the whole earth his praises sing;
His truth is ever sure.

PSALM 136. SECOND PART. P. M.

GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord;
The sovereign King of kings:
And be his grace adored.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

3 His wisdom formed the sun
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars
To cheer the darksome night.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

4 He smote the first-born sons,
The flower of Egypt, dead;
And thence his chosen tribes
With joy and glory led.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

5 His power and lifted rod
Cleft the Red Sea in two;
And for his people made
A wondrous passage through.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

6 But cruel Pharaoh there,
With all his host, he drowned;

And brought his Israel safe
Through a long desert ground.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

7 The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand;
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

8 He saw the nations lie,
All perishing in sin,
And pitied the sad state
The ruined world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

9 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

10 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

PSALM 136. THIRD PART. L. M.

GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promised land:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity move within:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.

7 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

PSALM 137. FIRST PART. L. M.

BY Babel's stream the captives sate,
And wept for Zion's hapless fate;
Useless their harps on willows hung,
While foes required a sacred song.

2 With taunting voice, and scornful eye,
"Sing us a song of heaven," they cry:
"While foes deride our God and King,
How can we tune our harps, or sing?

3 "If Zion's woes our hearts forget,
Or cease to mourn for Israel's fate,
Let useful skill our hands forsake;
Our hearts with hopeless sorrow break.

4 "Thou, ruined Salem, to our eyes
Each day in sad remembrance rise!
Should we e'er cease to feel thy wrongs,
Lost be our joys and mute our tongues.

5 "Remember, Lord, proud Edom's sons,
Who cried, exulting at our groans,
While Salem trembled at her base,
"Rase them: her deep foundations rase."

6 To happier days our bosoms turn;
Those days but teach us how to mourn:
The God, who bade his mercy flow,
In wrath withdraws his blessing now.

7 Yet still, thy name be ever blest,
On thee our hope shall safely rest:
Zion her Saviour soon shall see
Arrayed to set his Israel free.

PSALM 137. SECOND PART. S. M.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode;
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend:
To her my cares and toils be given,
'Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

7 Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

8 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

PSALM 138. L. M.

WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song:
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all the works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.

3 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

4 The God of heaven maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud and scorns the great;
But from his throne descends to bless
The humble souls that trust his grace.

5 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

6 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM 139. FIRST PART. L. M.

LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;

He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 *Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,*
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

PSALM 139. SECOND PART. L. M.

COULD I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

2 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthroned in light:
Or plunge to hell, there justice reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

3 If mounted on a morning ray
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

4 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray
Would kindle darkness into day.

5 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;

Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Through midnight shades, as blazing noon.

6 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee;
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

7 *Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,*
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

PSALM 139. THIRD PART. L. M.

MY God, what inward grief I feel,
When impious men transgress thy will;
I mourn to hear their lips profane,
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
I count for enemies to me.

3 Lord, search my soul, try every thought;
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
Oh turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

PSALM 139. FOURTH PART. C. M.

IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,

My public walks, my private ways
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 Oh wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

PSALM 139. FIFTH PART. C. M.

LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill;
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep:
How kind, how dear to me!
Oh may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee!

PSALM 140. C. M.

PROTECT us, Lord, from fatal harm;
Behold our rising woes;
We trust alone thy powerful arm,
To scatter all our foes.

2 Their tongue is like a poisoned dart,
Their thoughts are full of guile;
While rage and carnage swell their heart,
They wear a peaceful smile.

3 O God of grace! thy guardian care,
When foes without invade,
Or spread within a deeper snare,
Supplies our constant aid.

4 Let falsehood flee before thy face,
Thy heavenly truth extend,
All nations taste thy heavenly grace,
And all delusions end.

5 With daily bread the poor supply,
The cause of justice plead;
And be thy church exalted high,
With Christ, the glorious head.

PSALM 141. L. M.

MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense, in thine house,
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 Oh may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way;
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

Psalm 142. C. M.

TO God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief;
In long complaints before his throne
I poured out all my grief.

2 My soul was overwhelmed with woes,
My heart began to break;
My God, who all my burdens knows,
Beholds the way I take.

3 On every side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone,
While friends and strangers passed me by,
Neglected or unknown.

4 Then did I raise a louder cry,
And called thy mercy near,
"Thou art my portion when I die,
Be thou my refuge here."

5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend,
And make my foes, who vex me, know,
I've an almighty Friend.

6 From my sad prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy name,
And holy men shall join with me,
Thy kindness to proclaim.

Psalm 143. first part. L. M.

MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from thy throne;
Oh make thy truth and mercy known.

2 Let judgment not against me pass;
Behold, thy servant pleads thy grace;
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.

3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burthen me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.

4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within:
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope,
To bear my sinking spirits up;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst, like parched lands for rain.

6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God for ever hide his love?

PSALM 143. SECOND PART. L M.

MY God, thy long delay to save
Will sink thy prisoner to the grave;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haste to help before I die.

2 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distracting fears;
Oh might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my wearied powers rejoice!

3 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my weary soul on high;
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.

4 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
The path in which my feet should go;
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

5 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill:
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

6 Then shall my soul no more complain,
The tempter then shall rage in vain;
And flesh, and sin, my foes before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

PSALM 144. FIRST PART. C. M.

FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my Shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me in the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
My fainting hope shall raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

PSALM 144. SECOND PART. C. M.

LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first?
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hastening to the dust.

2 Oh what is feeble dying man,
Or all his sinful race,
That God should make it his concern,
To visit him with grace!

3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
What terrors wait his awful frown!
How wondrous is his love!

Psalm 144. third part. L. M.

HAPPY the city, where their sons
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters, bright as polished stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.

2 Happy the land in culture drest,
Whose flocks and corn have large increase;
Where men securely work or rest,
Nor sons of plunder break their peace.

3 Happy the nation thus endowed;
But more divinely blest are those
On whom the all-sufficient God,
Himself, with all his grace bestows.

Psalm 145. first part. L. M.

MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

PSALM 145. SECOND PART. C. M.

LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great:
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,
With public splendour shown.

6 The world is managed by thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

PSALM 145. THIRD PART. C. M.

SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures with all their endless race
Thy power and praise proclaim,
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

PSALM 145. FOURTH PART. C. M.

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distressed
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our sinking days,
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pains his servants feel,
He hears his children cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls, whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

6 His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none that serve the Lord shall say,
"They sought his aid in vain."

7 My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.

PSALM 146. FIRST PART. L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord: my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine;
Now while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

3 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Their breath departs, their pomp, and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.

4 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.

5 His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;
He sends the laboring conscience peace,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

6 The Lord to sight restores the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress.
The widow and the fatherless.

7 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

PSALM 146. SECOND PART. P. M.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace!
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM 147. FIRST PART. L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name:
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His sovereign wisdom knows no bound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Great is our Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite;
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And feed the ravens when they cry.

7 What is the creature's skill or force,
The vigorous man, the warlike horse,
The sprightly wit, the active limb!
All are too mean delights for him.

8 His saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And finds and loves his image there.

PSALM 147. SECOND PART. L. M.

LET Zion praise the mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad;
For sweet the joy our songs to raise,
And glorious is the work of praise.

2 Our children live secure and blest;
Our shores have peace, our cities rest;
He feeds our sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessings to their meat.

3 The changing seasons he ordains,
The early and the latter rains;
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.

4 With hoary frost he strews the ground;
His hail descends with dreadful sound;
His icy bands the rivers hold,
And terror arms his wintry cold.

5 He bids the warmer breezes blow,
The ice dissolves, the waters flow;
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call his people to his praise.

6 Through all our land his laws are shown;
His gospel through our borders known;
He hath not thus revealed his word
To every land—Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 147. THIRD PART. C. M.

WITH songs and honours sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the ravens cry;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honours high.

4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 When from his dreadful stores on high
He pours the sounding hail,
The wretch that dares his God defy
Shall find his courage fail.

7 He sends his word, and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

PSALM 148. FIRST PART. P. M.

YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light,
Begin the song.

2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His power declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command.
He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the Lord.

4 He moved their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils,
While time and nature last.
In different ways
His works proclaim

His wondrous name,
And speak his praise.

PSALM 148. SECOND PART. P. M.

LET all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep,
The fish that cleave the seas
Or in their bosom sleep;
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's power.

2 Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
Praise ye th' Almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow
To execute his word.
When lightnings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

3 Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear;
Beasts, wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms
Exalt his name.

4 Rulers and judges, fear
The Lord the sovereign King,
And while you rule us here,
His heavenly honours sing:
Nor let the dream
Of power and state
Make you forget
His power supreme.

5 Virgins and youths engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feeble voices join:
Wide as he reigns
His name be sung
By every tongue
In endless strains.

6 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honours high.

PSALM 148. THIRD PART. P. M.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name.
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair;
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,
Tell how he formed your shining frame,
And breathed the fluid air.

3 Ye angels catch the thrilling sound;
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing;
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

4 Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir:
Thou, dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid:
Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.

5 Let every element rejoice:
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice,
To him who bids you roll:
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

6 Let man, for nobler service made,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ:
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

7 Ye, whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nursed on the downy lap of ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne;
Ye princes, rulers, all adore;
Praise him ye Kings, who makes your power
An image of his own.

8 Let youth its ardent passions move,
To praise the eternal Source of love,
With all its hallowed fire:
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his blest name, then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre.

9 Let saints, redeemed from death and hell,
In louder, loftier numbers tell,
The wonders of his grace:

Beyond creation's utmost bounds,
Above her noblest sweetest sounds,
Declare Jehovah's praise.

PSALM 148. FOURTH PART. L. M.

LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell:
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 The Lord, how absolute he reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee;
Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss:
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compared to his.

4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
Let the sweet whisper of his name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.

5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.

6 Ye flowery plains proclaim his skill;
Ye valleys sink before his eye;
And let his praise from every hill
Rise tuneful to the neighboring sky.

7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches and adore:
Praise him, ye beasts, in different strains;
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

8 Birds, ye must make his praise your theme,
Nature demands a song from you:
While the dumb fish that cut the stream,
Leap up, and mean his praises too.

9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue
When nature all around you sings?
Oh for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings!

10 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

11 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word!
Oh may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

12 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

PSALM 148. FIFTH PART. S. M.

LET every creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow,
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flaming fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
His honours be expressed;
But saints, that taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

Psalm 148. sixth part. S. M.

LET earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise:
Praise him, ye watery worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.

2 From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound;
From humble shrubs, and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

3 Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.

4 Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear,
Or sit on flowery boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.

5 Ye reptile myriads, join
T' exalt his glorious name;
And flies, in beauteous forms that shine,
His wondrous skill proclaim.

6 By all the earth-born race,
His honours be expressed;
But saints that know his heavenly grace,
Should learn to praise him best.

Psalm 148. seventh part. S. M.

MONARCHS of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that sovereign hand,
Whence all your honours spring.

2 Let vigorous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes, and withering age,
Their feeble voices try.

3 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise;
God is the Lord; his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.

4 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest;
But saints, that dwell so near his heart,
Should sing his praises best.

Psalm 149. C. M.

ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church, with cheerful voice,
His later wonders show.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek, that lie despised in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints shall be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying bed;
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.

5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hand shall wield the sword:
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the Lord.

6 When Christ his judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepared for all his friends,
Who humbly loved him here.

7 Then shall they rule with iron rod,
Nations that dared rebel,
And join the sentence of their God,
On tyrants doomed to hell.

8 The royal sinners, bound in chains,
New triumph shall afford:
Such honour for the saints remains:
Praise ye, and love the Lord.

PSALM 150. FIRST PART. C. M.

IN God's own house pronounce his praise
His grace he there reveals;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

PSALM 150. SECOND PART. L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord; all nature join
In work and worship so divine;
Let heaven and earth unite, and raise
High hallelujahs to his praise.

2 While realms of joy, and worlds around,
Their hallelujahs high resound;
Let saints below and saints above,
Exulting sing redeeming love.

3 As instruments well tuned and strung,
We'll praise the Lord with heart and tongue;
While life remains we'll loud proclaim
High hallelujahs to his name.

4 Beyond the grave, in nobler strains,
When freed from sorrow, sin, and pains,
Eternally the church will raise
High hallelujahs to his praise.

THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. M.

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,

Who saves by his redeeming Word,
And new-creating Breath.

2 To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let all creation join.

C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit too.

S. M.

TO the eternal Three,
In will and essence One,
Be universal homage paid,
And equal honours done.

P. M.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds, where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

P. M.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:

With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

10s.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be addrest;
From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
And spread his fame, till time shall be no more.

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HYMNS.

GOD.

DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

1 H. M.

Divine Attributes.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments He assumes
Are light and majesty.
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works,
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs.
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees, his sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend,

And will He write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word;
Join all my powers and praise the Lord.

2 H. M.

Divine Attributes.

WITH cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honour from his word:
Nature and art can ne'er supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.

2 In Jesus we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays:
Th' eternal God's eternal Son
Inherits and partakes the throne.

3 The sovereign King of kings,
The Lord of lords most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh.
His name is called "the Word of God,"
He rules the earth with iron rod.

4 Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry Lamb resents
The injuries of his love;
Awakes his wrath, without delay,
As lions roar and tear the prey.

5 But when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes,
What gentle characters,
What titles He assumes!

"Light of the world, and Life of men;"
Nor will He bear those names in vain.

6 Immense compassion reigns
In our Immanuel's heart,
When He descends to act
A Mediator's part.
He is a friend, and brother too;
Divinely kind, divinely true.

7 At length the Lord, the Judge,
His awful throne ascends,
And drives the rebels far
From favourites and friends!
Then shall the saints completely prove
The heights and depths of all his love.

3 C. M.

The Divine Perfections.

HOW shall I praise the eternal God,
That Infinite Unkown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

2 The great Invisible! He dwells
Concealed in dazzling light;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

3 Those watchful eyes, that never sleep,
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Speak we of strength? His arm is strong,
To save, or to destroy;
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.

5 He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;

Firm as a rock his truth remains,
To guard his promises.

6 Sinners before his presence die;
How holy is his name!
His anger and his jealousy
Burn like devouring flame.

7 Justice, upon a dreadful throne,
Maintains the rights of God;
While mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

8 Now to my soul, immortal King,
Speak some forgiving word;
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

4 C. M.

Infinity of God.

GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee, there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!

Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

5 C. M.

Majesty and Dominion of God.

THE Lord, how fearful is his name!
How wide is his command!
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand!

2 Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe:
While with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

3 A word of his almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them, if He please!

4 Adoring angels round Him fall,
In all their shining forms;
His sovereign eye looks through them all,
And pities mortal worms.

5 His bowels to our worthless race,
In sweet compassion move;
He clothes his looks with softest grace,
And takes his title, Love!

6 7s.

Sovereignty of God.

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2 His decree who formed the earth,
Fixed my first and second birth:
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by Him.

3 He that formed me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by his wise decree.

4 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;

5 Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

6 Thee at all times, will I bless;
Having thee, I all possess:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee?

7 C. M.

The Goodness of God.

GOD, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet in his providence and grace,
To every eye appears.

2 He bows the heavens; the mountains stand
A highway for our God:
He walks amid the desert land;
'Tis Eden where he trod.

3 In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his spirit blows,
The breath of life and health.

4 His blessings fall in plenteous showers,
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

5 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound;
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will paradise be found!

8 L. M.

Glory and Condescension of God.

JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

9 C. M.

Faithfulness of God.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim "Salvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying men;"

His hand has writ the sacred word,
With an immortal pen.

4 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

5 O! might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

6 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

10 L. M.

God's unbounded Love.

LORD, what is man that he should prove
The object of thy boundless love!
Say, why should he so largely share,
Thy favour and thy tender care?

2 While these my lips draw vital breath,
Or till I close my eyes in death,
I'll ne'er forget thy wondrous love,
Nor thoughtless of thy kindness prove.

3 Beneath thy shadowing wing's defence
I'll place my only confidence:
In every danger and distress,
To thee will I my prayer address.

4 Should all my hopes on earth be lost,
In thee I'll make my constant boast:
I'll spread the glories of thy name,
And thy unbounded love proclaim.

11 L. M.

God's Faithfulness.

PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To Him that earth's foundation laid;
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as He please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.

3 Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words, on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.

4 Each of them powerful as that sound,
That bid the new-made world go round,
And stronger than the solid poles,
On which the wheel of nature rolls.

5 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

6 O! for a strong and lasting faith
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

12 C. M.

God unsearchable.

SHALL foolish, weak, short-sighted man
Beyond the angels go,
The great Almighty God explain,
Or to perfection know?

2 His attributes divinely soar
Above the creature's sight,
And prostrate seraphim adore
The glorious Infinite.

3 Jehovah's everlasting days!
They cannot numbered be;
Incomprehensible the space
Of thine immensity!

4 Thy wisdom's depths by reason's line
In vain we strive to sound,
Or stretch our labouring thought t' assign
Omnipotence a bound.

5 The brightness of thy glory leaves
Description far below;
Nor man's, nor angel's heart conceives
How deep thy mercies flow.

6 Thy grace is most unsearchable,
And dazzles all above;
They gaze, but cannot count nor tell
The treasures of thy love.

13 L. M.

Justice and Mercy united.

INFINITE grace! and can it be
That heaven's Supreme should stoop so low,
A wretch to visit, vile, like me;
One who has been his bitterest foe?

2 Can holiness and wisdom join,
With truth, with justice, and with grace,
To make eternal blessings mine,
And sin, with all its guilt, efface?

3 O love! beyond conception great,
That formed the vast stupendous plan;
Where all divine perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man.

4 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her rights maintains,
Astonished angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

5 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too;
In Christ harmoniously they meet.
He paid to justice all her due,
And now He fills the mercy-seat.

6 Such are the wonders of our God,
And such the amazing depths of grace:
To save, from wrath's vindictive rod,
The chosen sons of Adam's race.

7 With grateful songs, then, let our souls,
Surround our gracious Father's throne;
And all between the distant poles,
His truth and mercy ever own.

14 L. M.

God's Condescension to the Humble.

THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God; I dwell on high;
Dwell in my own eternity.

2 "But I descend to worlds below;
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live:
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.

4 "When I contend against their sin,
I make them know how vile they've been;
But should my wrath for ever smoke,
Their souls would sink beneath my stroke."

5 O! may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die.
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chastening love.

15 C. M.

God's Eternity.

RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground;
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up every tuneful sound,
To praise the eternal God.

2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah filled his throne;
Or Adam formed, or angels made,
The Maker lived alone.

3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And *ever* is his time.

4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal NOW,
And sees our ages waste.

5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come:
The creatures—look! how old they grow,
And wait the fiery doom.

6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flames melt down the skies;
My God shall live an endless day,
When th' old creation dies.

16 H. M.

Praise to the Trinity.

TO Him that chose us first
Before the world began;

To Him that bore the curse,
To save rebellious man:
To Him that formed our hearts anew,
Are endless praise and glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues:
Our lips address the Spirit's name
With equal praise, and zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One:
Thus heaven shall raise his honours high,
When earth and time grow old and die.

17 S. M.

Address to the Trinity.

O LORD our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world,
Let light and order spring.

4 All on the earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing,
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

18 6s & 4s.

Invocation of the Trinity.

COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise.
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall.
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made;
Our souls on thee be staid;
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend.
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour.
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore.
His sovereign majesty,

May we in glory see,
And to eternity,
Love and adore.

19 H. M.

Praise to the triune God.

WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And all our hopes above;
He sent his own eternal Son,
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by his blood,
From everlasting woe:
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit, praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee,
Be endless honours done,
The sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One:
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

20 C. M.

Praise to the Trinity.

GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who, from our sinful race,

Chose out his favourites to proclaim
The honours of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power,
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God who reigns above,
The eternal Three in One;
Who, by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

21 L. M.

Address to the Trinity.

FATHER of all, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

22 L. M.

The Trinity.

THERE is one God, and only one,
No rivals can his essence share:
He is Jehovah, He alone,
And with the Lord, none can compare.

2 His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Express the Maker's vast designs:
They bear the impress of his name;
In every part his wisdom shines.

3 If in his works such wonders rise,
How much more wonderful is He,
Whose nature's filled with mysteries;
In being One, in person Three!

4 What finite power, with ceaseless toil,
Can comprehend the eternal Mind?
Or who the almighty Three in One,
By searching to perfection find?

5 Angels and men may strive to raise,
Harmonious, their adoring songs;
But who can fully speak his praise,
From human or angelic tongues?

6 Yet would I lift my trembling voice,
The eternal Three in One to sing;
And mingling faith, while I rejoice,
My humble, grateful tribute bring.

7 All glory to the eternal Three,
The sacred, undivided One:
To Father, Son, and Spirit be
Co-equal praise and honours done.

23 S. M.

God all, and in all.

MY God, my life, my love;
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art All in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

8 To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

24 C. M.

The Glory of God in Creation.

THE God of nature and of grace
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

2 Lift to the arch of heaven your eye;
Thither his path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

3 These lower worlds, that swell thy praise,
High as our thoughts can tower,
Are but a portion of thy ways,
The hiding of thy power.

4 O! shouldst thou rend aside the veil,
And show thy dwelling-place;
The souls which thou hast made would fail,
'Twere death to see thy face.

5 None can behold that face and live;
Yet sinners may draw near:
Jesus is ready to forgive,
His love shall cast out fear.

6 Millions amid his presence stand,
And feel, while they adore,
Fulness of joy at God's right hand,
And pleasures evermore.

25 C. M.

God celebrated in his Works of Creation.

I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

5 There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.

6 Creatures as numerous as they be,
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

26 L. M.

Glory of God displayed in the Firmament.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

27 C. M.

Dependence on Divine Providence.

LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone:
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings,
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that made us first;
Salvation to the almighty Name,
That reared us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

28 10s & 11s.

The Lord will provide.

THOUGH troubles assail and dangers affright;
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide;
The Scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or store-house, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied;
So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be tossed
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost:
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, the Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers, we have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith:
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain:
The good, that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain;

But when such suggestions our spirits have plied,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide:
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us through:
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

29 C. M.

Goodness of Divine Providence.

WHILST thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,

My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings the favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lour,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see,
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

30 C. M.

Gratitude for Providential Care.

O THOU, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory, and my all;
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
Nor evil can befall.

2 Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee,
Through all the wilderness.

3 'Tis thine outstretched and powerful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4 For such compassions, O my God!
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

31 C. M.

Mysteries of Providence.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea.
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

32 L. M.

Mysteries of Providence.

LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we, how mean our praise!
Thy steps no mortal eyes explore;
'Tis ours to wonder and adore.

2 Thy purposes from creature sight,
Are hid in shades of awful night;
Amid the lines, with curious eye,
Not angel minds presume to pry.

3 Great God, I do not ask to see
What in futurity shall be;
Let light and bliss attend my days,
And then my future hours be praise.

4 Are darkness and distress my share?
Give me to trust thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine
At length through every cloud shall shine.

5 Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below;
That Christ is mine!—this great request,
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest.

33 C. M.

Darkness of Providence.

THY way, O God, is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of Providence
My wondering thoughts confound.

3 When I behold thy awful hand
My earthly hopes destroy;
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason why?

4 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love:
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

5 'Tis but in part, I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

6 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love and praise.

THE SCRIPTURES.

THEIR PROPERTIES.

34 C. M.

The Excellence of the Scriptures.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage:
Here I behold my Saviour's face,
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 O! may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

35 C. M.

Christ's Glory unveiled in the Scriptures.

THOU lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore;
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word,

I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O! come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

36 C. M.

Richness of the Scriptures.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O! may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructer, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;

Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

37 C. M.

The Bible precious.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

38 11s.

The Promises precious.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O! be not dismayed,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;

I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee
to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless;
And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall
prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for
repose,
I will not, *I will not*, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour
to shake,
I'll never, no *never*, no *never forsake!*"

ELECTION.

39 L. M.

Election sovereign and free.

BEHOLD the potter and the clay,
He forms his vessels as he please:
Such is our God and such are we,
The subjects of his high decrees.

2 May not the sovereign Lord on high
Dispense his favours as He will?
Choose some to life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?

3 What if, to make his terror known,
He lets his patience long endure,
Suffering vile rebels to go on,
And seal their own destruction sure?

4 What if he means to show his grace,
And his electing love employs,
To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heavenly joys?

5 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunders of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

6 But, O! my soul, if truths so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great, decisive day.

7 Then shall he make his justice known,
And the whole world before his throne,
With joy or terror shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

40 C. M.

Electing Love.

HOW vast the benefits divine,
Which we in Christ possess!
We're saved from guilt and every sin,
And called to holiness.

2 'Tis not for works which we have done,
Or shall hereafter do;
But He of his abounding love,
Salvation does bestow.

3 The glory, Lord, from first to last,
Is due to thee alone;
Aught to ourselves we dare not take,
Or rob thee of thy crown.

4 Our glorious Surety undertook
Redemption's wondrous plan;
And grace was given us in Him,
Before the world began.

5 Safe in the arms of sovereign love,
We ever shall remain;
Nor shall the rage of earth or hell
Make thy wise counsels vain.

6 Not one of all the chosen race,
But shall to heaven attain;
Partake on earth the purposed grace,
And then with Jesus reign.

41 L. M.

Safety of the Elect.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead;
And their salvation to fulfil,
Behold Him rising from the dead!

3 He lives, He lives, and sits above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath loved us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope;
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

42 L. M.

Electing Grace.

JESUS, we bless thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the same;
What heavenly blessings from his throne,
Flow down to sinners through his Son!

2 "Christ be my first elect," He said;
Then chose our souls in Christ our Head,
Before He gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

3 Thus did Eternal Love begin,
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
"Blameless in love, a holy seed."

4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once,
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.

5 With Christ our Lord we share a part,
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence removed,
'Till he forgets his first beloved.

43 C. M.

The book of God's Decrees.

LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abased before their God;

Whate'er his sovereign voice has formed,
He governs with a nod.

2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought;
All the long years and worlds to come,
Stood present to his thought.

3 There's not a sparrow, or a worm,
But's found in his decrees;
He raises monarchs to their throne,
And sinks them as He please.

4 If light attend the course I run,
'Tis He provides those rays;
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

5 Yet I would not be much concerned,
Nor vainly long to see,
In volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.

6 When He reveals the book of life,
O! may I read my name,
Amongst the chosen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb.

THE FALL OF MAN.

44 C. M.

Original Sin.

BACKWARD, with humble shame we look
On our original;
How is our nature dashed and broke,
In our first father's fall!

2 To all that's good averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill,
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

3 Conceived in sin, O wretched state!
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

4 How strong in our degenerate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins.

5 Wild and unwholesome as the root,
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?

6 What mortal power from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?

7 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death and sin.

8 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sovereign power
That new creates our dust.

45 L. M.

The First Sin.

ADAM in Paradise was placed
Our natural and our federal head;
With holiness and wisdom graced,
In his Creator's image made.

2 Blessed with the joys of innocence,
Upright and happy, firm he stood;
Till he debased himself to sense,
And ate of the forbidden food.

3 His soul, at first a holy flame,
Was kindled by his Maker's breath;
But stung by sin, it soon became
The seat of darkness, strife and death.

46 C. M.

Total Depravity.

SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood:
The only balm is sovereign grace,
And the physician God.

2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead,
With his almighty breath.

3 Madness by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage;
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.

47 C. M.

Corrupt Nature from Adam.

BLESSED with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our father, stood,
Till he debased his soul to sense,
And ate the unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclined,
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh, and sense, and passion reign,
Sin is the sweetest good;
We fancy music in our chain,
And so forget the load.

4 Great God, renew our ruined frame.
Our broken powers restore;

Inspire us with a heavenly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit, write thy law
Upon our inward parts;
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

48 C. M.

Fallen Human Nature.

GREAT King of glory and of grace,
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degenerate race,
And our first father's name.

2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poison reigns within;
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.

3 We live estranged afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dangerous road,
That leads to death and hell.

4 And can such rebels be restored,
Such natures made divine?
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.

5 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends,
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

49 S. M.

Guilt and Helplessness of Man.

AH! how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If He contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 If He our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults,
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God,
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries the unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah! how shall guilty man,
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet Him and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

50 L. M.

Fall in Adam and Recovery by Christ.

DEEP in the dust before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God, we own the unhappy name,
Whence sprung our nature and our shame.

2 Adam the sinner: at his fall,
Death, like a conqueror, seized us all;
A thousand new-born babes are dead,
By fatal union to their head.

3 But whilst our spirits, filled with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruined race.

4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who joined our nature to his own;
The second Adam, from the dust,
Raises the ruins of the first.

5 By the rebellion of one man,
Through all his seed the mischief ran;
And by one Man's obedience now,
Are all his seed made righteous too.

6 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns through the Lord our Righteousness.

CONVICTION, REPENTANCE, AND PARDON.

51 C. M.

Deceitfulness of Sin.

SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

4 So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

52 C. M.

Conviction of Sin by the Law.

LORD, how secure my conscience was
And felt no inward dread:
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright,
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just and pure,
Was thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins revived again;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 I'm like a helpless captive, sold
Under the power of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

6 My God, I cry with every breath,
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

53 C. M.

Sins acknowledged.

GREAT God, before thy mercy seat,
Abased in dust, I fall;
My crimes of complicated guilt,
Aloud for judgment call.

2 I own my ways to be corrupt,
My duties stained with sin:
Make thou my broken spirit whole,
My burdened conscience clean.

3 Lord, send thy Spirit from above,
Implant a holy fear;
And through thine all abounding grace,
Bring thy salvation near.

4 On my distressed, benighted soul,
O! cause thy face to shine;
Make me to hear thy pardoning voice,
And tell me I am thine.

54 C. M.

The Penitent.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to thy mercy seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes,
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed;
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

55 L. M.

Repentance.

O! FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The sea can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear:
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed.
And much to feel that power I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

56 C. M.

The contrite Heart.

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.

3 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But, when I cry "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

4 I see thy saints with comfort filled,
When in thy house of prayer;
But still in bondage I am held,
And find no comfort there.

5 O! make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

57 L. M.

Repentance difficult.

LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives;
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers and their lives.

2 As well might Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin;
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old transgressors cease to sin.

3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the least control;
None but a power divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.

4 Great God, I own thy power divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be formed anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

58 C. M.

Repentance at the Cross.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure, never to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt, and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look He gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die, that thou mayst live."

7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue;
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirit now is filled;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by Him I killed.

59 C. M.

Repentance at the Cross.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Thy body slain, dear Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine,
The glorious sufferer stood!

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

60 C. M.

Repentance at the Cross.

'TWAS for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groaned away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.

2 O! how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucified my God;
Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.

3 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

4 Whilst with a melting broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

61 C. M.

Hardness of Heart complained of.

MY heart, how dreadful hard it is,
How heavy here it lies;

Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice.

2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits
Upon this flinty throne,
And every grace lies buried deep
Beneath this heart of stone.

3 How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above!
This mountain presses down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.

4 When smiling mercy courts my soul
With all its heavenly charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing
Would thrust it from my arms.

5 Against the thunders of thy word
Rebellious I have stood:
My heart, it shakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a God.

6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea:
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

62 L. M.

Faith and Repentance, Unbelief and Impenitence.

LIFE and immortal joys are given
To souls that mourn the sins they've done
Children of wrath made heirs of heaven,
By faith in God's eternal Son.

2 Woe to the wretch that never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying guilt,
The stubborn sin of unbelief.

3 The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies;

He seals the curse on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies.

63 8s & 7s.

Repentance at the Cross.

JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation:
See, I languish, faint and die.

2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, O! send me quick relief.

3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to Him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to Him who ever lives?

4 While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless, on the cursed tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing
That thou sufferedst thus for me.

5 With thy righteousness and Spirit,
I am more than angels blest;
Heir with thee, all things inherit,
Peace, and joy, and endless rest.

6 Saved!—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love.

64 C. M.

The Repenting Sinner returning.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
High as a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps He may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

65 L. M. D.

Contrition in view of the Cross.

FAST flow, my tears, the cause is great,
This tribute claims an injured Friend;
One whom I long pursued with hate,
While He would love me to the end.
When justice frowned, above my head,
And death its terrors round me spread,
He interposed the wounds He bore,
And bade me live to die no more.

2 Fast flow, my tears, yet faster flow,
Streams copious as yon purple tide:
Who was it gave the deadly blow?
Who urged the hand that pierced his side?

My soul, thy Victim here behold;
What pangs, what agonies untold,
While justice, armed with power divine,
Pours on his head what's due to thine!

3 Fast, and yet faster flow, my tears,
Now break this heart, and drown these eyes:
His visage marred toward heaven He rears,
And pleading for his murderers, dies!
My grief no measure knows, nor end,
Till He appears, the sinner's Friend,
And gives me, in some happy hour,
To feel the risen Saviour's power.

66 C. M.

Sinners pleading for Mercy.

LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favour we implore.

2 Without thy grace, we sink oppressed
Down to the gates of hell;
O! give our troubled spirits rest,
Our gloomy fears dispel.

3 'Tis mercy, mercy we implore;
O! may thy bowels move:
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

4 In mercy now, for Jesus' sake,
Our many sins forgive;
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
And breaking soon relieve.

5 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

67 L. M.

Joy in Heaven over repenting Sinners.

WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul He formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

68 C. M.

Joy over one Sinner that repenteth.

O! HOW divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleased with the news the saints below,
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan:
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

69 L. M.

Praise for Forgiveness.

FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
To guilty rebels doomed to die:
Publish the bliss the world around;
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky.

2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine,
'Tis full, effacing every crime:
Unbounded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

3 For this stupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honours shall we show?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love with equal ardour glow.

4 By this inspired, let all our days
With every heavenly grace be crowned;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
In all abide, in all abound.

70 C. M.

Indwelling Sin lamented.

WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

3 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

4 Break, sovereign grace, O! break the charm,
And set the captive free:

Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

71 L. M.

Seeking Pardon.

LORD, at thy feet I prostrate fall,
Oppressed with fears to thee I call:
Reveal thy pardoning love to me,
And set my captive spirit free.

2 Hast thou not said, "seek ye my face?"
The invitation I embrace;
I'll seek thy face; thy Spirit give;
O! let me see thy face, and live.

3 I'll wait, perhaps my Lord may come;
If back I turn, hell is my doom;
And begging, in his way I'll lie,
Till the sweet hour He passes by.

4 I'll seek his face with cries and tears,
With secret sighs and fervent prayers;
And if not heard, I'll waiting sit,
And perish at my Saviour's feet.

5 But canst thou, Lord, see all my pain,
And bid me seek thy face in vain?
Thou will not, canst not, me deceive,
The soul that seeks thy face shall live.

6 Then venture, O my soul, in prayer,
For none can perish pleading here;
The blood of Christ, that crimson sea,
Shall wash my load of guilt away.

72 C. M.

Repentance for Backsliding.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye:

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—Return?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray:
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 O! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

73 7s.

Repentance through Grace.

SOVEREIGN grace hath power alone,
To subdue a heart of stone;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.

2 When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with Him died;
One, with vile blaspheming tongue,
Scoffed at Jesus as He hung.

3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death;
Perished as too many do,
With the Saviour in his view.

4 But the other, touched with grace,
Saw the danger of his case;

Faith received to own the Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorred.

5 "Lord," he prayed, "remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be."
"Soon with me," the Lord replies,
"Thou shalt rest in paradise."

6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace bestowed in time of need.
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
You shall find Him still the same.

74 C. M.

Repentance flowing from the Patience of God

AND are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell.

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames,
And threatening vengeance rolls above
To crush our feeble frames.

3 Almighty goodness cries, Forbear!
And straight the thunder stays:
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

4 Lord, we have long abused thy love,
Too long indulged our sin,
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
And drive thy foes away.

75 C. M.

Necessity of Regeneration.

SINNERS, this solemn truth regard;
Hear all ye sons of men:
For Christ the Saviour hath declared,
"Ye must be born again."

2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."

3 Our nature's totally depraved;
The heart a sink of sin:
Without a change we can't be saved;
We must be born again.

4 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain;
Bear witness, Lord, in every heart,
That we are born again.

76 L. C. M.

Necessity of Regeneration.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or sink to endless wo.

2 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
And whelmed my tortured mind.

3 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast oppressive load;
Alas! I read and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

4 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet, when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed this way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

77 C. M.

Need of Spiritual Renovation.

HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine,
A stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And bid them upward rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live:

A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

5 Renew these wretched hearts of ours,
O! give us life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

78 C. M.

Necessity of Regeneration.

NOT the malicious nor profane,
The wanton nor the proud,
Nor thieves, nor slanderers shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

2 Surprising grace! and such were we
By nature and by sin;
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are washed in Jesus' blood,
We're pardoned through his name;
And the good Spirit of our God
Hath sanctified our frame.

4 O! for a persevering power,
To keep thy just commands:
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

79 C. M.

Regeneration by the Spirit.

NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;

Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

80 L. M.

Regeneration by the Spirit.

LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.

2 And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these perished bones revive?
That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thy own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death,
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

81 C. M.

Praise for Converting Grace.

ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in thy God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He raised me from the depths of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fixed my standing more secure,
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul He placed,
And on the rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

4 The city of my blest abode,
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.

5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.

6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

82 L. M.

The Convert's Praise.

TO God, my Saviour, and my King,
Fain would my soul her tribute bring;
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,
For ye have known and felt his grace.

2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,
Just breathing all my life away;

He saw me weltering in my blood,
And felt the pity of a God.

3 With speed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds, and soothed my grief;
Poured joys divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.

4 These proofs of love, my dearest Lord,
Deep in my breast I will record:
The life, which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold, I freely give.

5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise,
Through the remainder of my days;
And when I join the powers above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.

83 8s & 7s.

Praise for Conversion.

HAIL! my ever blessed Jesus,
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.

2 O! what mercy flows from heaven!
O! what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin, I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.

4 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
Whilst astonished I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.

6 That blest moment I received Him,
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

84 C. M.

The Converted Thief.

AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch,
That languished at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confessed;
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed:

3 "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God,
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And weltering in thy blood.

4 "Yet quickly from these scenes of wo,
In triumph shalt thou rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

5 "Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me,
And in the victories of thy death,
Let me a sharer be."

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies:
"To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in paradise."

85 C. M.

Value of the Soul.

WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round;
That which was lost in paradise,
That which in Christ was found?

2 The soul of man, Jehovah's breath,
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

3 God to redeem it, did not spare
His well-beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
The sins of all in one.

4 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?

5 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

86 11s & 8s.

Distinguishing Grace.

IN songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims for Sion who press,
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of days,
His rich and distinguishing grace.

2 His love, from eternity fixed upon you,
Broke forth and discovered its flame,

When each with the cords of his kindness
He drew,
And brought you to love his great name.

3 O! had He not pitied the state you were in,
Your bosom his love had ne'er felt;
You all would have lived, would have died
too in sin,
And sunk with the load of your guilt.

4 What was there in you that could merit
esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
'Twas "even so, Father!" you ever must
sing,
"Because it seemed good in thy sight."

5 'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to
obey,
While others were suffered to go
The road, which by nature we chose as our
way,
That leads to the regions of wo.

6 Then give all the glory to his holy name,
To Him all the glory belongs;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his
fame,
And crown him in each of your songs.

87 S. M.

Efficacy of Grace.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear:
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;

And all the steps *that* grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow:
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

88 C. M.

Wonders of Redemption.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste He fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;

Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 O! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

89 S. M.

Faith in the Sacrifice of Christ.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away:
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

90 C. M.

Salvation by the Blood of the Lamb.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;

And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

91 C. M.

Salvation by Grace.

LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name;
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through the Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood,
Our souls are washed from sin.

5 'Tis through the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Raised from the dead, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

92 C. M.

The Sinner's Recovery from Ruin.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
O! help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From crimes of deepest dye

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

93 C. M.

The Redeeming Saviour.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne:
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 These are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open every seal?

5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well;
Lo, in his hand the sovereign keys
Of heaven, and death, and hell.

6 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.

7 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

94 L. M.

Christ the Lamb slain.

BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See Him descending from above!

2 Our sins and griefs on Him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price He fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

3 To save a guilty world, He dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To Him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

4 Pardon and peace through Him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and wo.

95 C. M.

Glory of Redemption.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 But when we view thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms;
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;—

3 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess,
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

4 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains:
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

5 O! may I bear some humble part,
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

96 C. M.

Efficacy of the Blood of Christ.

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more,
Than the rich gems and polished gold,
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt-offerings brought,
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt;
But thy one offering takes away,
For ever, all our guilt.

4 Their priesthood ran through several hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands,
Eternal as thy days.

5 Once, in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears,
Before the golden throne.

6 But Christ, by his own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies;
And, in the presence of our God,
Shows his own sacrifice.

7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Sion's heavenly hill;
Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face;
Give Him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

97 C. M.

Redemption by Christ.

WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebelled and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood;

2 Infinite pity touched the heart
Of the eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.

3 Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapped his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living power and dying love
Redeemed unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

98 C. M.

God reconciled in Christ.

DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 'Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins,
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

99 L. M.

Salvation by Grace in Christ.

NOW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honours given;
He saves from hell, (we bless his name;)
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abundant grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before He spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transaction past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies! and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy:
Rising, He brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

100 L. M.

The Work finished.

'TIS finished! so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died;
'Tis finished—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finished—heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

4 'Tis finished—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:

'Tis finished—let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

101 8s, 7s & 4s.

Atonement accomplished.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky.
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finished—O! what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished—all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
It is finished!
Saints, from hence your comfort draw

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

102 L. M.

Access to God by the Blood of Christ.

SPRINKLED with reconciling blood,
I dare approach thy throne, O God;

Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears.

2 The encircling rainbow, peaceful sign,
Does with refulgent brightness shine;
And while by faith I see it near,
I bid farewell to every fear.

3 Let me my grateful homage pay;
With courage sing, with fervour pray;
And though myself a wretch undone,
Hope for acceptance through thy Son:—

4 Thy Son, who on the accursed tree,
Expired to set the vilest free:
On this I build my only claim,
And all I ask is in his name.

103 L. M.

Praise for the Atonement.

ENSLAVED by sin, and bound in chains,
Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
And doomed to everlasting pains,
We wretched, guilty captives lay.

2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace;
Nor the whole world's collected store
Suffice to purchase our release;
A thousand worlds were all too poor.

3 Jesus the Lord, the mighty God,
An all-sufficient ransom paid:
Amazing price! his precious blood
For vile, rebellious traitors shed.

4 Jesus the sacrifice became,
To rescue guilty souls from hell;
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb
Beneath avenging justice fell.

5 Infinite goodness! love divine!
O! may our grateful hearts adore
The matchless grace, nor yield to sin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more.

6 Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue
The glorious work it has begun,
Each secret, lurking foe subdue,
And let our hearts be thine alone.

104 C. M.

"It is finished."

BEHOLD the Saviour on the cross,
A spectacle of wo;
See from his agonizing wounds,
The blood incessant flow.

2 Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek,
And trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook his closing eyes,
And life his drooping head.

3 'Tis finished! was his latest voice;
These sacred accents o'er,
He bowed his head, gave up the ghost,
And suffered pain no more.

4 'Tis finished! the Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own;
The great redemption is complete,
And Satan's power o'erthrown.

5 'Tis finished! all his groans are past:
His blood, his pains, his toils
Have fully vanquished all our foes,
And crowned Him with their spoils.

6 'Tis finished! legal worship ends,
And gospel ages run;
All old things now are passed away,
And a new world begun.

105 7s.

Man restored by Grace.

CHILD of man, whose seed below
Must fulfil their race of wo;
Heir of want, and doubt, and pain,
Does thy fainting heart complain?
O! in thought, one night recall,
The night of grief in Herod's hall;
There I bore the vengeance due,
Freely bore it all for you.

2 Child of dust, corruption's son,
By pride deceived, by pride undone,
Willing captive, yet be free,
Take my yoke, and learn of me.
I, of heaven and earth the Lord,
God with God, the eternal Word,
I forsook my Father's side,
Toiled and wept, and bled and died.

3 Child of doubt, does fear surprise,
Vexing thoughts within thee rise?
Wondering, murmuring dost thou gaze
On evil men and evil days?
O! if darkness round thee lour,
Darker far my dying hour,
Which bade that fearful cry awake,
My God, my God, dost thou forsake?

4 Child of sin, by guilt oppressed,
Heaves at last thy throbbing breast?
Hast thou felt the mourner's part,
Fearest thou now thy failing heart?
Bear thee on, beloved of God,
Tread the path thy Saviour trod:
He the tempter's power hath known,
He hath poured the garden groan.

5 Child of heaven, by me restored,
Love thy Saviour, serve the Lord:
Sealed with that mysterious name,
Bear thy cross, and scorn the shame.
Then, like me, thy conflict o'er,
Thou shalt rise to sleep no more;
Partner of my purchased throne,
One in joy, in glory one.

JUSTIFICATION.

106 L. M.

The Law satisfied by Christ's Death.

WHEN on the cross my Saviour died,
God's holy law He satisfied;
My debts He paid, my sins He bore,
And justice now demands no more.

2 A healing balm his hand bestows,
To cure my wounds, and ease my woes;
And a rich fountain still remains,
To wash away my guilty stains.

3 Here will I bathe my guilty soul,
Here blessings without number roll;
My hopes and joys I hence derive,
For Jesus died that I might live.

107 C. M.

The Law fulfilled by Christ.

HOW long beneath the law I lay,
In bondage and distress!
I toiled, the precept to obey,
But toiled without success.

2 Then all my servile works were done,
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.

3 To see the law by Christ fulfilled,
And hear his pardoning voice,
Will change a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

108 L. M.

Reliance on Christ's Righteousness.

NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O! may my soul be found in Him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

109 C. M.

Justification through Faith.

VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

ADOPTION.

110 S. M.

Adoption.

BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

111 C. M.

Spirit of Adoption.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow our humble claim;
Nor while poor worms would raise their heads,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 Our Father God! how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven,
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
Thou knowest, I, Abba, Father, cry,
Nor can thy word deceive.

112 C. M.

Rejoicing in God our Father.

COME, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love:
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.

2 God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends:
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.

3 My Father God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?

Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

4 Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

5 For ever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore;
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

SANCTIFICATION.

113 C. M.

Necessity of Sanctification.

NOR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

114 C. M.

Sanctification through the Spirit.

ALAS! by nature how depraved,
How prone to every ill;
Our lives to Satan how enslaved,
How obstinate our will!

2 And can such sinners be restored,
Such rebels reconciled?
Can grace itself the means afford
To make a foe a child?

3 Yes, grace has found the wondrous means,
Which shall effectual prove,
To cleanse us from our countless sins,
And teach our hearts to love.

4 Jesus for sinners undertakes,
And dies that we may live;
His blood a full atonement makes,
And cries aloud, "Forgive!"

5 The Holy Spirit must reveal
The Saviour's work and worth:
Then the hard heart begins to feel
A new and heavenly birth.

6 Thus bought with blood, and born again,
Redeemed and saved by grace,
Rebels in God's own house obtain
A son's and daughter's place.

115 C. M.

Prayer for increasing Holiness.

O! FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely shed for me:

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;

Where only Christ is heard to speak;
Where Jesus reigns alone:

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Holy, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

116 S. M.

Sanctification implored.

BEHOLD the leprous Jew,
Oppressed with pain and grief,
Pouring his tears at Jesus' feet
For pity and relief.

2 "O speak the word," he cries,
"And heal me of my pain;
Lord, thou art able, if thou wilt,
To make a leper clean."

3 Compassion moves his heart,
He speaks the gracious word;
The leper feels his strength return,
And all his sickness cured.

4 To thee, dear Lord, I look,
Sick of a worse disease;
Sin is my painful malady,
And none can give me ease.

5 But thy almighty grace
Can heal my leprous soul:
O! bathe me in thy precious blood,
And that will make me whole.

PERSEVERANCE.

117 7s.

Perseverance.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing:

Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye mourning souls be glad;
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout ye little flock, and blest,
Soon you'll enter into rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

6 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

118 S. M.

Persevering Grace.

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,

Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

119 C. M.

Safety of the Righteous.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust:
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All that his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favourites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love,
They must for ever rest.

120 L. M.

Security of the Believer.

HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm his wondrous grace:
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

121 C. M.

Triumphant Grace.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God who called me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

122 C. M.

Summary of Doctrines.

LET me, my Saviour and my God,
On sovereign grace rely;
And own 'tis free, because bestowed
On one so vile as I.

2 Election! 'tis a word divine:
For, Lord, I plainly see,
Had not thy choice prevented mine,
I ne'er had chosen thee.

3 For perseverance, strength I've none,
But would on this depend,
That Jesus, having loved his own,
Will love them to the end.

4 Empty and bare, I come to thee
For righteousness divine:
O! may thy glorious merits be,
By imputation, mine.

5 Free grace alone can wipe the tears
From my lamenting eyes:
And raise my soul, from guilty fears,
To joy that never dies.

6 Free grace can death itself outbrave,
And take the sting away;
Can sinners to the utmost save,
And give them victory.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

123 S. M.

The Law and Gospel contrasted.

THE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God,
Their different works were done;
Moses, a faithful servant stood,
But Christ, a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house He stands
The sovereign and the head.

4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold, how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

124 L. M.

The Law and Gospel contrasted.

THE law commands and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been:
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

3 What curses does the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once!
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law:
Fly to the hope the gospel gives:
The man that trusts the promise, lives.

125 S. M.

The Law and Gospel joined in Scripture.

THE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill,
Breaks out his fiery law.

2 The Lord reveals his face,
And smiling from above
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
The epistles of his love.

3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands;
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.

4 Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treasured here,
And armour of defence.

5 We learn Christ crucified,
And here behold his blood:
All arts and knowledges beside
Will do us little good.

6 We read the heavenly word,
We take the offered grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

7 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine,
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
Where beams of mercy shine.

126 C. M.

Excellence of Religion.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below,

May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know!

2 More needful this, than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Nor reputation, food or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O! may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

127 C. M.

The Gospel, a Source of Blessedness.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word,
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight.

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;

And God, the judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this,
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is.
Must be for ever blest.

128 L. M.

Perfection of the Gospel.

THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above:
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind:
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice and live:
Dry bones are raised and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

4 Where Satan reigned in shades of night,
The gospel sheds a heavenly light;
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.

5 Lions and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the lamb;
While the wide world esteem it strange,
Gaze and admire, and hate the change.

6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;

The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

129 L. M.

Fulness of the Gospel.

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known:
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies:
Here shines the light which guides our way,
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 O! grant us grace, almighty Lord,
To read and mark thy holy word;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

130 C. M.

The Gospel Feast.

ON Sion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare;
And Israel's sons, and Gentile lands,
Shall in the banquet share.

2 Marrow and fatness are the food,
His bounteous hand bestows:
Wine on the lees, and well refined.
In rich abundance flows.

3 See, to the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance given!
See, rebels, by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heaven.

4 The pained, the sick, the dying now
To ease and health restored,
With eager appetites partake
The bounties of thy board.

5 But O! what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be given,
When, with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heaven.

6 There joys immeasurably high
Shall satisfy the soul,
And springs of life, that never dry,
In thousand channels roll.

131 L. M.

The Gospel's Joyful Sound.

COME, dearest Lord, who reignest above
And draw me with the cords of love,
And while the gospel does abound,
O! may I know the joyful sound!

2 Sweet are the tidings, free the grace,
It brings to our apostate race:
It spreads a heavenly light around;
O! may I know the joyful sound!

3 The gospel bids the sin-sick soul
Look up to Jesus and be whole;
In him are peace and pardon found;
O! may I know the joyful sound!

4 It stems the tide of swelling grief,
Affords the needy sure relief;
Releases those by Satan bound;
O! may I know the joyful sound!

132 7s.

The Gospel's Welcome.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all, by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

133 L. M.

The Gospel is the Power of God to Salvation.

WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his wo?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our nature fit for heaven?

Can souls, all o'er defiled with sin,
Make their own powers and passions clean?

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there that power and glory dwell,
That save rebellious souls from hell.

4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

134 L. M.

The Excellency of the Christian Religion.

LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon:
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'll call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

135 C. M.

Excellency of the Gospel.

O! HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than eastern climes unfold;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems or stores of gold.

3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days;
Her left, imperishable wealth
And heavenly crowns displays.

4 And, as her holy labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

136 L. M.

The Gospel obeyed or resisted.

THUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,
"Blest is the man that hears my word;
Keeps daily watch before my gates,
And at my feet for mercy waits.

2 "The soul that seeks me shall obtain
Immortal wealth and heavenly gain;
Immortal life is his reward,
Life, and the favour of the Lord.

3 "But the vile wretch that flies from me,
Does his own soul an injury;
Fools, that against my grace rebel,
Seek death and love the road to hell.'

137 L. M.

The Gospel Feast.

HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord,
Thy table furnished from above;
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.

2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast;
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh;
But, at the gospel call, we came,
And every want received supply.

4 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.

5 What shall we pay the eternal Son,
That left the heaven of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wanderers back to God?

7 It cost Him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls, it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys He gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown.

6 Our everlasting love is due
To Him that ransomed sinners lost:
And pitied rebels, when He knew
The vast expense his love would cost.

138 C. M.

Blessing in the Gospel.

THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near;
While power, and truth, and boundless love,
Display their glories here.

2 Here, in thy gospel's wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.

5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

WARNINGS, INVITATIONS, &c.

139 L. M.

Awakening Appeal to the Sinner.

O THOU eternal, glorious Lord,
Thy gracious presence now afford:
To all our souls thy influence bring,
While of eternity we sing.

2 Eternity, stupendous theme!
Compared with which our life's a dream;
Eternity! O awful sound,
"A deep where all our thoughts are drowned."

3 Eternity, the dread abode
And habitation of our God!
His glory fills the vast expanse,
Beyond the reach of mortal sense.

4 But an eternity there is,
Of dreadful wo, or joyful bliss;
And swift as time fulfils its round,
We to eternity are bound.

5 And is eternity so near?
And must we very soon be there?

Sinner—ah whither wilt thou flee?
O! how avoid eternity?

6 Canst thou for ever bear to dwell
In all the fiery deeps of hell?
And is death nothing then to thee,
Death, and a dread eternity?

7 Ye gracious souls, with joy look up,
In Christ rejoice, your glorious hope;
This everlasting bliss secures;
God and eternity are yours.

140 S. M.

The Sinner warned.

AND will the judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished shrink away?

3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear!
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

5 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

141 7s.

Sinners exhorted.

YE that in His courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Full of sorrow, sin and care,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bleeding sacrifice,
See in Him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness and heaven;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

142 8s, 7s & 4s.

Expostulation with Sinners.

SINNERS will ye scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence O how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Sion's King proclaim
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name.

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour,
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears:
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.

4 False professors, grovelling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We entreat you,
Take the warnings they afford.

5 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it,
Offered to you by the Lord?

143 7s.

Sinners admonished.

SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure,
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bared,
Awful terrors clothe his brow;
For his judgments stand prepared;
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?

4 Who his coming may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapped in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace;
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

144 L. M.

Sinners urged to Religion.

WHY will ye waste on trifling cares,
That life which God's compassion spares;
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas be urged in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste, on trifling cares,
That life which thy compassion spares.

145 L. M.

Expostulation with Sinners.

PRISONERS of sin and Satan too,
The Saviour calls—He calls for you;
Ye who have sold yourselves for nought,
Jesus your liberty has bought.

2 The great Redeemer lived and died,
The Prince of Life was crucified,
He shed his own most precious blood,
To ransom guilty souls for God.

3 He came to set the captive free;
He came to publish liberty;
To bind the broken hearted up,
And give despairing sinners hope.

4 Prisoners of hope, why will you die?
Why from the only refuge fly?

Jesus, our hiding place and tower,
Invites the guilty and the poor.

5 He came to comfort those that mourn,
He sweetly says to sinners, Turn!
Prisoners of hope, his voice attend,
Nor slight the calls of such a friend.

146 L. M.

Danger of Delay.

HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 O! hasten mercy to implore,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er,
Before this evening's course be run.

3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

4 Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun.

147 7s & 6s.

The Alarm.

STOP, poor sinners, stop and think,
Before you further go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo?
On the verge of ruin stop,
Now the friendly warning take;
Stay your footsteps, ere ye drop
Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear ye not that iron rod
With which He breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
Which his justice shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to his bar;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair.
All your sins will round you crowd;
You shall mark their crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud;
And what can you reply?

4 Though your heart were made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass;
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass.
Sinners then in vain will call,
Those who now despise his grace,
"Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face."

148 S. M.

Invitation.

THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;
"Mercy and justice are the names
By which I will be known.

2 "Ye dying souls that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To my recovering grace."

3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own,
"Our righteousness and strength is found
In thee, the Lord, alone."

4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

149 7s.

Expostulation with Sinners.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God your Maker asks you why;
God who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live,
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God your Saviour asks you why;
He who did your soul retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live,
Will ye let Him die in vain,
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye rebel sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God the Spirit asks you why;
Many a time with you He strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love;
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why will ye for ever die,
O ye guilty sinners, why?

150 7s.

Expostulation.

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body mangled, rent,
Covered with his flowing blood:
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified the incarnate Son!

2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed Him there.
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced Him with a soldier's spear;
Made his soul a sacrifice;
For a sinful world He dies.

3 Will you let Him die in vain,
Still to death pursue the Lord;
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
No, with all my sins I'll part,
Saviour, take my broken heart.

151 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Sinners invited.

SINNERS, we are sent to bid you
To the gospel-feast to-day;
Will you slight the invitation?
Will you, can you, yet delay?
Jesus calls you;
Come, poor sinners, come away.

2 Come, O! come, all things are ready,
Bread to strengthen, wine to cheer:
If you spurn this blood-bought banquet,
Sinners, can your souls appear
Guests in heaven,
Scorning heaven's rich bounty here?

3 Come, O! come, leave father, mother;
To your Saviour's bosom fly:
Leave the worthless world behind you,
Seek for pardon, or you die:
"Pardon, Saviour,"
Hear the sinking sinner cry.

4 Even now the Holy Spirit
Moves upon some melting heart,
Pleads a bleeding Saviour's merit;
Sinner, will you say "Depart?"
Wretched sinner,
Can you bid your God depart?

5 What are all earth's dearest pleasures,
Were they more than tongue could tell?
What are all its boasted treasures,
To a soul once sunk in hell?
Treasure! pleasure!
No such sounds are heard in hell.

6 Fly, O! fly ye to the mountain,
Linger not in all the plain!
Leave this Sodom of corruption,
Turn not, look not back again;
Fly to Jesus,
Linger not in all the plain.

152 L. M.

Christ knocking at the Door.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude, He stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands.
O matchless kindness, and He shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit Him, ere his anger burn;
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

153 C. M.

Universal Invitation.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites,
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your sin;

7 Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepared by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dyed in his own blood.

8 Great God, the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

9 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

154 C. M.

Invitation to Gospel Blessings.

IN vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield,
Will starve a hungry mind.

2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
With more substantial meat;
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.

3 Our God will every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by covenant and by oath
The riches of his grace.

4 Come, and He'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains,
In the dear fountain that his Son
Poured from his dying veins.

5 Our heart, that flinty, stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threatenings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolved by love.

6 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law;
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

155 L. M.

Invitation to the Heavy Laden.

COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

156 C. M.

Sinners Invited and Entreated.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal wo.

5 But he that turns to God, shall live
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin:
Submit to Him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

157 L. M.

Invitation to Sinners.

COME, weary souls, with sins distressed,
Come and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
O! come and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful loads remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come, believing we rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

5 Blest Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

158 C. M.

Invitation to the Feast.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast;
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms,
He calls, He bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will He bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 O! come, and with his children, taste
The blessings of his love:
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,

Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

159 C. M.

Gospel Invitation.

THE Saviour calls, let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow:
And life, and health and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain:
Immortal fountain! full supplies!
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners come, 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey:
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

160 L. M.

The Voice of Mercy.

I HEAR a voice that comes from far:
From Calvary it sounds abroad;
It soothes my soul, and calms my fear;
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.

2 And is it true, that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice;
And rather choose in sin to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice!

3 Alas for those!—the day is near,
When mercy will be heard no more;
Then will they ask in vain to hear
The voice they would not hear before.

4 With such, I own, I once appeared,
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard,
Than mercy utters from the cross.

5 But let me not forget to own,
That if I differ aught from those,
'Tis due to sovereign grace alone,
That oft selects its proudest foes.

161 L. M.

Invitation to Wanderers.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

162 8s & 7s.

A Fountain opened.

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruined by the fall,
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to cleanse the guilty soul,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when the Saviour died.

2 Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty seek remission,
Here the lost a refuge find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

3 Come, ye dying, live for ever;
'Tis a soul-reviving flood:
God is faithful, He will never
Break his covenant, sealed in blood;
Signed, when our Redeemer died,
Sealed, when He was glorified.

163 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Come and Welcome.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry, till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him;
Hear Him cry, before He dies;
"It is finished!"
Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merits of his blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

164 H. M.

Sinners Encouraged to Come.

YE sin-sick souls, draw near,
And banquet with your King,

His royal bounty share,
And loud hosannas sing:
Here mercy reigns, here peace abounds,
Here's blood to heal your dreadful wounds.

2 But may a soul like mine,
All stained with guilt and blood,
Approach the throne of grace,
And converse hold with God?
Yes! Jesus calls:—"Come, sinners, come,
In mercy's arms there yet is room."

3 He's on a throne of grace,
And waits to answer prayer;
What though thy sin and guilt
Like crimson doth appear;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all thy woes.

4 O wondrous love and grace!
Did Jesus die for me?
Were all my numerous debts
Discharged on Calvary?
Yes, Jesus died; the work is done,
He did for all my sins atone.

5 On earth, I'll sing his love,
In heaven I too shall join
The ransomed of the Lord,
In accents all divine;
And see my Saviour face to face,
And ever dwell in his embrace.

165 11s.

Dangers of Delay.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;

No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message unheeded will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

166 7s.

Invitation accepted.

AM I called? and can it be!
Has my Saviour chosen me?
Guilty, wretched as I am,
Has He named my worthless name?
Vilest of the vile am I?
Dare I raise my hopes so high?

2 Am I called? I dare not stay,
May not, must not disobey;
Here, I lay me at thy feet,
Clinging to the mercy-seat;
Thine I am and thine alone,
Lord, with me thy will be done.

3 Am I called? what shall I bring
As an offering to my King?
Poor and blind, and naked I
Trembling at thy footstool lie;
Nought but sin I call my own,
Nor for sin can sin atone.

4 Am I called? an heir of God!
Washed, redeemed by precious blood!
Father, lead me in thy hand,
Guide me to that better land,
Where my soul shall be at rest,
Pillowed on my Saviour's breast.

167 11s & 10s.

Invitation to the Young.

COME, youthful sinners, come, haste to the Saviour;
Come, ye young wanderers, cling to his side;
Kneel at his mercy-seat, sue for his favour,
Lambs of his bosom, for whom He hath died.

2 Come to his temple-gate, come in life's morning,
Give up your souls to the Guide of your youth;
How fair is grace the young bosom adorning!
What robe so pure as the raiment of truth?

3 Can you find pleasure in pathways unholy?
Hope ye for wisdom in wandering from God?

Sorrow and shame wait the votaries of folly;
Earth has no comfort, not found in his blood.

4 Has He not died for you? Look to Moriah;
There see the tokens of sorrow and love.
Lives He not now for you? Jesus the Saviour
Bled and ascended to crown you above.

CHRIST.

INCARNATION.

168 C. M.

Nativity of Christ.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign;

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song;

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

169 10s & 11s.

Birth of Christ.

HAIL the blest morn! see the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descend;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo! for his guard, the bright angels attend.

2 Bright in the East, lo! the son of the morning
Dawns on our darkness, and lends us his aid;
While his pure light, the horizon adorning,
Guides where our infant Redeemer is laid.

3 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

4 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

5 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

170 S. M.

Incarnate Saviour.

YE saints, proclaim abroad
The honours of your King;
To Jesus, your incarnate God,
Your songs of praises sing.

2 Not angels round the throne
Of Majesty above,
Are half so much obliged as we,
To our Immanuel's love.

3 They never sunk so low,
They are not raised so high;
They never knew such depths of wo,
Such heights of majesty.

4 The Saviour did not join
Their nature to his own;
For them He shed no blood divine,
Nor breathed a single groan.

5 May we with angels vie,
The Saviour to adore;
Our debts are greater far than theirs,
O! be our praises more.

171 C. M.

Incarnation of Christ.

AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord;
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore the eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made,
O happy morn! illustrious hour!
Was once in flesh arrayed.

3 Then shone almighty power and love
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above
To dwell with sinful worms.

4 To dwell with misery below,
The Saviour left the skies;
And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
That worthless man might rise.

5 Adoring angels tuned their songs,
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture, then, let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

172 C. M.

Advent of Christ.

HARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held,
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice,
To clear the inward sight;
And on the eyes obscured by sin,
To pour celestial light.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

173 7s.

Incarnation of the Son of God.

GOD with us! O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame:
God and man in Christ unite;
O mysterious depth and height!

2 God with us! the eternal Son
Took our soul, our flesh, and bone:
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God with us! but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did He our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 God with us! O wondrous grace!
Let us see Him face to face:
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

174 11s & 10s.

Praise for the Incarnation.

HITHER, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,
To Bethlehem go, the Lord of life to meet;
To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour,
O! come, and let us worship at his feet.

2 O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension,
Our praise and reverence are an offering meet;
Now is the Word made flesh, and dwells among us,
O! come, and let us worship at his feet.

3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
Let the celestial courts his praise repeat:
Unto our God be glory in the highest;
O! come, and let us worship at his feet.

175 S. M.

Blessings of Christ's Advent.

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade Him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down,
To rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim

To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

176 C. M.

Song of Angels at the Nativity of Christ.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

4 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious, angel throng.

5 O! for a glance of heavenly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise;
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays.

6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high;
Good will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die."

177 7s.

Joy for the Incarnation.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

2 Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies,
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.

4 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see,
Lo! the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

5 Mild, He lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

6 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

178 8s & 7s.

Song of the Angels.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies!
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed,
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O! receive, whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

PERSON AND CHARACTER.

179 L. M.

Divinity and Humanity of Christ.

ERE the blue heavens were stretched abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God He was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.

2 By his own power were all things made;
By Him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 But lo, He leaves those heavenly forms;
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That He may converse hold with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

4 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
The eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth, how full of grace,
The brightness of the Godhead shone!

5 The angels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

180 8s & 7s.

The Deity and Glory of Christ.

LORD of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be thy just and awful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;

3 For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

4 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along;
Thought is poor, and poor expression:
Who can sing that awful song?

5 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord, who came to die.

6 Did the angels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

7 From the highest throne in glory!
To the cross of deepest woe!
All to ransom guilty captives!
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

8 Go, return, immortal Saviour,
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever;
Be the kingdom all thy own.

181 L. M.

God the Son equal with the Father.

BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God,
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To thee we lift a humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 Thy power has formed, thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sovereign word;
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.

3 Mercy and truth unite in one,
And, smiling, sit at thy right hand;
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.

4 A thousand seraphs strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

5 Yet there is One, of human frame,
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

6 Their glory shines with equal beams,
Their essence is for ever one;
Though they are known by different names,
The FATHER GOD, and GOD the SON.

7 Then let the name of Christ, our King,
With equal honours be adored;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own the Lord.

182 L. M.

Jesus the one thing needful.

JESUS, engrave it on my heart,
That thou the one thing needful art;
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee.

2 Needful art thou to make me live;
Needful art thou all grace to give;
Needful to guide me, lest I stray;
Needful to help me every day.

3 Needful is thy most precious blood;
Needful is thy correcting rod;
Needful is thy indulgent care;
Needful thy all-prevailing prayer.

4 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford;
Needful thy promise, to impart
Fresh life and vigour to my heart.

5 Needful art thou to be my stay,
Through all life's dark and thorny way;
Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,
When I yield up my soul to thee.

6 Needful art thou to raise my dust,
In shining glory with the just;
Needful when I in heaven appear,
To crown and to present me there.

183 L. M.

The Living Redeemer.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead,
He lives my ever living head.

2 He lives triumphant from the grave,
He lives eternally to save;

He lives all-glorious in the sky,
He lives exalted there on high.

3 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above;
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

4 He lives to grant me fresh supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye;
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

5 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to stop and wipe my tears;
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.

6 He lives my kind, wise, heavenly Friend,
He lives and loves me to the end;
He lives, and, while He lives, I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest and King.

7 He lives and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

8 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
O! the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives.

184 L M.

Behold the Man.

BEHOLD the Man! how glorious He!
Before his foes he stands unawed;
And, without wrong or blasphemy,
He claims equality with God.

2 Behold the Man! by all condemned;
Assaulted by a host of foes;
His person and his claims contemned,
A man of sufferings and of woes.

3 Behold the Man! He stands alone,
His foes are ready to devour;
Not one of all his friends will own
Their Master in this trying hour.

4 Behold the Man! He knew no sin,
Yet justice smites Him with her sword;
He bears the stroke that else had been
The sinner's portion from the Lord.

5 Behold the Man! so weak He seems,
His awful word inspires no fear;
But soon must he, who now blasphemes,
Before his judgment-seat appear.

6 Behold the Man! though scorned below,
He bears the greatest name above;
The angels at his footstool bow,
And all his royal claims approve.

185 L. C. M.

Character of the Redeemer.

O! COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O! could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will call me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

186 C. M.

Christ superior to Moses.

HOW strong thine arm is, mighty God!
Who would not fear thy name?
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb?

2 He has done more than Moses did:
Our Prophet and our King,
From bonds of hell has freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,
The Egyptian host was drowned;
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When through the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed:
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.

5 Moses beheld the promised land,
Yet never reached the place:
But Christ shall bring his followers home,
To see his Father's face.

6 Then will our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

187 C. M.

Christ's Sympathy and Intercession.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power:
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In the distressing hour.

188 L. M.

Christ's Mission attested by Miracles.

BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive;
Behold, the dead awake and live;

The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

2 Thus does the eternal Spirit own,
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While He hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises, the triumphant God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4 Hence and for ever from my heart,
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

189 8s & 7s.

Christ the Desire of all Nations.

COME, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy precious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

190 L. M.

Sympathy of Christ.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Advocate of saints appears.

2 He, who for men in mercy stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
The Saviour of the chosen race.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

191 L. M.

Christ the Sovereign Saviour.

JEHOVAH speaks, let Israel hear,
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sovereign honours and his names.

2 "I am the last, and I the first,
The Saviour God, and God the just;
There's none besides pretends to show
Such justice, and salvation too.

3 "Ye, that in shades of darkness dwell,
Just on the verge of death and hell,
Look up to me from distant lands,
Light, life and heaven are in my hands.

4 "I by my holy name have sworn,
Nor shall the word in vain return;
To me shall all things bend the knee,
And every tongue shall swear to me.

5 "In me alone, shall men confess,
Lies all their strength and righteousness:
But such as dare despise my name,
I'll clothe them with eternal shame.

6 "In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
Of Israel from their sins be freed;
And by their shining graces prove
Their interest in my pardoning love."

192 7s.

Constancy of Christ's Love.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint:
Yet I love thee and adore,
O! for grace to love thee more.

193 C. M.

Condescension of Christ.

THE Saviour! O! what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 Here pardon, life and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless wo.

3 The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
And hailed the incarnate God.

4 O! the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

5 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

194 H. M.

Condescension and Love of Christ.

COME, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert,
To celebrate his fame:
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him you owe.

2 Such was his zeal for God,
And such his love for you,
He freely undertook
What angels could not do:
His mighty deeds of love and grace,
All words exceed, and thoughts surpass.

3 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died
What He endured, O! who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!

4 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansions of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes,
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

5 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love,
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give;
The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.

195 L. M.

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

NOW to the Lord a noble song;
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to the Eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

6 O! may I live to reach the place
Where He unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

NAMES AND OFFICES.

196 H. M.

Titles of Christ.

JESUS, my great High Priest,
Offered his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.

His powerful blood did once atone;
And now it pleads before the throne.

2 To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul at freedom set;
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

3 My Advocate appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart, his love away.

4 My great and glorious Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the power; behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

5 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down:
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

6 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace

197 L. M.

Titles of Christ.

WHAT various lovely characters
The condescending Saviour bears!
All human virtues, all divine,
In Him unite, with splendour shine.

2 The Corner-stone on which we build,
The Balm by which our souls are healed,
The Morning Star, whose cheering ray
Dispels the shades, and brings the day.

3 He is our Rock, and our Defence,
Nor earth, nor hell, can force us thence:
Our Advocate before the throne,
Who with our prayers presents his own.

4 He is the burdened sinner's Rest,
Our Prophet, and atoning Priest;
To Him as our exalted King,
We homage pay, our offering bring.

5 He is our Captain and our Guide,
The Friend, the Husband of the bride;
The Counsellor, the Prince of peace,
The Lord our strength and righteousness.

6 The Fountain whence our blessings flow,
A Lamb, and yet a Lion too;
The Sun for light and guidance given,
The Door which opens into heaven.

7 He is the Shepherd of the sheep,
Who does his flock in safety keep;
The Conqueror He, the Judge of men,
The Faithful Witness, the Amen!

198 L. M.

Christ the great Physician.

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?

In vain, alas, is nature's aid,
The work exceeds all nature's power.

2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns,
With fatal strength, in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.

3 And can no sovereign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

4 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such aid as nature cannot give.

5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

199 7s.

Christ the Rock of Ages.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;

Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

200 L. M.

Christ our Pattern.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3 The man who marks from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

201 8s & 7s.

Christ the Friend of Sinners.

ONE there is, above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.

3 When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4 O! for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above.

202 L. M.

Jesus the only Saviour.

JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;
Jesus, no other name but thine,
Can save us from eternal wo.

2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewildered in a dubious road.

3 No other name will heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordained by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

4 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

203 7s.

Christ our Example in Suffering.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned:
O! the wormwood and the gall!
O! the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb:
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ has risen, He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

204 L. M.

Christ the Way.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He, whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief and burden long have been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more,

Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say—"Behold the way to God!"

205 6s & 8s.

Christ the Refuge.

WHEN I behold my heart
With sin's deep stain impressed,
Fain would I draw a curtain dark
Across my guilty breast;
Hiding from all, but most from thee,
My God, its vast iniquity.

2 O! could I mount the wing
Of the ascending morn,
And be to earth's remotest ring
Ere close of evening, borne,
I'd haste, I'd fly o'er land and sea,
To hide me from myself and thee.

3 Alas! how vain the thought!
The Power that guides the sun,
Must bear the flying fugitive:
And when the day is done,
Within thy hand must be my bed,
Beneath thy wing must rest my head.

4 O! whither shall I fly,
Omniscient God, from thee?
Within the deep, impervious folds
Of night's dark canopy?

'Twere vain, I could not 'scape thy sight,
For thou thyself, my God, art light.

5 Jesus, to thee I fly,
In thine embrace to rest;
O! shield me from thy Father's frown,
Within thy sheltering breast;
But no! within that hiding place,
Frowns turn to smiles, and wrath to grace.

206 L. M.

The Wonderful, the Counsellor.

THE lands that long in darkness lay,
Have now beheld a heavenly light;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade,
Are blest with beams divinely bright.

2 The virgin's promised Son is born:
Behold the expected child appear!
What shall his names or titles be?
"The Wonderful, the Counsellor!"

3 The government of earth and seas,
Upon his shoulders shall be laid:
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honours to his name be paid.

4 Jesus, the holy child, shall sit
High on his father David's throne;
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

207 L. M.

Christ the Priest, King, and Judge.

NOW to the Lord that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above

2 'Twas He that cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his richest blood;
'Tis He that make us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus our atoning Priest,
To Jesus our exalted King,
Be everlasting power confessed,
And every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold on flying clouds He comes,
And every eye shall see Him move;
Though with our sins we pierced Him once,
Still He displays his pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

208 8s & 7s.

Paschal Lamb.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us:
Thou didst free salvation bring.

2 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favour,
Life is given, through thy name.

3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

4 All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

209 C. M.

The Lamb of God.

SINNERS, behold the Lamb of God
Who takes away our guilt:
Look to the precious, priceless blood,
That Jews and Gentiles spilt.

2 From heaven He came to seek and save,
Leaving his blest abode;
To ransom us himself He gave;
"Behold the Lamb of God."

3 He came to take the sinner's place,
And shed his precious blood;
Let Adam's guilty, ruined race,
"Behold the Lamb of God."

4 Sinners, to Jesus then draw near,
Invited by his word;
The chief of sinners need not fear;
"Behold the Lamb of God."

5 Backsliders too the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood;
Arise, return from grievous falls;
"Behold the Lamb of God."

6 Spirit of grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood;
That we may, with thy saints on high,
"Behold the Lamb of God."

210 L. M.

Christ our Wisdom and Righteousness.

BURIED in shadows of the night,
We lie, till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears:
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing "The Lord our righteousness."

3 Our very frame is mixed with sin;
His Spirit makes our nature clean;
Such virtues from his sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains:
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

211 S. M.

Christ our Wisdom and Righteousness.

HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But, in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure,
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the accursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to God;
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thy atoning blood.

212 L. M.

Christ a Saviour.

NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ the Son of God appear:
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of men so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

213 H. M.

Christ the Prophet and Shepherd.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 But O! what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach his heavenly grace:
My eyes with joy and wonder see,
What forms of love He bears for me

3 Arrayed in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands,

And holds the promises,
And pardons in his hands:
Commissioned from his Father's throne,
To make his grace to mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name:
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

5 Be thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern and my Guide;
And through this desert land,
Still keep me near thy side;
O! let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

6 I love my Shepherd's voice;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

214 C. M.

Christ our Shepherd.

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;

For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life,
Shall surely follow me:
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

215 L. M.

Christ the Living Bread.

JESUS, thou art the living Bread,
By which our needy souls are fed:
In thee alone, thy children find
Enough to fill the empty mind.

2 Without this bread I starve and die;
No other can my need supply;
But this will suit my wretched case,
Abroad, at home, in every place.

3 'Tis this relieves the hungry poor,
Who ask for bread at mercy's door;
This living food descends from heaven,
As manna to the Jews was given.

4 This precious food my heart revives,
What strength, what nourishment it gives!
O! let me evermore be fed
With this divine celestial Bread!

216 L. M.

Christ the Life of the Soul.

HOW full of anguish is the thought,
How it distracts and tears my heart,
If God, at last, my sovereign Judge,
Should frown, and bid my soul "Depart!"

2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home,
For I have learned no other rest.

3 I cannot live contented here,
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heaven, without thy presence there,
Would be a dark and tiresome place.

4 When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

5 And if no evening visit's paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood;
To breathe, when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.

217 S. M.

Christ our Advocate.

THE great Redeemer's gone,
To appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne,
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down:
If justice calls for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shows his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit He moves:
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honour sing;
Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5 On earth thy mercy reigns,
And triumphs all above:
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains,
To speak immortal love!

6 How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we sing!
Blest Saviour, tune our songs anew,
And they shall please the King.

218 C. M.

Offices of Christ.

WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
Who comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We reverence our High Priest above,
Who offered up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by different ways;
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

219 L. M.

Christ our Pattern.

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;

But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name,
Among the followers of the Lamb.

220 8s 7s & 4s.

Christ our Guide.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me, till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

221 C. M.

Christ the Shepherd.

FATHER of peace, and God of love,
We own thy power to save;
That power by which our Shepherd rose,
Victorious o'er the grave.

2 We triumph in that Shepherd's name,
Still watchful for our good,
Who brought the eternal covenant down,
And sealed it with his blood.

3 So may thy Spirit seal my soul,
And mould it to thy will;
That my fond heart no more may stray,
But keep thy covenant still.

4 Still may we gain superior strength,
And press with vigour on,
Till full perfection crown our hopes,
And fix us near thy throne.

222 L. M.

Christ our Strength.

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his own hand my head sustains.

223 L. M.

Types and Prophecies fulfilled in Christ.

BEHOLD the woman's promised Seed,
Behold the great Messiah come;
Behold the prophets all agreed,
To give Him the superior room.

2 Abraham, the saint, rejoiced of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great Fulfiller of his law.

3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtained their chief design, and ceased;
The incense and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

4 Predictions in abundance meet,
To join their blessings on his head;
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promised Seed.

224 L. M.

Christ our Example.

AND is the gospel peace and love?
So let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright Pattern of the Christian life.

3 O! how benevolent and kind!
How mild, how ready to forgive!
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rule by which we live

4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er He came,
The labours of his life were love:
If then we love our Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

6 But ah! how blind, how weak we are,
How frail, how apt to turn aside;
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

225 L. P. M.

Christ the Hope of the disconsolate.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If ought should tempt my soul to stray,
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
Yet He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,

And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me, for a little while,
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And O! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

226 L. P. M.

The Lord my Shepherd.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When on the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly arm shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,

With sudden green and herbage crowned;
And streams shall murmur all around.

227 L. M.

Christ our Hiding-place.

HAIL, sovereign Love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man;
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.

2 Against the God that rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despised the offers of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

3 Enwrapped in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding-place.

4 But thus the eternal counsel ran:
"Almighty love! arrest the man:"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

5 Vindictive Justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But Justice cried, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place."

6 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel soon appeared;
Who led me on, a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.

7 On Him almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for his chosen race,
And now He is my hiding-place.

228 C. M.

The Brazen Serpent a Type of Christ.

SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

2 Look upward in the dying hour,
And live, the prophet cries:
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heavens He reigns;
Here sinners, by the old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
The expiring gentile lives.

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

229 C. M.

Christ's Dying Love.

HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.

2 When justice by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murmuring word.

3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne:
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.

4 This was compassion like a God,
That though the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

6 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

230 L. M.

Christ crucified, the Wisdom and Power of God.

NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labour of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchased blessings mine.

4 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour loved and died;
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

5 I would for ever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

231 S. M.

Sufferings of Christ.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

4 His honour and his breath
Were taken both away;
Joined with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make Him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

6 "I'll give Him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honours long."

232 L. M.

Sufferings of the Redeemer.

STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies;
Hark! his expiring groans arise;
See, how the sacred crimson tide
Flows from his hands, his feet, his side.

2 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man—surprising grace!
Yet pass rebellious angels by—
O! why for man, dear Saviour, why?

3 And didst thou bleed? for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

4 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

5 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart;
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief, and ardent love.

233 S. M.

Suffering Saviour.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept, that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

234 C. L. M.

Christ's Agony.

HE knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye

Looked through the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony;
The Lord of all above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

2 The sun set in a fearful hour,
The stars might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
So to o'ershadow Him!
That He who gave man's breath, might know
The very depths of human wo.

3 He proved them all; the doubt, the strife,
The faint, perplexing dread,
The mists that hang o'er parting life,
All gathered round his head;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray;
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

4 It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread;
It passed not, though to Him the grave
Had yielded up its dead.
But there was sent Him from on high,
A gift of strength for man to die.

5 And was the sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet,
In the dark, narrow way?
Through Him—through Him, that path who trod;
Save or we perish, Son of God.

235 C. M.

Christ's Agony in the Garden.

DARK was the night, and cold the ground,
On which the Lord was laid;

His sweat as drops of blood ran down,
In agony He prayed.

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil."

3 Go to the garden, sinner, see
Those precious drops that flow:
The heavy load He bore for thee—
For thee, He lies so low.

4 Then learn of Him the cross to bear,
Thy Father's will obey;
And when temptations press thee near
Awake to watch and pray.

236 C. M.

Christ our Passover.

LO! the destroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's stubborn land;
The pride and flower of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.

2 He passed the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor poured the wrath divine;
He saw the blood on every door,
And blessed the peaceful sign.

3 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too,
With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.

4 Jesus, our passover was slain,
And has at once procured
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
And God's avenging sword.

237 C. M.

Lamb of God to be worshipped.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus."
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

238 L. M.

Lamb of God to be worshipped.

WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name!

2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace, that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say—Amen.

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

239 C. M.

The Resurrection.

AGAIN, the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O! what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O! what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain,
To bind our Lord in death;
He shook their kingdom when He fell,
With his expiring breath.

4 And now his conquering chariot wheels,
Ascend the lofty skies;
Broken beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

6 Ten thousand different tongues shall join
To hail the happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
On nations yet unborn.

240 H. M.

Resurrection of Christ.

YES, the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead;

And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head;
In wild dismay, the guards around
Fall to the ground, and sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet;
Joyful they come, and wing their way
From realms of day to Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, "Jesus, who bled,
Has left the dead; He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by Him from hell:
And send the echo round
The globe, on which you dwell;
Transported cry, "Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead, no more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who savest us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God;
With thee we rise, with thee we reign,
And empires gain, beyond the skies.

241 H. M.

Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

ALL hail! the glorious morn,
That saw our Saviour rise,
With victory bright adorned,
And triumph in his eyes:

Ye saints, extol your risen Lord,
And sing his praise with sweet accord.

2 Behold the Lamb of God,
The atoning sacrifice,
Sustains the dreadful load
Of man's iniquities;
Death, sin and hell, our cruel foes,
All vanquished fell, when Jesus rose.

3 The Conqueror ascends,
In triumph to the skies:
Celestial hosts attend,
To crown his victories;
Hark! they proclaim his glorious name;
And heaven resounds Immanuel's fame.

4 Now to the throne above,
Let every saint draw near;
There dwells incarnate love;
Grace sits triumphant there:
See mercy smile, e'en on that throne,
Where once did wrath and justice frown.

5 All praise be to the Lamb,
Who offered up his blood;
Hosannas to his name,
Who for our ransom stood;
In notes sublime, with joy we sing
The love divine of Christ our King.

242 7s.

Resurrection and Ascension.

HARK! the herald angels say,
Christ the Lord is risen to-day;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Let the glorious tidings fly.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;

Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ has opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

5 What though once we perished all,
Partners of our parents' fall?
Second life we now receive,
And in Christ for ever live.

6 Hail! thou dear almighty Lord,
Hail! thou great incarnate Word,
Hail! thou suffering Son of God,
Take the trophies of thy blood.

243 C. L. M.

Resurrection of Christ.

HOW calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
O! weep no more the Saviour slain;
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
"Behold the place—He is not here,"
The tomb is all unbarred;
The gates of death were closed in vain;
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer,
Your early footsteps bend,

The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
O! weep no more your comforts slain;
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

5 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since He has risen who once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

244 C. M.

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That clothed himself in clay;
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode:
Sweet be the accents of your songs,
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

245 7s.

Praise to the risen Saviour.

LO! the stone is rolled away,
Death yields up his mighty prey;
Jesus, rising from the tomb,
Scatters all its fearful gloom.

2 Praise Him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

3 Every note with rapture swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

4 Let Immanuel be adored,
Ransom, Mediator, Lord!
To creation's utmost bound,
Let the eternal praise resound.

246 S. M.

Praise to the risen Saviour.

PREPARE a thankful song,
To the Redeemer's name;
Let his high praise employ each tongue,
And every heart inflame.

2 He laid his glory by,
And bitter pains endured,
That sinners of the deepest dye,
From wrath might be secured.

3 Stretched on the cross He died,
Our debt of sin to pay;
The blood and water from his side,
Wash guilt and filth away.

4 Pleading for us He stands,
Before the Father's throne;
And answers all the law's demands,
With what himself has done.

5 The Holy Ghost He sends,
Our stubborn souls to move;
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

EXALTATION AND INTERCESSION.

247 S. M.

Exaltation of Christ.

COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring;
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the man, we sing.

2 Down to the shades of death,
He bowed his awful head;
Yet He arose to live and reign,
When death itself is dead.

3 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heavens adore.

4 There the Redeemer sits,
High on the Father's throne;

The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

5 There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless his saints and angels there,
To everlasting days.

248 L. M. D.

The Triumphs of Christ.

HE dies, the Friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For Him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men:
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
The risen God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court He flies,
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.

3 Dry up your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns:
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.
Say—"Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem and strong to save:"
Then ask the monster—"Where's thy sting,
And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

249 H. M.

Glory of Christ.

AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn, thy blissful rays,
Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resigned
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confined;
The angelic host around Him bends,
And 'midst their shouts, the God ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humble strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While justice, truth and love
Maintain the glorious war:
Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing the unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart;
Then dying souls for life shall sue,
Numerous as drops of morning dew.

250 L. M.

The Triumphant Redeemer.

THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise,
That e'er the God of love designed,
Employs and fills my labouring mind.

2 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue;
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.

3 Proclaim inimitable love;
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.

4 He, who distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans;
The Prince of life resigns his breath,
The King of glory bows to death.

5 But see the wonders of his power;
He triumphs in his dying hour:
And, while by Satan's rage He fell,
He dashed the rising hopes of hell.

6 Thus were the hosts of death subdued,
And sin was drowned in Jesus' blood:
Then He arose; He reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

251 H. M.

Rejoicing in the Triumph of Christ.

REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

252 C. M.

Victory and Dominion of Christ.

I SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquered when He fell;
"'Tis finished," said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He passed, to reach the crown.

3 Exalted at his Father's side,
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

4 The saints from his propitious eye,
Await their several crowns;
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

253 8s & 7s.

Christ exalted and interceding.

JESUS hail, enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honour, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

254 C. M.

Christ interceding above.

NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above;
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honours crowned;

3 The names of all his saints He bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May thy dear name be worn:
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

255 C. M.

Christ's Intercession.

AWAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
The ascended Saviour's love:
Sing how He lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

2 With cries and tears, He offered up
His humble suit below;
But with authority He asks,
Enthroned in glory now.

3 For all that come to God by Him,
Salvation He demands:
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.

4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to his claim;
"Father, I will that all my saints
Be with me where I am.

5 "By their salvation, recompense
The sorrows I endured:
Just to the merits of thy Son,
And faithful to thy word."

6 Eternal life, at his request,
To every saint is given:
Safety on earth, and, after death,
The plenitude of heaven.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE.

256 L. M.

The Spirit Eternal and Almighty.

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace:
Thy power conveys our blessings down,
From God the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

257 L. M.

The Spirit the Source of Life and Light.

FATHER of mercies, God of love,
Send down thy Spirit from above;
Let me his sacred influence feel,
To quicken, purify and heal.

2 May He these stubborn lusts subdue,
And form my nature all anew;

To thee my grovelling spirit raise,
Excite to humble prayer and praise.

3 He is the source of every grace,
Of light, and life, and holiness;
By Him alone may I be taught,
And all my works in Him be wrought.

4 O! let thy Holy Spirit come,
And make my heart his constant home;
There his abundant grace display,
And lead me in a perfect way.

258 L. P. M.

The Spirit the Source of Divine Influences.

ETERNAL Spirit, source of light,
Enlivening, consecrating fire,
Descend, and, with celestial heat,
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire:
Our souls refine, our dross consume;
Come, condescending Spirit, come.

2 In our cold breasts, O! strike a spark
Of the pure flame which seraphs feel,
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumbed and stupid still:
Come, vivifying Spirit, come,
And make our hearts thy constant home.

3 Let pure devotion's fervours rise;
Let every pious passion glow;
O! let the raptures of the skies,
Kindle in our cold hearts below:
Come, condescending Spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home.

259 C. M.

The Spirit Illuminating.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;

Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

260 L. M.

Effusion of the Spirit.

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the disciples all were met:
While on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles He gave,
And power to kill, and power to save;
Furnished their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

4 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdued;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

5 Great King of grace, my heart subdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of his word.

261 S. M.

Grieving the Spirit.

AND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till He thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But grace so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom with vengeance fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

262 L. M.

Grieved Spirit besought.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all, whoe'er thy grace received,

Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

3 Yet O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with a calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

263 L. M.

The Striving of the Spirit.

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within,
Oft whispered to thy secret soul;
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin.
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warned thee from that wrath to flee?

3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou mayst not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

5 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;

Ye who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

6 Sinner, perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be;
O! shouldst thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

264 S. M.

The Comforter.

BLEST Comforter Divine,
Whose rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above;

2 Thou, who with "still small voice"
Dost stop the sinner's way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay;

3 Thou whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear;

4 Thou, who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race,
Blest Comforter! to us impart
The blessings of thy grace.

265 S. M.

The Spirit's Influences.

COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open thou our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The gracious love of God.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son and Thee.

266 C. M.

Prayer for the Descent of the Spirit.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

267 L. M.

Prayer for the Spirit's Influences.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may not depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blessed;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

268 7s.

Prayer to the Spirit.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;

Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

269 L. M.

Invocation of the Spirit.

COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
O! kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see:
O! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

270 7s 6s & 8s.

Prayer for the Holy Spirit.

SAVIOUR, I thy word believe,
My unbelief remove;
Now thy quickening Spirit give,
The unction from above:
Show me, Lord, how good thou art,
My soul with all thy fulness fill;
Send the Witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

2 Dead in sin till then I lie,
Bereft of power to rise;
Till thy Spirit inwardly
Thy saving blood applies:
Now the mighty gift impart,
My sin erase, my pardon seal:
Send the Witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

3 Blessed Comforter, come down,
And live and move in me;
Make my every deed thy own,
In all things led by thee;
Bid my every lust depart,
And now with me, vouchsafe to dwell;
Faithful Witness, in my heart
Thy perfect love reveal.

4 Let me in thy love rejoice,
Thy shrine, thy pure abode;
Tell me, by thine inward voice,
That I'm a child of God:
Lord, I choose the better part,
Jesus, I wait thy peace to feel;
Send the Witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

5 Whom the world cannot receive,
O! manifest in me:
Son of God I cease to live,
Unless I live in thee:
Now impute thy whole desert,
Restore the joy from which I fell;
Breathe the Witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

271 L. M.

Evidences of Grace.

SURE the blest Comforter is nigh,
'Tis He sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hope for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 When some kind promise cheers my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice,
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?

3 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine,
Which animates these strong desires?

4 What less than thine almighty word,
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My Life, my Treasure, and my Trust?

5 And when my cheerful hope can say,
I love my God, and taste his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

6 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart,
For ever dwell, O God of love;
And light, and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

DEDICATION AND SELF-DENIAL.

272 L. M.

Self Dedication to God.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place,
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

4 Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God;
Thee, my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm,
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

273 7s.

Surrendering to Christ.

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found:
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O! receive me into rest.

2 Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp or power;
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour:
"Follow me;" I know thy voice;
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke, by choice;
Light thy burden now to me.

274 C. M.

Confessing Christ.

DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
O! let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross.

3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold:
Let knowledge, faith and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

4 Say to my soul, "Why dost thou fear
The face of feeble clay?
Behold, thy Saviour ever near,
Will guard me in the way."

5 O! how my soul would rise and run,
At this reviving word;
Nor any painful sufferings shun,
To follow thee, my Lord.

6 Let sinful men reproach, defame,
And call thee what they will,
If I may glorify thy name,
And be thy servant still.

275 L. M.

Devotion to Christ.

AH wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain;
A nobler satisfaction win.

2 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 O! be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 O! may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways:
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

276 L. M.

Determination.

AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;

While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode:
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

277 C. M.

Self-Denial.

STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,
Lest they destroy our souls.

4 The love of gold be banished hence,
That vile idolatry;
And every member, every sense,
In sweet subjection lie.

5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.

6 Lord, can a feeble helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

278 L. M.

Broad and narrow Ways.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

279 L. M.

Renouncing the World.

I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair,
And whilst I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes:
O! for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies.

5 There from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

280 C. M.

Renunciation of the World.

HOW vain are all things here below.
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky,
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

281 S. M.

Believers dead to Sin.

SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds;

Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God,
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free;
Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

282 L. M.

The Vanity of Creatures.

MAN has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires;
Tossed to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind;
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.

3 So, when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.

4 Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refined.

283 L. M.

Crucifixion by the Cross.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,

My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

284 L. M.

A Sight of God mortifies us to the World.

UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this world of guilt remove;
And thou canst bear me where thou fliest,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove!

3 O! might I once mount up and see
The glories of the eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be,
How despicable to my eyes!

4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;

Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

6 Great All in All, Eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

285 C. M.

Parting with carnal Joys.

MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within your power.

3 There's nothing round this spacious earth,
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth,
My nobler thoughts aspire:

4 Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refined,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

5 The almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-sufficience there,
To make our bliss complete.

6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heavenly road;

There sits my Saviour, dressed in love,
And there my smiling God.

286 8s & 7s.

World renounced.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my All shalt be:
Let the world neglect and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too:
Human hopes have oft deceived me;
Thou art faithful, thou art true

2 Perish, earthly fame and treasure
Come, disaster, scorn and pain.
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favour, loss is gain:
O! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy bleeding love I see;
O! 'tis not in joy to charm me,
When that love is hid from me

SELF-EXAMINATION.

287 7s.

An anxious Inquiry.

'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's Sun:
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

288 11s.

An anxious Inquiry.

LET me think of that evening, the saddest, the last,
In the Saviour's mysterious sojourn below,

When He sat with the twelve at their mournful repast,
And mingled his tears in the cup of their wo.

2 Why falls the reproof on these sheep of his hand?
In this hour of distress, can a traitor be nigh?
Why breaks from the lips of this desolate band
The sorrowful question, "O Lord, is it I?"

3 If a traitor was found midst the privileged few,
If its own hidden treason each heart could descry;
Let my poor startled conscience each moment renew
The anxious inquiry, "O Lord, is it I?"

4 O thou searcher of hearts, whose mystical line
Can fathom a breast too deceitful for me,
Try all the recesses and windings of mine,
And help me to cast all its sorrows on thee

289 L. M.

Self-Examination.

WHAT strange perplexities arise,
What anxious fears and jealousies,
What crowds in doubtful light appear,
How few, alas, approved and clear!

2 And what am I?—My soul awake,
And an impartial survey take;
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?

3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus formed, and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action shine?

4 Searcher of hearts, O! search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove; let me appear
To God, and my own conscience clear.

5 May I, consistent with thy word,
Approach thy table, O my Lord?
May I among thy saints appear?
Shall I a welcome guest be there?

6 Have I the wedding garment on?
Or do I naked, stand alone?
O! quicken, clothe and feed my soul;
Forgive my sins, and make me whole.

PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.

290 C. M.

Nature of Prayer.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,

While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say—"Behold, he prays."

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

291 H. M.

Invoking the Presence of Christ.

COME, my Redeemer, come,
And deign to dwell with me;
Come, and thy right assume,
And bid thy rivals flee:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

2 Exert thy mighty power,
And banish all my sin;
In this auspicious hour,
Bring all thy graces in:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

3 Rule thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my powers are brought
Beneath thy full control:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

4 Then shall my days be thine,
And all my heart be love,
And joy and peace be mine,
Such as are known above:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

292 L. M.

Watchfulness and Prayer.

OUR Saviour's words are, "Watch and pray;"
Lord, make us willing to obey,
Able thy counsel to fulfil;
From thee must come both power and will.

2 The wisdom from above impart,
To keep our hand, our tongue, our heart,
In thought, word, deed—that so we may
Pray, while we watch; watch, while we pray.

3 Lest while we watch, and fear no snare,
We fall into neglect of prayer;
Or, while we pray, and watch not, sin
Creep, like a subtle serpent, in.

4 When, by an evil world beset,
Allurements smile, or dangers threat,
Well let us watch our Master's eye,
To pray for faith, to fight or fly.

5 Our strength be his omnipotence;
His truth our sole and sure defence;
His grace can help the feeblest saint
To watch and pray, and never faint.

6 For He who hath commanded thus,
Oft watched and prayed on earth for us;
And still, with interceding love,
Watches and prays for us above.

293 7s.

Wrestling in Prayer.

LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow:
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou knowest my name;
Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy:
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou hast helped in every need;
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

7 No, I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold,
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

294 C. M.

Watchfulness and Prayer.

ALAS! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way;
To heaven I fain would lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
Striving against my foes in vain,
I sink amid my fears.

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid:
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Nor let me be dismayed.

4 Do thou increase my faith and hope,
When fears and foes prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 O! keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And never, never let me stray
From happiness and thee.

295 S. M.

Watch and Pray.

MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O! watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
'Till thou hast got the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

296 L. M.

Prayer for Deliverance answered.

IN thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the visits of thy grace;

Our soul's desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.

2 Our thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee,
Mid the black shades of lonesome night;
Our earnest cries salute the skies,
Before the dawn restores the light.

3 Look, how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of our God:
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before Him goes,
A voice of music to his friends,
Of threatening thunder to his foes.

5 "Come, children, to your Father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
Till the fierce storms be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.

6 "My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings,
While heavenly peace around my flock,
Stretches its soft and shady wings."

297 L. M.

Prayer for the Divine Presence.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light;
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O! burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way;
No foes, nor violence I fear,
Nor fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of wo;

Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee:
O! let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

5 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy and peace.

298 C. M.

Prayer for the Divine Presence.

PERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,
Obedient to thy call;
To seek the presence of thy grace,
My strength, my life, my all.

2 All I can wish is thine to give:
My God, I ask thy love,
That greatest bliss I can receive,
That bliss of heaven above.

3 To heaven my restless heart aspires;
O! for a quickening ray,
To wake and warm my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way.

4 The path to thy divine abode,
Through a wild desert lies;
A thousand snares beset the road,
A thousand terrors rise.

5 Satan and sin unite their art,
To keep me from my Lord;
Dear Saviour guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by thy word.

6 My Guardian, my almighty Friend,
On thee my soul would rest;
On thee alone my hopes depend,
Be near, and I am blest.

299 L. M.

Prayer for quickening Grace.

O SUN of Righteousness divine,
On us with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn our darkness into day.

2 While mourning o'er our guilt and shame,
And asking mercy in thy name,
Dear Saviour, cleanse us with thy blood,
And be our Advocate with God.

3 Sustain, when sinking in distress,
And guide us through this wilderness;
Teach our low thoughts from earth to rise,
And lead us onward to the skies.

300 L. M.

Prayer for Protection.

THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good;
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 Trust we to youth, or friends or power?
Fix we on this terrestrial ball?
When most secure, the coming hour,
If thou see fit, may blast them all.

4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Filled with affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friend and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.

5 Thy powerful consolations cheer,
Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetched sigh;
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear,
That secret wets the orphan's eye.

6 Thus far sustained, and clothed and fed,
Through life's tumultuous scenes we've come;
Give us this day our daily bread,
And lead, and bring us safely home.

301 S. M.

Importunate Prayer.

JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint;
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear;
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give Him rest,
But be importunate.

4 Jesus the Lord will hear
His chosen when they cry,
Yes, though He may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

5 His nature, truth and love,
Engage Him on their side;

When they are grieved, his bowels move,
And can they be denied?

6 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

302 L. M.

Constancy in Prayer.

PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live, should Christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.

2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites,
He speaks as prompted from within:
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee—pray.

4 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though thought be broken, language lame;
Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

303 L. M.

Hinderances to Prayer.

WHAT various hinderances we meet,
In coming to a mercy seat?
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,

Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? Ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

304 L. M.

Encouragement in Prayer.

WHERE is my God? does He retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire,
Too languid to ascend the skies?

2 No, Lord, my breathings of desire,
My weak petitions, if sincere,
Are not forbidden to aspire,
But reach to thy all-gracious ear.

3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands:
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands.

4 He smiles on every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on Him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call thee mine;

Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.

305 7s.

Encouragement to Prayer.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

306 12s.

Seaman's Prayer in Danger.

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,

Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker; "Save, Lord, or we perish."

2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

3 And, O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts his wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, Lord, or we perish."

307 C. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

FATHER of all, we bow to thee,
Who dwellst in heaven, adored;
But present still, through all thy works,
The universal Lord.

2 For ever hallowed be thy name,
By all beneath the skies;
And let thy kingdom still advance,
Till grace to glory rise.

3 A grateful homage let us yield,
With hearts resigned to thee;
And as in heaven thy will is done,
On earth so let it be.

4 From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still:
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
Contented in thy will.

5 Our sins before thee we confess:
O! may they be forgiven;
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg from heaven.

6 Still let thy grace our lives direct,
From evil guard our way;
And in temptation's fatal path,
Permit us not to stray.

7 For thine the power, the kingdom thine,
All glory's due to thee;
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

308 L. M.

Prayer answered by Crosses.

I ASKED the Lord, that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,
And He, I trust, has answered prayer;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hoped that in some favoured hour,
At once He'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

4 Instead of this He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

5 Yea, more; with his own hand He seemed
Intent to aggravate my wo;
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried,
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

7 "These inward trials I employ
From self and pride to set thee free,
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayst seek thy all in me."

FAITH.

309 L. M.

Faith in Christ.

WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires;
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on thy everlasting word,
That word which built the earth and sky?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives,
Here let me build and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
Immovable the promise stands;
Nor all the powers of earth, or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose,
  Since Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
  Shall break a union so divine!

310 C. M.

Living Faith.

MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
  And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
  While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
  If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
  To Christ the living head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
  'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
  And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
  By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
  In the decisive hour.

5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
  As well as trust his grace;
A pardoning God is jealous still
  For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse He sets us free,
  He makes our nature clean;
Nor would He send his Son to be
  The minister of sin.

7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
  And seals our peace with God;
Jesus and his salvation came,
  By water and by blood.

311 C. M.

Faith of Things unseen.

FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abram to unknown countries led,
By faith obeyed the Lord.

4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by the eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

312 L. M.

Christians walking by Faith.

'TIS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night,
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abram, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

313 C. M.

Efficacy of Faith.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares:

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God, and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain:

5 Shows me the precious promise sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there unshaken would I rest,
Till this vile body dies;
And then on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise.

314 C. M.

Sustaining Faith.

'TIS faith supports my feeble soul,
In times of deep distress;

When storms arise and billows roll,
Great God, I trust thy grace.

2 Thy powerful arm still bears me up,
Whatever griefs befall;
Thou art my life, my joy, my hope,
And thou my all in all.

3 Bereft of friends, beset with foes,
With dangers all around,
To thee I all my fears disclose,
In thee my help is found.

4 In every want, in every strait,
To thee alone I fly;
When other comforters depart,
Thou art for ever nigh.

315 C. M.

Faith in Time of Declension.

WHEN any turn from Sion's way
Alas! what numbers do!
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord, with such a heart as mine
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know
To save a wretch like me;
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assured,
Thou art the Christ of God;
Who hast eternal life secured,
By promise and by blood.

5 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

6 What anguish has this question stirred,
"And wilt thou also go?"
Dear Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer—no!

316 5s, 6s & 9s.

Peace in Believing.

HOW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
O! what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love?

2 'Twas heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

3 O! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blessed,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

4 Then, all the day long,
Was my Jesus my song,
And redemption through faith in his name;
O! that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same.

317 L. C. M.

Fleeing to Christ as a Refuge.

O THOU, that hearest the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord has done
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his atoning blood:
Thy righteousness my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall avail for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolation send:
By Him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

318 C. M.

Prayer for Assurance.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

319 S. M.

Appropriating Faith.

FAITH is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 On Him it safely leans,
In times of deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 All through the wilderness,
It is our strength and stay;
Nor can we miss the heavenly road,
While it directs our way.

5 Lord, 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

320 L. C. M.

Faith's Contemplation.

O ISRAEL, who is like to thee,
A people saved and called to be
Peculiar to the Lord!
Thy shield, He guards thee from the foe;
Thy sword, He fights thy battles too;
Himself thy great reward.

2 Fear not, though many should oppose,
For God is stronger than thy foes,
And makes thy cause his own:
The promised land before thee lies,
Go and possess the glorious prize,
Reserved for thee alone.

3 In glory there the King appears,
He wipes away his people's tears,
And makes their sorrow cease;
From toil and strife they there repose,
And dwell secure from all their foes,
In everlasting peace.

4 Fair emblem of a better rest,
Of which believers are possessed,
Beyond material space;
Methinks I see the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more,
And long to reach the place.

5 Nor shall I always absent be
From Him my soul desires to see,
Within the realms of light:
Ere long my Lord will rend the veil,
And not a cloud shall then conceal
His glory from my sight.

321 C. M.

Confidence in God.

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin, and raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot the almighty Name
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promised bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

322 8s.

Victorious Faith.

THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full through his blood.

2 The faith, that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere fancy or name,
The work of God's Spirit it is.

3 It treads on the world and on hell;
  It vanquishes death and despair;
And, what is still stranger to tell,
  It overcomes heaven by prayer.

4 It says to the mountains, "depart,"
  That stand betwixt God and the soul:
It binds up the broken in heart.
  The wounded in conscience makes whole;

5 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye,
  Be spotless as snow, and as white;
And raises the sinner on high,
  To dwell with the angels of light.

323 10s & 11s.

The Triumph of Faith.

BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
  And for my relief, will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since He is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide.
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word He has spoken shall surely prevail.

3 His love, in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last, in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer, I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

4 Why should I complain of want and distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no less.

The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

5 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine food:
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then O! how pleasant the conqueror's song.

324 S. M. D.

Rest only found in God.

O! WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

2 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.
There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O! what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

3 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.
Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in thee,
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

HOPE.

325 L. M.

Hope in God.

THE God of my salvation lives;
My nobler life He will sustain;
His word immortal vigour gives,
Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.

2 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
Though every earthly comfort die;
Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.

3 O! let me hear thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joy divine;
The barren desert shall rejoice;
'Tis paradise, if thou art mine.

326 C. M.

Confident Hope.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And He my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

327 L. M.

Hope in the Redeemer.

FAREWELL, ye transitory things,
The wealth of kingdoms and of kings;
A nobler object far than you,
Appears to my enraptured view:

2 Jesus! in whom all glories meet,
Holy and just, and good and great,
Ever compassionate and kind,
My Saviour, Advocate and Friend.

3 His blood redeemed my guilty soul,
On Him I all my burdens roll;
From Him I seek, in Him possess
Wisdom and strength and righteousness.

4 His praise shall all my powers employ,
My present hope, my future joy;
For Him I count my gain but loss,
And glory only in his cross.

LOVE.

328 L. M.

Delight in Christ.

OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;
Love the best blessing here below,
The nearest image of the blest.

2 While we are held in thine embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile upon thy beauteous face
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.

3 While of thy absence we complain,
And long, or weep in all we do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
And tears have their own sweetness too.

4 When round thy courts by day we rove,
Or ask the watchman of the night,
For some kind tidings of our love,
Thy very name creates delight.

5 Jesus, our God, yet rather come;
Our eyes would dwell upon thy face.
'Tis best to see our Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

329 8s.

Chief Object of a Believer's Love.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness with me;
The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay,
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind.

While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O! drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

330 C. M.

Love to Christ.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

331 S. M.

Love to an Unseen Saviour.

NOT with our mortal eyes,
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love Him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face,
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow,
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

332 C. M.

Christian Love.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But devils cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;

'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

333 L. M.

Love essential to Religion.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:

4 If love to God, and love to men,
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

334 C. M.

Christians drawn with Cords of Love.

MY God, what gentle cords are thine,
How soft, and yet how strong!
While power, and truth, and love combine,
To draw our souls along.

2 Thou saw'st us crushed beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of sin;
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win

3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One offering takes away;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

4 Comfort through all this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows,
And glory of unnumbered years
Eternity bestows.

5 Drawn by such cords, we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet;
And captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conqueror's feet.

335 C. M.

Christ the Object of Love.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My joy, my hope, my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name,
With my last, labouring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

336 L. M.

Love abounding.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

JOY.

337 C. M.

Rejoicing in Christ.

FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode:
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

338 C. M.

Rejoicing in Christ.

O! FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honours of thy name.

3 JESUS, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven:
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

339 7s.

Rejoicing in the Light.

BOUNDLESS glory, Lord, be thine;
Thou hast made the darkness shine;

Thou hast sent a cheering ray;
Thou hast turned our night to day.

2 Darkness long involved us round,
Till we knew the joyful sound:
Then our darkness fled away,
Chased by truth's effulgent ray.

3 They are blest, and none beside,
They, who in the truth abide;
Clear the light that marks their way,
Leading to eternal day.

4 Guide us, Saviour, through the road,
Till we reach the saints' abode;
Till we see thee throned above,
As thou art, the God of love.

340 L. M.

Hymn of Praise to Christ.

JOIN, all who love the Saviour's name,
To sing his everlasting fame;
Great God, prepare each heart and voice,
In Him for ever to rejoice.

2 With Him, I daily love to walk;
Of Him, my soul delights to talk;
On Him, I cast my every care;
Like Him, one day, I shall appear.

3 Bless Him, my soul, from day to day,
Trust Him, to lead thee on thy way;
Give Him thy poor, weak, sinful heart;
With Him, O! never, never part.

4 Take Him for strength and righteousness,
Make Him thy refuge in distress;
Love Him, above all earthly joy,
And Him in every thing employ.

5 Praise Him in cheerful, grateful songs;
To Him your highest praise belongs:
Bless Him who does your heaven prepare,
And makes you meet his joy to share.

341 C. M.

The Believer's Joy in Life and Death.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known;
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil;
To know that God is mine;
Are springs of joy, that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine.

5 These are the joys which satisfy
And sanctify the mind:
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot;
But since you are the Lord's,
Resign to them, that know Him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

342 S. M.

Christian Fellowship.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds,
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign,
Through all eternity.

343 C. M.

Fellowship with the Saints.

COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize;
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.

2 Let saints below his praises sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth, are one.

3 One family, we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath:
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his commands we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 How many to their endless home,
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;
Then when the word is given,
Bid the cold waves of death divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

344 C. M.

Christian Fellowship.

OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice
'Tis heaven on earth begun.

2 Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed and blessed,
And filled the enlarged desire.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;

We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.

4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows;
But pour a mighty flood;
O! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own;

6 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

345 8s & 7s.

Prayer for the Graces of the Spirit.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, O! breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us now thy life receive,

Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thine hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

346 L. M.

Brotherly Love.

NOW by the bowels of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

2 Clamour, and wrath and war begone,
Envy and spite for ever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.

3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run:
So God forgives our numerous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

CONSISTENT CONDUCT.

347 L. M.

Conformity to Christ.

JESUS, my Saviour, let me be
More perfectly conformed to thee;
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
And form my temper like thine own.

2 My foe, when hungry, let me feed,
Share in his grief, supply his need;
The haughty frown may I not fear,
But with a lowly meekness bear.

3 To others let me always give,
What I from others would receive;
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor when provoked, with anger burn.

4 This will proclaim how bright and fair
The precepts of the gospel are;
And God himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

348 C. M.

Not ashamed of Christ.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And He can well secure

What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

349 L. M.

Christian Consistency.

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

350 C. M.

Christian Characteristics.

AS new-born babes desire the breast,
To feed, and grow, and thrive,
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.

2 Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within:

Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.

3 Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will;
But with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfil.

4 They find access at every hour
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

5 O happy souls, O glorious state
Of overflowing grace;
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.

6 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

7 There shed thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong:
Then shall I say, "My Father, God,"
With an unwavering tongue.

351 L. M.

Not ashamed of Christ.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain:
And O! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

352 L. M.

The true Glory of the Christian.

THE righteous Lord, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state:
O'er all the earth his power extends,
All heaven before his footstool bends.

2 Yet justice still with power presides,
And mercy all his empire guides;
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And saints are lovely in his sight.

3 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast,
No more, ye strong, your valour trust;
No more, ye rich, survey your store,
Elate with heaps of shining ore.

4 Glory, ye saints, in this alone,
That God, your God, to you is known;
That you have owned his sovereign sway,
That you have felt his cheering ray.

5 Our wisdom, wealth and power we find,
In our Jehovah all combined;
On Him we fix our roving eyes,
And all our souls in raptures rise.

6 All else, which we our treasure call,
May in one fatal moment fall;
But what their happiness can move,
Whom God, the blessed, deigns to love?

353 8s & 7s.

Sitting at the Foot of the Cross.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy stream in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his Cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Cross I gaze;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears, his feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

354 C. M.

Christian Liberality.

RICH are the joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store;

Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love,
Have scattered here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above,
To ample harvest grow.

3 The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
Abounding grace repay.

PRIVILEGES OF BELIEVERS.

355 S. M.

Union with Christ.

DEAR Saviour, we are thine,
By everlasting bands:
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
And souls, into thy hands.

2 Accepted for thy sake,
And justified by faith,
We of thy righteousness partake,
And find in thee our life.

3 To thee we still would cleave,
With ever growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O! let them ne'er prevail.

4 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee our head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

5 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

6 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
Since He in heaven has fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

356 C. M.

Access to God by Christ.

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes,
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame:
Our God appeared consuming fire,
And Vengeance was his name.

3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood
That calmed his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turned the wrath to grace.

4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord:
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

5 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss,
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the eternal throne.

6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to the almighty King,
That lays his fury by.

357 C. M.

Communion with Christ.

JESUS, my Saviour, bind me fast,
In cords of heavenly love;

Then sweetly draw me to thy breast,
Nor let me thence remove.

2 Draw me from all created good,
From self, the world, and sin;
To the dear fountain of thy blood,
And make me pure within.

3 O! lead me to thy mercy seat,
Attract me nearer still;
Draw me, like Mary, to thy feet,
To sit and learn thy will.

4 O! draw me by thy providence,
Thy Spirit and thy word,
From all the things of time and sense,
To thee, my gracious Lord.

358 L. M.

Peace of Conscience.

SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest,
Come fix thy mansion in my breast,
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,
Come, make your constant dwelling here;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3 Thou God of hope, and peace divine,
O! make these sacred pleasures mine;
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.

4 Then, should mine eyes, without a tear,
See death, with all his terrors near;
My heart should then in death rejoice,
And raptures tune my faltering voice.

359 7s.

Christians have all in Christ.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O! receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is staid,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

360 C. M.

Confidence in the Promises.

OUR God, how firm his promise stands!
E'en when He hides his face,
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands,
His glory and his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has lived,
And part of heaven possessed;
I praise his name for grace received,
And trust Him for the rest.

361 L. M.

The Blessedness of the Righteous.

BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the meek who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed,
With living streams and living bread.

5 Blest are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love;

From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

6 Blest are the pure whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin:
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake:
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.

362 L. M.

Safety in the Cross.

WHY droops my soul with grief oppressed?
Why these wild tumults in my breast?
Is there no balm to heal my wound,
No kind physician to be found?

2 Yes, in the gospel's faithful lines,
Jehovah's boundless mercy shines;
There, dressed in love, the Saviour stands,
With pitying heart, and bleeding hands.

3 Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes;
Behold the Prince of glory dies:
He dies, extended on the tree;
Thence sheds a sovereign balm for me.

4 Dear Saviour, at thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure or die;
But grace forbids that painful fear,
Infinite grace, which triumphs here.

5 Expand, my soul, with holy joy,
Hosannas be thy blest employ,

Salvation thy eternal theme;
And swell the song with Jesus' name.

363 L. M.

The Humble enlightened.

THERE was an hour when Christ rejoiced,
And spoke his joy in words of praise;
"Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
Lord of the earth, and heavens, and seas.

2 "I thank thy sovereign power and love,
That crowns my doctrine with success:
And makes the babes in knowledge learn
The heights, and breadths, and lengths of grace.

3 "But all this glory lies concealed
From men of prudence and of wit;
The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
And their own pride resists the light.

4 "Father, 'tis thus, because thy will
Chose and ordained it should be so;
'Tis thy delight to abase the proud,
And lay the haughty scorner low.

5 There's none can know the Father right,
But those that learn it from the Son;
Nor can the Son be well received,
But where the Father makes Him known."

6 Then let our souls adore our God,
That deals his graces as He please;
Nor gives to mortals an account,
Or of his actions, or decrees.

364 C. M.

God the Believer's Happiness.

MY God, my Portion, and my Love,
My everlasting All,

I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own;
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

365 L. M.

The Pleasures of a good Conscience.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;

Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow,
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys,
That heaven prepares for their delight.

6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grovelling in the dust below:
Almighty grace, renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

366 7s & 6s.

Divine Light breaking into the Soul.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises,
With healing in his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;

Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

GRATITUDE AND PRAISE.

367 L. M.

Praise to God.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make:
We are his flock, He doth us feed,
And for his sheep He doth us take.

3 O! enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

368 C. M.

Praise for Creation and Redemption.

LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to the United Three,
The undivided One.

3 'Twas He, and we'll adore his name,
That formed us by a word;
'Tis He restores our ruined frame:
Salvation to the Lord!

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills and vales reflect the voice,
In one eternal round.

369 C. M.

Praise to God.

YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For He is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In Him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here He makes his goodness known,
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thine almighty love,
What honours shall we raise!
Not all the angelic songs above
Can render equal praise.

370 C. M.

Christian Confidence and Gratitude.

HOW can I sink with such a prop,
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

371 C. M.

A Thankful Heart.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

372 L. M.

Praise for Redemption.

BLEST Jesus, when thy cross I view,
That mystery to th' angelic host,
I gaze with grief and rapture too,
And all my soul 's in wonder lost.

2 What strange compassion filled thy breast,
That brought thee from thy throne on high,
To woes that cannot be expressed,
To be despised, to groan and die!

3 Was it for man, rebellious man,
Sunk by his crimes below the grave,
Who, justly doomed to endless pain,
Found none to pity or to save?

4 For man didst thou forsake the sky,
To bleed upon the accursed tree?
And didst thou taste of death, to buy
Immortal life and bliss for me?

5 Had I a voice to praise thy name,
Loud as the trump that wakes the dead,
Had I the raptured seraph's flame,
My debt of love could ne'er be paid.

6 Yet, Lord, a sinner's heart receive,
This burdened contrite heart of mine;
Thou knowest I've nought beside to give;
And let it be for ever thine.

373 S. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will He call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

374 10s & 11s.

Praise to the Most High.

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, He rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh—his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumphs shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

375 8s & 7s.

Grateful Recollections.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—O! fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

376 C. M.

Praise for Mercies.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,

Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived,
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran;
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

6 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

7 Through all eternity to thee,
A joyful song I'll raise:
But O! eternity 's too short,
To utter all thy praise.

377 C. M.

Exhortation to praise Christ.

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright these glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless grace
In Him unite their rays:
Ye that have e'er beheld his face,
Can ye forbear his praise?

4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

6 O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

378 C. M.

Jesus, Lord of All.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

379 C. M.

Gratitude for Providential Care.

ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind Guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record,
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care;
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3 Around my path what dangers rose!
What snares spread all my road!
No power could guard me from my foes,
But my preserver, God.

4 How many blessings round me shone,
Where'er I turned mine eye!
How many passed almost unknown,
Or unregarded, by!

5 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But ah! in vain my labouring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

6 While sweet reflection, through my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of thy grace.

7 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,
For favours more divine;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

8 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

380 C. M.

Gratitude for Redeeming Grace.

AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis He adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor, polluted worm,
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heavenly robe excels
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed,
By the great sacred Three;
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

381 L. M.

Praise for Loving Kindness.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee;
His loving-kindness, O! how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O! how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O! how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O! how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O! may my last expiring breath,
His loving-kindness sing in death.

7 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

382 C. M.

Praise for the Love of Christ.

COME, let our hearts and voices join,
To praise the Saviour's name;

Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love 's a constant flame.

2 When most we need his gracious hand,
This Friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.

3 His love no end nor measure knows,
No change can turn its course;
Immutably the same it flows,
From one eternal source.

4 When frowns appear to veil his face,
And clouds surround his throne;
He hides the purpose of his grace,
To make it better known.

5 And when our dearest comforts fall,
Before his sovereign will,
He never takes away our all;
Himself He gives us still.

383 C. M.

Perpetual Praise.

YES, I will bless thee, O my God
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights,
And sweeter raptures rise.

4 There shall my lips in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay;

The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

384 C. M.

Hosanna to Christ.

HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2 The root of David, here we find,
And offspring is the same;
Eternity and time are joined
In our Immanuel's name.

3 Blest He that comes to wretched men,
With peaceful news from heaven;
Hosannas of the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be given.

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
The hosanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise and break
Their silence into songs.

385 S. M.

Ingratitude deplored.

IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow!

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind;
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind.

3 On us He bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men;
But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone
And give us hearts of flesh.

6 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

386 C. M.

Triumph in Christ.

IN every trouble, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in Him,
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name:
In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

387 C. M.

Gratitude for returning Health.

OPPRESSED with fear, oppressed with grief,
To God I breathed my cry;
His mercy brought divine relief,
And wiped my tearful eye.

2 His mercy chased the shades of death,
And snatched me from the grave:
O! may his praise employ that breath
Which mercy deigns to save.

3 Come, O ye saints, your voices raise
To God in grateful songs;
And let the memory of his grace
Inspire your hearts and tongues.

4 Its deepest gloom when sorrow spreads,
And light and hope depart;
His smile celestial morning sheds,
And joy revives the heart.

5 Then let my utmost glory be,
To raise thy honours high;
Nor let my gratitude to thee,
In guilty silence die.

6 To thee, my gracious God, I raise
My thankful heart and tongue;
O! be thy goodness and thy praise
My everlasting song.

388 C. M.

Praise for Salvation.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound;
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

VICISSITUDES AND CONFLICTS.

389 L. M.

Christian Warfare.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain 's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite;
Eternal chains confine him down,
To fiery deeps and endless night.

4 What though thy inward lusts rebel;
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life:
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.

5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

390 C. M.

The Christian Soldier.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,

And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this dark world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine,
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

391 L. M.

Struggling against Doubts and Fears.

WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

3 O! let me then at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn,

That God is love and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat;
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine:
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

392 C. M.

Prayer for the Return of the Spirit.

O! FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed;
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,

Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

393 L. M.

Strength equal to the Day.

AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

3 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name:
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

4 When called by Him to bear the cross,
Reproach, affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, and poverty;
Still "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

5 When death at length appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue:
He comes to set thy spirit free;
And "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

394 C. M.

Fears dismissed.

YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one perpetual stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell;
God will those powers restrain;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good;
For his He will provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4 Fear not that He will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He 's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

395 S. M.

The Mourner comforted.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the love divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then is the time to trust our God.
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside, at his control:
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

396 C. M.

The Power of Sin deplored.

AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand,
In all her winning forms?

2 Surprising grace!—and shall my heart
Unmoved and cold remain?
Has this hard rock no tender part?
Must mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barred?

4 'Tis sin, alas! with tyrant power,
The lodging has possessed;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
Against the heavenly guest.

5 Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart;
Dear Saviour, enter in,
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin.

397 C. M.

Backslider returning.

HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!

How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return:"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O! take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O! keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

398 C. M.

Looking to God in Trouble.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For every pain I feel.

3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;

And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer:
O! may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.

7 Thy mercy seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat:
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

399 C. M.

Inconstancy lamented.

ETERNAL Source of light and grace,
We hail thy sacred name;
Through every year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.

2 On us, all worthless as we are,
It wondrous mercy pours;
Sure as the heavens' established course,
And plenteous as the showers.

3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treacherous vows renew;
False as the morning's fleeting cloud,
And transient as the dew.

4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on,
In all thy righteous ways.

5 Armed with this energy divine,
Our souls shall steadfast move;
And with increasing transports press
On to thy courts above.

6 So by thy power the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way;
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

400 C. M.

Spiritual Declension lamented.

SWEET was the time, when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns:
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail,
O! make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

401 L. M.

Trials of the Christian.

THUS far my God has led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;

My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.

3 Temptations every where annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

4 My soul with various tempests tossed,
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects crossed,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in this wilderness below?

6 'Tis even so; thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be All in all.

402 L. M.

God our Reliance in Changes.

BENEATH a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

2 Parent and Husband, Guard and Guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our heavy cares,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

3 Our Father, God, to thee we look,
Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend;

And on thy covenant love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

403 S. M.

Warning against Self-confidence.

BEWARE of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say,
"I never will deny the Lord,"
But "grant I never may."

2 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

3 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.

4 In Jesus is our store;
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

404 C. M.

Light in Darkness.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of wo.

4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too:

5 O! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

6 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

405 8s & 7s.

The Pilgrim.

GENTLY, Lord, O! gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

406 C. M.

In Distress pleading with God.

O! THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!

I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell Him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

407 C. M.

Mourning under Desertion.

A PRESENT God is all our strength,
And all our joy and hope;
When He withdraws, our comforts die,
And every grace must droop.

2 But flattering trifles charm our hearts,
To court their false embrace,
Till justly this neglected Friend
Averts his angry face.

3 He leaves us, and we miss Him not,
But go presumptuous on;
Till baffled, wounded and enslaved,
We learn, that God is gone.

4 And what, my soul, can then remain
One ray of light to give?
Severed from Him, their better life,
How can his children live?

5 Hence, all ye painted forms of joy,
And leave my heart to mourn:
I would devote these eyes to tears,
Till cheered by his return.

408 8s.

Prayer in Despondency.

ENCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Disheartened with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold on thy promise to keep;
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep:
O'erwhelmed and cast out from thy sight,
The tempter suggests in that hour,
The Lord has forgotten me quite,
My God will be gracious no more.

3 Shine, Lord, and my terrors shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I.
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower:
O! gladden my desolate heart;
Let this be the day of thy power.

409 7s.

Vicissitudes.

ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed no more to move:
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love:
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins renew,
Now I feel the stormy hour:
Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has turned my day to night.

3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive,
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive:
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

410 8s & 7s.

Light shining in Darkness.

SAVIOUR, hast thou fled for ever,
From my tempest-riven breast?
Will thy gracious Spirit never
Come and cheer and make me blest?
Long, dear Lord, in silent sorrow,
I have sighed to taste thy love;
Hoping, on some sweet to-morrow,
Thou wouldst all my guilt remove.

2 Peace, my soul, the Saviour hears thee,
He will chase thy fears away;
'Tis his gracious presence cheers thee,
Turning darkness into day.

Precious Saviour, have I found thee?
Wilt thou then my portion be?
Spread thy sheltering arm around me,
Let me lean alone on thee.

3 Through this world, so dark and dreary,
Be my constant friend and guide;
Hungry, thirsty, faint and weary,
Keep me ever near thy side.
Blessed be his name for ever,
For his pardoning grace to me;
Sinners, doubt his promise never,
Jesus' love is full and free.

411 10s & 11s.

The Disconsolate comforted.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love:
Come to the feast prepared; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows, but heaven can remove.

412 C. M.

Mourning over spiritual Declension.

WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee—no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Trifles of nature or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.

6 Then I repent and vex my soul,
That I should leave thee so:
Where will those wild affections roll,
That let a Saviour go?

7 Sin's promised joys are turned to pain,
And I am drowned in grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief.

8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands;
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.

9 Wretch that I am, to wander thus
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fastened to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.

10 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.

413 C. M.

Slothfulness lamented.

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul;
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing 's half so dull.

2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labour and toil and strive;
Yet we who have a heaven to obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above:

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And laboured for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy Spirit, come and fill,
And wake, and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

414 L. M.

The Darkness of Providence.

LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of Providence;
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now thou arrayest thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile:
We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Through seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the briers, and the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

415 L. M.

Prayer in Affliction.

GOD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;
O! while the swelling floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse the humble plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer:
The promise of a faithful God,
Supports me under every load.

5 Fair is the lot that 's cast for me,
I have an Advocate with thee;
They whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast.

6 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
That man is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

416 C. M.

Temptation.

I HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flattering breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms,
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.

3 Now he persuades, how easy 'tis
To walk the road to heaven:
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
They cannot be forgiven.

4 He bids young sinners yet forbear
To think of God or death;
For prayer and devotion are
But melancholy breath.

5 He tells the aged, they must die,
And 'tis too late to pray;
In vain for mercy now they cry,
For they have lost their day.

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit,
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

7 Almighty God, cut short his power,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

417 C. M.

The World's three chief Temptations.

WHEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too!

2 Honour 's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.

3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food,
To indulge a sordid lust.

4 The pleasures that allure our sense,
Are dangerous snares to souls;
There 's but a drop of flattering sweet,
And dashed with bitter bowls.

5 God is my all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In Him my vast desires are filled,
And all my powers rejoice.

6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you.

SUBMISSION UNDER TRIALS.

418 7s.

Welcome to the Cross.

'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain and toil;
These spring up, and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way;
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-away?
Aliens may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God,
Must not, would not, if he might.

419 C. M.

Resignation to the Will of God.

IT is the Lord—enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine;
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
Or contradict his will,
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still?

3 It is the Lord—who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part He please.

4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whom assistance I obtain,
To tread the thorny road.

5 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
Thrice blessed be his name;
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.

6 His covenant will my soul defend,
Should nature's self expire,
And the great Judge of all descend
In awful flames of fire.

7 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be sullen, or repine?
No, gracious God, take what thou please,
I'll cheerfully resign.

420 C. M.

Submission under various Ills of Life.

THROUGH all the downward tracts of time,
God's watchful eye surveys;
O! who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways?

2 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,
Unmeasurably kind;

To his unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

3 Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less, when He denies;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

421 C. M.

Submission under dark Dispensations.

PEACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand,
That blasts our joys in death;
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back our breath.

2 'Tis He, the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

3 'Tis He, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice,
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

4 Our covenant God and Father, He,
In Christ, our bleeding Lord;
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart,
With one reviving word.

5 Silent we own Jehovah's name,
We kiss his scourging hand;
And yield our comforts, and our life,
To his supreme command.

422 C. M.

Trusting in God in Affliction.

NOT from the dust affliction grows
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes,
A sad inheritance.

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promised grace;
He rules me by his well known laws
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore,
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more,
Than what my Father please.

423 C. M.

Submission and Hope of Heaven.

SOVEREIGN of life, I own thy hand,
In every chastening stroke;
And while I smart beneath thy rod,
Thy presence I invoke.

2 To thee in my distress I cried,
And thou hast bowed thine ear;
Thy powerful word my life prolonged,
And brought salvation near.

3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
That, with the pious throng,
I may record my solemn vows,
And tune my grateful song.

4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand
Renews our labouring breath;

Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
Triumphant e'en in death.

5 My God, in thine appointed hour,
Those heavenly gates display,
Where pain and sin, and fear and death,
For ever flee away.

6 There, while the nations of the blest,
With raptures bow around,
My anthems to delivering grace,
In sweeter strains shall sound.

424 L. M.

Submission under dark Dispensations.

WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will,
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
And though his footsteps are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven and earth, in air and seas,
He executes his wise decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

4 Then, O my soul, submissive wait,
With reverence bow before his seat;
And midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

425 C. M.

Christian Submission.

O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near,
A fountain which shall ever run,
With waters sweet and clear?

4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee:
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

5 O! that I had a stronger faith
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.

6 He who has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

7 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be,
To love and praise thee more.

426 C. M.

Submission under Affliction.

MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
All my enjoyments come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 O Lord, shouldst thou withhold them all,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were by me possessed,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
If all the world were gone,
But seek substantial happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

427 L. M.

Christian Submission.

SAINTS, at your heavenly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2 So Abraham, with obedient hand,
Led forth his son at God's command;
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.

3 "Abraham, forbear," the angel cried,
"Thy faith is known, thy love is tried:
Thy son shall live, and in thy Seed
Shall the whole earth be blessed indeed."

4 Just in the last distressing hour,
The Lord displays delivering power:
The mount of danger is the place,
Where we shall see surprising grace.

428 C. M.

Submission.

SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign,
And bow before thy chastening rod;
I mourn, but not repine.

2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above?

3 How short are all my sufferings here,
How needful every cross!

Away, my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain, my loss.

4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name;
My Jesus, yesterday, to-day,
For ever is the same!

429 L. M.

Casting our Care on the Lord.

WHEN struggling on the bed of pain,
And earth and all its joys are vain,
How sweet, my God, to know thy power
Sustains me in this trying hour!

2 How rich and precious sounds that love,
That tells of rest and joys above,
And lulls my troubled heart to rest
Upon my blessed Saviour's breast.

3 There, still, while life's warm currents rush,
My soul would all her sorrows hush,
Nor ever yield to dark despair,
For light, and life, and peace are there.

4 Helper and Hope thou ever art,
To heal the wounded, broken heart;
O! let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And bid my broken bones rejoice.

5 Then shall my cheerful, grateful tongue
In rapturous strains thy praise prolong;
My ransomed soul adore thy grace,
And swifter run the heavenly race.

430 C. M.

Prayer for Submission..

O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!

5 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

431 C. M.

Consolations in Sickness.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.

5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.

6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace,
For all things to depend.

7 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

8 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be;
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

432 C. M.

It is well.

IT shall be well, let sinners know,
With those who love the Lord;
His saints have always found it so,
When resting on his word.

2 Peace, then, ye chastened sons of God,
Why let your sorrows swell?
Wisdom directs your Father's rod,
His word says, It is well.

3 Though you may trials sharp endure,
From sin or death or hell;
Your heavenly Father's love is sure,
And therefore, it is well.

4 Soon will your sorrows all be o'er,
And you shall sweetly tell,
On Canaan's calm and pleasant shore,
That all at last is well.

WORSHIP.

PRIVATE AND FAMILY WORSHIP

433 C. M.

Sincerity in Worship.

GOD is a Spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

434 L. M.

Morning Hymn.

GOD of the morning, at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins;
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 O! like the sun, may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day,

With ready mind and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

4 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze,
To follow every wandering star.

5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside,
Are faint and cold compared with this.

435 L. M.

Evening Hymn.

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse the tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

436 C. M.

Morning Hymn.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which He sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis He supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crushed me dead,
But mercy held thy hand.

5 How many wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun!
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

6 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

437 C. M.

Evening Hymn.

DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;

Assist the offerings of my tongue,
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above,
Encompassed me around;
But O! how few returns of love
Has my Creator found!

4 What have I done for Him who died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I'll lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

438 L. M.

Morning Hymn.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy misspent time that 's past;
Live this day as if 'twere thy last;
To improve thy talents take due care,
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing
Glory to the eternal King.

5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotions me inspire;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

6 May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform like you my Maker's will:
O! may I never more do ill.

7 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew:
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

8 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design or do or say;
That all my powers with all my might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

9 All praise to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

439 C. M.

An Evening Song.

NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;

Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

3 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

4 Lord of our days whose hand hath set
New time upon our score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

440 C. M.

Morning Hymn.

GOD of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise;
Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.

3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes;
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And rose from sweet repose.

4 When sleep, death's image, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

5 O! let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend:
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

441 C. M.

Evening Worship.

O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a little band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear,
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt, for thou dost deign to hear
The song that meekness pours.

3 And Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

4 O! let thy grace perform its part;
Let sin's dominion cease;
And shed abroad in every heart,
Thine everlasting peace.

442 S. M.

On going to Rest.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O! may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us, while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O! may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

443 S. M.

A Morning Hymn.

SEE how the rising sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing:
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke and found
My kind Preserver near.

4 Thus does thine arm support
This weak defenceless frame;
But whence these favours, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am?

5 O! how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.

6 Dear Saviour, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
Tinged with thy blood, it shall ascend,
With fragrance to the skies.

7 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

444 8s & 7s.

Evening Song.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal:
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us,
We are safe if thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb;
May the morn, in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

445 C. M.

Morning or Evening Hymn.

HOSANNA with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;

Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing Power,
That raised us with a word;
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed,
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door,
To take our lives away.

5 Our lives are forfeited by sin,
To God's avenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every breath we draw.

6 God is our Sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night,
Beneath his spreading wings.

446 L. M.

Morning or Evening Hymn.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spreadest the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light;
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;

Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

447 L. M.

Retirement and Meditation.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

448 L. M.

Longing for God in Retirement.

RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

4 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
'Till every grace shall join to prove,
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

449 C. M.

Twilight Meditation.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care;
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect does my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

450 L. M.

An Evening Hymn.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O! keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;

That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise, glorious, at the awful day.

4 O! let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close:
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 O! when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away;
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King?

7 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

451 L. M.

Parting.

COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart:
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more;
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

SOCIAL AND PUBLIC WORSHIP.

452 7s.

Sabbath Worship.

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we're come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Such let all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

453 L. M.

Delight in Ordinances.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare,
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

454 L. M.

Prayer for the Divine Presence.

COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine immeasurable grace.

3 Now, to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

455 C. M.

Invitation to Sion.

INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Sion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determined will.

2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel,
Of faith and love divine.

3 O! come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there;

Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer.

4 O! come, and join your souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings He bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

456 7s.

Delights of public Worship.

LORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth thy temples are;
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou makest thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love and sing thy praise.

4 Thus with sacred songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more.
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

457 S. M.

Joy in public Worship.

HOW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,

Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To Him their prayers and cries
All humbled souls present:
He listens to the broken sighs,
And grants them all they want.

5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts;
And in return accepts with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

458 L. M.

Prayer for Divine Instruction.

COME, Jesus, heavenly Teacher, come,
Convey thine own instructions home;
While men thy sacred truth impart,
'Tis thine alone to reach the heart.

2 Whene'er I read or hear thy word,
Thine inward teachings, Lord, afford:
To me thy holy will reveal,
Unfold the book, and loose the seal.

3 Call me, O! call me to thy feet,
And there transported may I sit;
With joy thy heavenly features trace,
And feast upon thy richest grace.

459 C. M.

Divine Presence in Worship.

NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and shame.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more;
That sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

4 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

460 C. M.

Prayer for Sincerity in Worship.

LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O! may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart:
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to thee in praise.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O! let our wills resign;

And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts, 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

461 C. M.

Christ's Presence invoked.

COME, thou Desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend;
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 When we thy wondrous glories hear,
And all thy sufferings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear,
What rich unbounded grace!

3 How should our songs like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

4 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love and joy divine,
And heaven on earth appear.

462 L. M.

Joys of Worship.

JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;

Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the dear hour, when from above,
We first received thy pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay:
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comforts sink, nor love grow cold.

4 Each following minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys;
Till we are raised to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

5 O! that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation day!
The King of grace shall fill the throne,
With all his Father's glories on.

463 C. M.

Unfruitfulness lamented.

LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain:
How small a portion of thy grace
Can my false heart retain!

3 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 Great God, thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

5 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

464 S. M.

Reasons for Praise.

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when He please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas:

3 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

4 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

5 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

6 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

7 Then let our songs abound
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

465 C. M.

Exhortation to Praise.

COME, happy souls, approach your God,
With new melodious songs,
Come, render to almighty grace,
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform,
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

466 C. M.

Prayer for Protection.

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed:
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace:

God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O! spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

467 6s & 4s.

A Hymn to Christ.

GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply,
Praise ye his name;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore:
Sing loud for evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

2 Jesus our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load,
Praise ye his name;
Tell what his arm has done,
What spoils from death He won:
Sing his great name alone,
Worthy the Lamb.

3 While they around the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;

Those who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

4 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our holy Lord to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

468 L. P. M.

A Song of Praise.

INFINITE God, to thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise,
By all thy works on earth adored,
We worship thee, the common Lord,
The everlasting Father own,
And bow our souls before thy throne.

2 Thee all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
And seraphs shout the Triune God,
And holy, holy, holy, cry;
Thy glory fills both earth and sky.

3 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love they render thee;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power,
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' eternal Comforter.

4 Messiah, joy of every heart,
Thou, thou, the King of glory art;

With daily triumph we proclaim,
And bless and magnify thy name,
And wait thy greatness to adore,
When time and death shall be no more.

469 C. M.

Blessing on public Worship.

O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here, we trust, thou art:
Kindle a flame of heavenly fire,
In every waiting heart.

2 Dear Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

3 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

4 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

5 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

6 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

7 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

470 L. M.

The Mercy Seat.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat?

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat.

6 O! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget thy mercy seat.

471 L. M.

The benefit of public Ordinances.

AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We see thy feet, and we adore;

We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high;
And prayer brings down a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

4 If Satan rage and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word;
We gird the gospel armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,
Our conscience galled with inward stings,
Here doth the righteous Sun arise,
With healing beams beneath his wings.

6 Father, my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

HYMNS BEFORE AND AFTER SERMON.

472 L. M.

Before Sermon.

WITHIN thy house, O Lord, our God,
In glorious majesty appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy choicest blessings here.

2 When we thy mercy seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, to us impart:
And let thy gospel's joyful sound,
With power divine reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain,
Here give the broken spirit rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every yielding breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble supplication rise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In realms of bliss beyond the skies.

473 L. M.

Before Sermon.

THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we in true faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

474 7s.

Before Sermon.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion, now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart,
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down, lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

475 C. M.

A Hymn before Sermon.

IN thy great name, O Lord, we come
To worship at thy feet;
O! pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice;
Thy face and favour, Lord, we seek,
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise—to hear
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Let sinners now thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

476 C. M.

Before Sermon.

ALMIGHTY God, eternal Lord,
Thy gracious power make known;

Touch, by the virtue of thy word,
And melt the heart of stone.

2 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
And let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

3 Let us receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Lay up the precious treasures there,
And never with it part.

4 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Thy Spirit, Lord, in mercy send,
And give us ears to hear.

477 8s, 7s & 4s.

Before or after Sermon.

COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed:
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed:
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O! may all enjoy the blessing,
Which thy word 's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live.

478 C. M.

Before or after Sermon.

ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast,
Like seed into the ground;

Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield, a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

479 8s, 7s & 4s.

Close of Worship.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O! refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal 's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

480 L. M.

Close of Worship.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood:
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

THE LORD'S DAY.

481 L. M.

Sabbath Morning.

COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away;
Now, let our noblest passions rise,
With ardour to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blessed,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

482 7s & 6s.

A bright Sabbath Morning.

THE rosy light is dawning
Upon the mountain's brow:
It is the Sabbath morning,
Arise and pay thy vow.

Lift up thy voice to heaven
In sacred praise and prayer,
While unto thee is given
The light of life to share.

2 The landscape, lately shrouded,
By evening's paler ray,
Smiles beauteous and unclouded,
Before the eye of day:
So let our souls, benighted
Too long in folly's shade,
By thy kind smiles be lighted
To joys that never fade.

3 O! see those waters streaming
In crystal purity;
While earth with verdure teeming,
Gives rapture to the eye.
Let rivers of salvation,
In larger currents flow,
Till every tribe and nation
Their healing virtues know.

483 C. M.

Christ rising on the Sabbath.

BLEST morning! whose first dawning light
Beheld our rising God;
That saw Him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his last abode.

2 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

3 In the cold prison of the tomb,
The dear Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.

4 Hell and the grave unite their force,
To hold our God, in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

484 C. M.

Lord's Day Morning.

THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead;
Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
And waste my hours in bed?

2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?

3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet
To pray, and read thy word;
And I would go, with cheerful feet,
To learn thy will, O Lord.

4 I'll leave the world, to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven;
O! may I love this blessed day,
The best of all the seven.

485 S. M.

The Sabbath a Delight.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;

Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

486 L. M.

Enjoyment of the Sabbath.

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.

2 O! that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

487 L. M.

The Eternal Sabbath.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire
With ardent love and strong desire.

2 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O! long expected day begin;
Dawn on this world of wo and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, and rest in God.

488 S. M.

Resurrection of Christ on the Sabbath.

TO-DAY the Saviour rose,
Our Jesus left the dead;
He conquered our malignant foes,
And Satan captive led.

2 He left his glorious throne,
To make our peace with God;
Blessings for ever on his name,
He bought us with his blood.

3 For us, his life He paid,
For us the law fulfilled;
On Him our load of guilt was laid;
We by his stripes are healed.

4 Ye saints adore his name,
Who hath such mercy shown;
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,
And make his praises known.

489 C. M.

Lord's Day Evening.

FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams;

And yet how slow devotion burns;
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love;
Our frailties, Lord, forgive:
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end.

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

THE CHURCH.

GLORY AND SAFETY.

490 C. M.

Glory and Safety of the Church.

HOW glorious is the sacred place,
Where we adoring stand;
Sion, the joy of all the earth,
The beauty of the land.

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy the assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;

You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

491 C. M.

Glory of Christ's Kingdom.

LO! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing;
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blessed abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And He the loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O! how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

492 C. M.

Glory and Safety of the Church.

DAUGHTER of Sion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 They come, they come:—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

4 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

493 L. M.

God the Defence of the Church.

HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against his throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in Sion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us He sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

494 8s & 7s.

Sion's Security.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Sion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint, while such a river,
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which He gives them, when they pray.

495 L. M.

Christ bearing the Keys.

WITH what delight I raise my eyes,
And view the courts where Jesus dwells!
Jesus, who reigns above the skies,
And here below his grace reveals.

2 Of God's own house the sacred key
Is borne by that majestic hand;
Mansions and treasures there I see,
Subjected all to his command.

3 He shuts, and worlds might strive in vain
The mighty obstacle to move;
He opens all their bars again,
And who shall shut the gates of love?

4 Fixed in omnipotence, He bears
The glories of his Father's name;
Sustains his people's weighty cares,
Through every changing age the same.

5 My little all I here suspend,
Where the whole weight of heaven is hung;
Secure I rest on such a Friend,
And into raptures wake my tongue.

496 C. M.

God's tender Care of his Church.

NOW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.

2 God on his thirsty Sion hill
Some mercy drops has thrown,

And solemn oaths have bound his love,
To shower salvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicions and complaints?
Is He a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no room?

5 "Yet," saith the Lord, "should nature change,
And mothers monsters prove,
Sion still dwells upon the heart
Of everlasting Love.

6 "Deep on the palms of both my hands,
I have engraved her name;
My hand shall raise her ruined walls,
And build her broken frame."

497 S. M

Believer's Safety in the Church.

O! CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blessed.

498 11s & 10s.

The Church victorious.

DAUGHTER of Sion, awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Sion, the Power that hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
The oppressor is vanquished, and Sion is free.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

499 L. M.

Church dedicated.

AND will the great, eternal God,
On earth establish his abode?
And will He, from his radiant throne,
Accept our temples for his own?

2 These walls we to thy honour raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born for glory here.

500 C. M.

On opening a new Place of Worship.

DEAR Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

501 H. M.

On opening a new Place of Worship.

IN sweet exalted strains
The King of glory praise;

O'er heaven and earth He reigns,
Through everlasting days;
He with a nod the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

2 To earth He bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine:
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine;
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blessed.

3 Then, King of glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, O! deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

4 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
All fragrant to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

5 Here may the attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above;
And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

6 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polished stones,
Through long succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand and men adore.

502 C. M.

Dedication of a Church.

ETERNAL source of every good,
Before thy throne we bow,
And bless thee for thy gifts bestowed
On pilgrims here below.

2 Our hearts and hands hast thou inclined
To raise this house of prayer,
O! may we seek and ever find
Thy gracious presence here.

3 Lord, may thy heralds long proclaim
The wonders of thy grace,
And sinners taught to fear thy name,
Abundantly increase.

4 Here may thy children sweetly feed
On manna sent from heaven,
Drink freely at the fountain-head,
Whence living streams are given.

5 Here let our offspring and their sons
Be of the Saviour blessed;
And thus while time its circuit runs,
Find here a settled rest.

6 To the eternal, sacred Three,
The great mysterious One,
Now may this house devoted be,
To thee, and thee alone.

503 L. M.

On Opening a House of Worship.

HERE, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee·
O! make it now thy fixed abode,
And guard it long from error free.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live;
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son;
Still by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna to their heavenly King;
Let heaven, with earth, the strain prolong,
Hosanna let the angels sing.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 Thy glory never hence depart:
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come in every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

504 L. M.

On Opening a Place of Worship.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee, where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;

Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Behold at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O! rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

ORDINATIONS AND INSTALLATIONS.

505 L. M.

The great Commission.

"GO, preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive,
He shall be saved who trusts my word;
He shall be damned that wont believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Go, heal the sick, go, raise the dead,
Go, cast out devils in my name:
Nor let my prophets be afraid,
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.

4 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end:

All power is trusted to my hands,
I can destroy, and can defend."

5 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven He rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

506 L. M.

At the Settlement of a Minister.

SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep,
With constant care, thy humble sheep;
By thee inferior pastors rise,
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.

2 To all thy churches such impart,
Resembling thy own gracious heart;
Whose courage, watchfulness and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active, tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear;
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Sion's pasture tread.

4 Here hast thou listened to our vows,
And scattered blessings on thy house:
Thy saints are succoured, and no more
As sheep without a guide, deplore.

5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

507 L. M.

The People's Prayer for their Pastor.

WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all sufficient grace,
Direct his feet in paths of peace:
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.

3 Before him thy protection send,
O! love him, save him to the end:
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim rove,
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty power exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

PASTORS.

508 C. M.

The Pastoral Office.

LET Sion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must for ever live
In raptures, or in wo.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear?

5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;

And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

509 S. M.

Blessedness of the Gospel Ministry.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Sion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Sion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour, and their God.

510 L. M.

Prayer for a sick Pastor.

O THOU, before whose gracious throne,
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
View the sad breast, the streaming eye,
And let our sorrows pierce the sky.

2 Thou knowest the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell;
Thou only canst assuage our grief,
And give our aching hearts relief.

3 With power benign thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer;
Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

4 Restore him sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and pastor live.

5 Bound to our souls by tenderest ties,
In many breasts his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

6 Yet if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears can nought avail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

511 C. M.

On the Death of a Pastor.

NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What, though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
What, though the prophet and the priest,
Be numbered with the dead?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye, in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue;

4 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo, I am with you!" saith the Lord;
"My church shall safe abide:
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."

6 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

512 C. M.

On the Death of a Pastor.

ENWRAPT in thickest shades of night,
O Lord, thy ways appear;
But yet we own they all are right,
Though seemingly severe.

2 Now we lament our errors past,
With sighs, and groans and tears;
The numerous moments run to waste,
Amidst perplexing cares.

3 The labours of thy servant, Lord,
How oft we misimproved;
Too little have we read thy word,
Too much the world have loved.

4 Thy visitation now is come,
Our pastor is no more;
We meet within thy sacred dome,
And here our loss deplore.

5 Great God, while in our widowed state,
O! leave us not alone;
Help us to watch and pray and wait,
Till thou in love return.

6 Let not the candlestick remove
From this thine own abode;
But let our supplications prove
That we prevail with God.

7 O! send a messenger of peace,
A pastor of thy choice;
Bid all our sighs and sorrows cease,
And cause us to rejoice.

513 C. M.

On the Death of Ministers.

WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own;
And bids them leave a world of wo
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blessed;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 The flock must feel the shepherd's loss,
And miss his tender care;
But they who bear with joy the cross,
The crown shall soonest wear.

5 And is not He who called them home,
Still to his church most nigh;
To bid yet other labourers come,
And all her need supply?

6 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recalled his own:
But let our hearts, in every wo,
Still say, "Thy will be done!"

BAPTISM.

514 C. M.

The Sacraments.

MY Saviour God, my sovereign Prince
Reigns far above the skies;
But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.

2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name;
They read and hear his word:
My touch and taste shall do the same,
When they receive the Lord.

3 Baptismal water is designed
To seal his cleansing grace;
While at his feast of bread and wine,
He gives his saints a place.

4 But not the waters of a flood
Can make my flesh so clean,
As by his Spirit and his blood
He 'll wash my soul from sin.

5 Not choicest meats, nor noblest wines,
So much my heart refresh;
As when my faith goes through the signs,
And feeds upon his flesh.

6 I love the Lord, who stoops so low,
To give his word a seal:
But the rich grace his hands bestow,
Exceeds the figures still.

515 L. M.

Baptism instituted instead of Circumcision.

THUS did the sons of Abraham pass
Under the bloody seal of grace;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's covenant, and his love;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
Nor does forbid their infant race.

3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God;
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water poured upon the head.

4 Let every saint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice:
Young children, in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abraham praise.

516 L. M.

Baptism.

'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
"Go teach the nations, and baptize:'
The nations have received the word,
Since He ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon the eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his covenant with the seals,
To bless the distant Christian lands.

3 "Repent and be baptized," He saith,
"For the remission of your sins;"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what the gospel means.

4 Our souls He washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our covenant with the Lord;
O! may the great eternal Three
In heaven our solemn vows record.

517 C. M.

Children included in the Covenant of Grace.

HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abraham and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love,
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the covenant proves
And seals the blessings sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great father given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God! how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace,
Blots out the children's name.

518 C. M.

Children included in the Covenant of Grace.

GENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild-olive wood;
Grace takes us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.

2 With the same blessings grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew:
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

3 Now, let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.

4 Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come;
And numerous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

519 C. M

Children devoted to God.

THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee!
I'll bless thy numerous race, and they
Shall be a seed for me."

2 Abraham believed the promised grace,
And gave his son to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was sealed with blood

3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she received the word;
Thus the believing jailer gave
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thine ancient truths embrace:
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim thy grace.

520 L. P. M.

Prayer for Children in Baptism.

COME, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry;
The good desired and wanted most,
Out of thy richest grace supply.
The sacred discipline be given,
To train and bring them up for heaven.

2 Error and ignorance remove,
Their blindness both of heart and mind;

Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind;
In knowledge pure their minds renew,
And store with thoughts divinely true.

3 Father, accept them through thy Son,
And ever by thy Spirit guide;
Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,
Thy name confessed and glorified;
Thy power and love diffused abroad,
Till all the earth be filled with God.

521 S. M.

God's Blessing invoked on baptized Children.

GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2 O! what a pure delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite,
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

522 L. M.

Prayer for baptized Children.

GREAT Saviour, who didst condescend
Young children in thine arms to embrace,
Still prove thyself the infant's friend,
Baptize them with thy cleansing grace.

2 Whilst in the slippery paths of youth,
Be thou their Guardian and their Guide,
That they, directed by thy truth,
May never from thy precepts slide.

3 To love thy word their hearts incline,
To understand it, light impart;
O Saviour, consecrate them thine,
Take full possession of their heart.

523 C. M.

Christ's Love to Children.

BEHOLD, what matchless, tender love
Doth Christ to babes display;
He bids each parent bring them near,
Nor turns the least away.

2 See how He takes them in his arms,
With smiles upon his face;
And says his kingdom is of such,
By free and sovereign grace.

3 "Forbid them not," whom Jesus calls,
Nor dare the claim resist,
Since his own lips to us declare,
Heaven will of such consist.

4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts,
We give them up to thee;
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms,
Thine may they ever be.

524 C. M.

Jesus receiving little Children.

BEHOLD, what condescending love,
Jesus on earth displays;
To babes and sucklings He extends
The riches of his grace.

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Young children in his arms He takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 "Permit them to approach," He cries
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

4 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine, let our offspring be.

5 Kindly receive this tender branch,
And form his soul for God;
Baptize him with thy Spirit, Lord,
And wash him in thy blood.

6 Thus to the parents and their seed,
Let thy salvation come;
And numerous households meet at last,
In one eternal home.

525 C. M.

Infant Baptism.

THE Saviour, with inviting voice,
Says, "Let your children come;
For them there 's love within my breast,
And in my kingdom room."

2 Lord, at thy call we bring our babes,
And give them up to thee;
Let angels, and let men behold,
And all our witness be.

3 Now our dear offspring are baptized,
According to his word;
As Abraham his did circumcise,
Obedient to the Lord.

4 This water, sprinkled on the child,
Doth a rich emblem show,
Of pouring out the Spirit's grace,
To form the heart anew.

526 L. M.

Prayer for a Blessing on Baptism.

COME, Holy Ghost, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits, Thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

2 Exert thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood;
May Father, Son, and Spirit join
To seal this child, a child of God.

LORD'S SUPPER.

527 7s.

Come and Welcome.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravished ear!
Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 Soon the days of life shall end,
Lo! I come, your Saviour, Friend!

Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day:
Up to my eternal home,
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

528 L. M.

Christian Dedication.

HERE at thy cross, incarnate God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes;
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved, for that 's my last defence,
If I must perish, there to die.

4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

5 Yes, I 'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my Saviour God,
And my best honours to his name.

529 C. M.

Praise for redeeming Love.

JESUS, with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

2 Blest be the Lamb, my dearest Lord.
Who bought me with his blood,

And quenched his Father's flaming sword,
In his own vital flood.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never ceasing praise;
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints, to feel his grace.

530 L. M.

Lord's Supper instituted.

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace He spake!

3 "This is my body broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup and blessed the wine;
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

4 "Do this, (He cried,) 'till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
'Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

531 L. M.

Memorial of our absent Lord.

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach Him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his glorious face;
And to refresh our minds, He gave,
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 The Lord of life this table spread,
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
We taste the wine, and bless our God.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on Him.

5 While He is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place;
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face.

532 C. M.

Covenant sealed with Christ's Blood.

THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good:
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

2 To this dear covenant of thy word,
I set my worthless name;
I seal the engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 Thy light, and strength, and pardoning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchased with a dying groan
And ratified in death.

5 Sweet is the memory of his name,
Who blessed us in his will,
And to his testament of love,
Made his own blood the seal.

533 C. M.

The heavenly Feast.

HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts, in this our song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there 's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in:
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

534 L. M.

Not ashamed of Christ.

AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;

Thy love has spread the sacred board,
To feed the faith of every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And cast contempt upon thy cause;
We glory in our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till He come.

535 C. M.

Prayer at the Lord's Table.

TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord,
Thy blessed self impart;
And let thy holy flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2 Let us from all our sins be washed
In thy atoning blood;
And let thy Spirit be the seal
That we are born of God.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love,
Prepare us for this feast;
O! let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.

536 7s.

Sacramental Emblems.

BREAD of heaven, on thee I feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;

Ever may my soul be fed,
With the true and living Bread:
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him that died.

2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
'Tis thy wounds my healing give;
To thy cross I look and live:
Thou, my life, O! let me be
Rooted, grounded, built on thee.

537 C. M.

Remembering Christ.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget,
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee:

5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

538 7s.

Sacramental Meditations.

JESUS, Master, hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.

2 Feed me, Saviour, with this bread,
Broken in thy body's stead;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of thine.

3 And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding, there—for me.

539 L. M.

Sacramental Meditation.

HERE we have seen thy face, O Lord,
And viewed salvation with our eyes,
Tasted and felt the Living Word,
The Bread descending from the skies.

2 Thou hast prepared this dying Lamb,
Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy name,
And show the wonders of thy grace.

3 He is our Light; our Morning-star
Shall shine on nations yet unknown;
The glory of thine Israel here,
And joy of spirits near thy throne.

540 S. M.

Communion with Christ and with Saints.

JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food He gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favour, matchless grace
Of our descending God!

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

4 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And He the first-born Son.

5 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread:
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the Head.

6 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise:
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

541 L. M.

Seeking the Pastures of Christ.

THOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should thy bride appear like one,
That turns aside to paths unknown;
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

4 The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans and tears.

5 His dearest flesh He makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my Beloved leads me home.

MISSIONS.

542 8s, 7s & 4s.

Day-Spring.

CHRISTIAN, see the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky;
Lo! the expected day is dawning,
Glorious Day-Spring from on high:
Hallelujah!
Hail, the Day-Spring from on high.

2 Heathens at the sight are singing;
Morning wakes the tuneful lays;
Precious offerings they are bringing,
Earnest of more perfect praise.
Hallelujah!
Hail, the Day-Spring from on high.

3 Sion's Sun, salvation beaming,
Gilding now the radiant hills;
Rise and shine, till, brighter gleaming,
All the world thy glory fills:
Hallelujah!
Hail, the Day-Spring from on high.

4 Then, the valleys and the mountains,
Breaking forth in joy, shall sing;
Then the living, crystal fountains
From the thirsty ground shall spring:
Hallelujah!
Hail, the Day-Spring from on high.

5 While the wilderness rejoices,
Roses shall the desert cheer:
Then the dumb shall tune their voices,
Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear:
Hallelujah!
Hail, the Day-Spring from on high.

6 Lord of every tribe and nation,
Spread thy truth from pole to pole;
Spread the light of thy salvation,
Till it shine on every soul:
Hallelujah!
Hail, the Day-Spring from on high.

543 L. M.

Prayer for the Jews.

ARISE, great God, and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race;
Restore the long-lost, scattered band,
And call them to their native land.

2 Their misery let thy mercy heal,
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal;
O God of Israel, hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.

3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?
Say, shall thy wrath for ever burn?
And shall thy mercy ne'er return?

4 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart,
While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

544 L. M.

Prayer for the Jews.

FATHER of faithful Abraham, hear
Our earnest suit for Abraham's seed;
Justly they claim the tenderest prayer
From us, adopted in their stead:

2 Outcast from thee, and scattered wide
Through every nation under heaven,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsaved, unpitied, unforgiven.

3 But hast thou finally forsook,
For ever cast thine own away?
Wilt thou not bid the murderers look
On Him they pierced, and weep and pray?

4 Come then, thou great Deliverer, come;
The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
O! bring thine ancient people home,
And let them know thy dying love.

545 L. M.

Prayer for the Jews.

DISOWNED of heaven, by man oppressed,
Outcasts from Sion's hallowed ground,
O! why should Israel's sons, once blessed,
Still roam the scorning world around?

2 Lord, visit thy forsaken race,
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The severed olive branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.

4 Hail, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour;
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

546 C. M.

Departure of Missionaries.

GO, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye messengers of God;
Go, publish in Immanuel's name,
Salvation through his blood.

2 What though your arduous track may lie
Through regions dark as death?
What though, your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path?

3 Yet with determined courage, go,
And armed with power divine,
Your God will needful aid bestow,
And on your labours shine.

4 He who has called you to the war,
Will recompense your pains;
Before Messiah's conquering car
Mountains shall sink to plains.

5 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause;
Nor doubt that all your mighty foes
Shall bow before his cross.

547 C. M.

The Latter Day Glory.

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his courts we'll go."

3 The beams that shine on Sion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Sion's towers,
Shall all the world command.

4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To plough-shares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.

5 Come then—O! come from every land,
To worship at his shrine:
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

548 8s & 7s.

Triumph of the Church.

SION'S King shall reign victorious,
All the earth shall own his sway;
He will make his kingdom glorious,
He shall reign through endless day.

2 Nations, now from God estranged,
Then shall see a glorious light;
Night to day shall then be changed,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

3 See the ancient idols falling,
Worshipped once, but now abhorred;
Men on Sion's King are calling,
Sion's King by all adored.

4 Then shall Israel long dispersed,
Mourning seek their Lord and God,
Look on Him whom once they pierced,
Own and kiss the chastening rod.

5 Then shall Israel all be saved,
War and tumult then shall cease,
While the greater Son of David
Rules a conquered world in peace.

6 Mighty King, thine arm revealing,
Now thy glorious cause maintain;
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to thy reign.

7 Angels in their lofty station,
Praise thy name, thou only wise;
O! let earth, with emulation,
Join the triumph of the skies.

549 C. M.

Extension of the Gospel.

HAIL, mighty Jesus, how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign,
At thy commanding word.

2 Deep are the wounds thine arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.

3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

4 And when thy victories are complete,
And all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of mercy meet,
To sing thy conquering grace;

5 O! may my humble soul be found,
Among that favoured band;
And I, with them, thy praise will sound,
Throughout Immanuel's land.

550 C. M.

Spread of the Gospel.

SING to the Lord in joyful strains;
Let earth his praise resound;
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around.

2 O city of the Lord, begin
The universal song;
And let the scattered villages
The cheerful notes prolong.

3 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up its lonely voice,
And let the tenants of the rock,
With accents rude rejoice.

4 Till midst the streams of distant lands,
The islands sound his praise;
And all combined with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raise.

551 C. M.

Various Success of the Gospel.

CHRIST and his cross is all our theme:
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savour of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

552 H. M.

Effects of the Gospel.

MARK the soft falling snow,
And the descending rain:
To heaven from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth through every pore,
And calls forth all her secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine:
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

3 So, saith the God of grace,
My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend.
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.

553 L. M.

Prayer for Sion's Increase.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy, wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In every land, declare thy name,
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—LORD OF ALL.

554 C. M.

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.

GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each sincere attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne,
The temple of thy praise.

555 H. M.

The Gospel Jubilee.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow;
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Son of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
To all the world proclaim:
The year &c.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year &c.

4 The gospel trumpet sounds,
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remotest bounds
Before the throne appear:
The year &c.

556 8s, 7s & 4s.

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;

Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel;
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply and still increase!
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

557 L. M.

Prayer for the general Effusion of the Spirit.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Be darkness, at thy coming, light,
Confusion, order, in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

3 Baptize the nations; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

4 God from eternity hath willed,
All flesh shall his salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned through thee.

558 L. M.

Prayer for the universal Dominion of Christ.

BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys,
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his control:

2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come;
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall, at thy brightness, flee away,
The dawn of an eternal day.

3 Then shall the heathen, filled with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law,
And Antichrist on every shore,
Fall from his throne, to rise no more.

4 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet,
In pure devotion, at thy feet:
And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,
Her fulness, and her glory too.

5 O! that from Sion now might shine
This heavenly light, this truth divine;
Till the whole universe shall be
But one great temple, Lord, for thee.

559 L. M.

Prayer for the Triumphs of the Gospel.

THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death.
God will arise with light divine,
On Sion's holy towers shine.

2 That light shall glance on distant lands,
And heathen tribes, in joyful bands,
Come with exulting haste to prove
The power and greatness of his love.

3 Lord, may the triumphs of thy grace
Abound, while righteousness and peace,
In mild and lovely forms, display
The glories of the latter day.

560 L. M.

Spread of the Gospel.

ASCEND thy throne, almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad:
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 O! let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

561 L. M.

Approaching Millennium.

BEHOLD the expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear;
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

2 The untaught heathen waits to know,
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

3 Come, let us with a grateful heart,
In the blest labour share a part:
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring,
To aid the triumphs of our King.

4 Invite the world to come and prove
A Saviour's condescending love;
And humbly fall before his feet,
Assured they shall acceptance meet.

562 7s & 6s.

Missionary Hymn.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain

2 What, though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;

Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

563 L. M.

Prayer for the Success of Missions.

THY people, Lord, who trust thy word,
And wait the smilings of thy face,
Assemble round thy mercy seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.

2 We consecrate these hours to thee,
Thy sovereign mercy to intreat;
And feel some animating hope,
We shall divine acceptance meet.

3 Hast thou not sworn to give thy Son,
To be a light to gentile lands;
To open the benighted eye,
And loose the wretched prisoner's bands?

4 Hast thou not said, from sea to sea,
His vast dominion shall extend;
That every tongue shall call Him Lord,
And every knee before Him bend?

5 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favour Sion come;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banished children home.

564 L. M.

Prayer for the Triumph of the Gospel.

SOVEREIGN of worlds, display thy power,
Be this thy Sion's favoured hour;
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On western wilds, and heathen plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known,
And be the universe thine own.

3 Speak—and the world shall hear thy voice,
Speak—and the nations shall rejoice;
Scatter the shades of moral night,
With the blest beams of heavenly light.

565 L. M.

Departure of Missionaries.

TRUSTING in Christ, go, heralds, rear
The gospel standard, void of fear;
Go seek with joy your destined home,
And preach a Saviour, there unknown.

2 Yes, Christian heralds, go proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

3 He 'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your hearts inspire;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

4 And when our labours all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus, Lord of all.

566 L. M.

Spread of the Gospel.

ETERNAL God, Almighty cause
Of earth and seas, and worlds unknown;
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Spread thy great name through heathen lands;
Their idol deities dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

567 8s & 7s.

The Gospel Jubilee.

HARK, the solemn trumpet sounding
Loud proclaims the jubilee:
'Tis the voice of grace abounding,
Grace to sinners rich and free;
Ye who know the joyful sound,
Publish it to all around.

2 Is the name of Jesus precious?
Does his love your spirits cheer?
Do you find Him kind and gracious,
Still removing doubt and fear?
Think that what He is to you,
Such He 'll be to others too.

3 Were you once at awful distance,
Wandering from the fold of God?
Could no arm afford assistance,
Nothing save but Jesus' blood?
Think how many still are found
Strangers to the joyful sound.

4 Brethren, join in supplication,
Join to plead before the Lord:
'Tis his arm that brings salvation,
He alone can give the word:
Father, let thy kingdom come,
Bring thy wandering outcasts home.

568 L. M.

Millennium.

WHEN Jesus shall descend the skies,
And form a bright, a dazzling day;

The saints shall view with sweet surprise,
His grand, his universal sway.

2 The lion and the lamb shall feed
Together in his peaceful reign;
And Sion, blest with heavenly bread,
Shall never more of wants complain.

3 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, and free,
Shall boast their several rites no more;
But join in sweetest harmony,
Their Lord, their Sovereign to adore.

4 O happy day! when all the elect,
Complete in number shall be found;
And like their great, their mystic Head,
Be with eternal honours crowned.

569 P. M.

The Voice of free Grace.

THE voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain:
For sin and transgression and every pollution,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon:
We will praise Him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Now glory to God in the highest is given,
Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven:
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 O Jesus, ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,
O'er sin, death and hell, thou wilt make us victorious:
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 When on Sion we stand, having gained the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore;
We 'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
And sing Hallelujah for ever and ever.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

570 7s.

Watchman, tell us of the Night.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own,
See it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

571 7s & 6s.

The Gospel Banner.

NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, hosanna!
Re-echoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord, victorious;
Immanuel, Prince of peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious;
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings;
Thy light, thy love, thy favour,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

572 8s, 7s & 4s.

Departure of Missionaries.

MEN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns o'er all the earth;
Loud proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth:
Bear the tidings,
Tidings of the Saviour's worth.

2 Go to men in darkness sleeping;
Tell that Christ is strong to save;
Go to men in bondage weeping:
Publish freedom to the slave:
Tell the dying,
Christ has triumphed o'er the grave.

3 What though earth, by hell excited,
Should oppose the Saviour's reign?
Plead his cause to souls benighted;
Fear ye not the face of men;
Vain the tumult,
Earth and hell will rage in vain.

4 Though exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar mid foes and strangers,
Jesus is your heavenly friend;
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

573 8s, 7s & 4s.

Prayer for the Heathen.

O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people,
Lost in sin's bewildering maze:
Darkness brooding,
On the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them who sit in error,
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring;
Light, to lighten all the gentiles,
Rise with healing in thy wing.
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

3 Let the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshipping before Him,
Serve the living God alone.
Let thy glory
Fill the earth, as floods the sea.

4 Thou, to whom all power is given,
Speak the word; at thy command,
Let the company of heralds
Spread thy name from land to land:
Lord, be with them,
Always, till time's latest end.

REVIVAL.

574 L. M.

Wrestling for a gracious Visitation.

WHILE filled with sadness and dismay,
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say,
"Dismiss thy fear, the ark is mine.

2 "Though for a time I hid my face,
Rely upon my love and power;
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour

3 "Take down thy long neglected harp,
I 've seen thy tears, and heard thy prayer;
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."

4 Lord, I obey, my hopes revive:
Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing;
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

575 8s, 7s & 4s.

Prayer for a Revival.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

576 L. M.

Prayer for the reviving Influences of the Spirit.

COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;

Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy Godlike power be known.

2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes,
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne,
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

3 O! let a holy flock await,
Numerous around thy temple gate;
Each pressing on, with zeal, to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

4 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see thy church arise;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

577 L. M.

Prayer for Revival.

O SUN of righteousness, arise,
With gentle beams on Sion shine;
Dispel the darkness from our eyes,
And souls awake to life divine.

2 On all around, let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, or copious showers;
That we may call our God our friend;
That we may hail salvation ours.

578 C. M.

Prayer for Reviving.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

3 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here.
Till life, and love and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

579 C. M.

Revival prayed for.

RETIRE, vain world, awhile retire,
And leave us with the Lord;
Thy gifts ne'er fill one just desire,
Nor lasting bliss afford.

2 Blest Jesus, come thou gently down,
And fill this hallowed place;
O! make thy glorious goings known,
Diffuse around thy grace.

3 Shine, dearest Lord, from realms of day,
Disperse the gloom of night;
Chase all our clouds and doubts away,
And turn the shades to light,

4 Behold, and pity from above,
Our cold and languid frame;
O! shed abroad thy quickening love,
And we 'll adore thy name.

5 All glorious Saviour, Source of grace,
To thee we raise our cry;
Unveil the beauties of thy face,
To every waiting eye.

6 Revive, O God, desponding saints,
Who languish, droop and sigh;
Refresh the soul that tires and faints,
Fill mourning hearts with joy.

7 Make known thy power, victorious King,
Subdue each stubborn will;
Then sovereign grace we 'll join to sing,
On Sion's sacred hill.

580 L. M.

Prayer for Revival.

GREAT Lord of all thy churches, hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer,
Perfumed by thee, O! may it rise,
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

2 May every pastor, from above
Be new inspired with zeal and love,
To watch thy flock, thy flock to feed,
And sow with care the precious seed.

3 Revive the churches with thy grace,
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

4 May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live,
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

5 May aged saints matured with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.

6 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And weeping sow the seed of praise,
In humble hope that thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

581 H. M.

Rejoicing in a general Revival.

O SION, tune thy voice,
And lift thy hands on high;
Tell all the world thy joys,
And shout salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God,
Arise and shine;

While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds the mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round
Thy form shall view,
With lustre new
Divinely crowned.

3 In honour to his name
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise,
Till sovereign love
In worlds above
Thy glory raise.

4 There on his holy hill,
A brighter Sun shall rise.
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies:
While round his throne,
Ten thousand stars,
In nobler spheres,
His influence own.

PARTICULAR SEASONS.

YOUTH.

582 L. M.

Importance of early Religion.

NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God:

Behold, the months come hastening on,
When you shall say, "My joys are gone."

2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King, I fear thy name;
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

583 C. M.

Prayer for Youth.

BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root:
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Ye careless ones, O! hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love;
Your youth is stained with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

4 True, you are young, but there 's a stone
Within the youngest breast;
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your rest.

5 For you the public prayer is made,
O! join the public prayer;
For you the secret tear is shed,
O! shed yourselves a tear.

6 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

584 C. M.

Youth admonished.

YE hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul, that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind;
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

585 C. M.

Youth the best Time to serve the Lord.

AMIDST the cheerful bloom of youth,
With ardent zeal pursue

The ways of piety and truth,
With death and heaven in view.

2 Fair wisdom's paths with sweets are strewed,
And pleasures all refined;
There joys divine are shed abroad,
That suit the immortal mind.

3 Youth is the most accepted time,
To love and serve the Lord;
A flower presented in its prime,
Will much delight afford.

4 He 'll crown with peace your rising years,
And make your fruit increase;
Will guide you through this vale of tears,
And bid your sorrows cease.

5 Give Him the morning of your days,
And be for ever blest;
'Tis none but those in wisdom's ways
Enjoy substantial rest.

586 S. M.

Prayer of Youth.

WITH humble heart and tongue,
Our God, to thee we pray;
O! make us learn while we are young,
How we may cleanse our way.

2 Make us, unguarded youth,
The objects of thy care;
Help us to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

3 Our hearts to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite them to thyself alone,
And make us wholly thine.

4 O! let thy word of grace
Our warmest thoughts employ;

Be this through all our following days,
Our treasure and our joy.

5 To what thy laws impart,
Be our whole soul inclined;
O! let them dwell within our heart,
And sanctify our mind.

6 May thy young servants learn,
By these to cleanse their way;
And may we here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

587 L. M.

Prayer for the Children of the Church.

DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure inclosure's bound,
And lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;

2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
O! let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears,
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

588 C. M.

Death of a Youth.

WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,

Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O! may this truth, imprest
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world delude no more,
Behold the gaping tomb;
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene,
Let every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

NEW YEAR.

589 7s.

The New Year.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in their eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind:
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

590 C. M.

The New Year.

GOD of our life, thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound;
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

2 To thee, shall annual incense rise,
Our Father and our Friend;
While annual mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.

3 In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see;
And constant as thy favours are,
So let our praises be.

4 Still may thy love, in every scene,
To every age appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

5 O! keep this foolish heart of mine
From anxious passions free,
Teach me each comfort to resign,
And trust my all to thee.

6 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
My wandering soul to God;
And in affliction I shall sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

591 L. M.

The New Year.

GREAT God, we sing thy mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsels led.

3 With grateful hearts, the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

592 H. M.

Barren Fig-Tree—or another Year.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and withered trees,
We cumbered long the ground;

No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found.
Yet doth He us in mercy spare,
Another, and another year.

3 When justice gave the word,
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cried, "Let it still alone:"
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

HARVEST.

593 L. M.

The Seasons.

ETERNAL source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee, Sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring at thy command,
Perfumes the air, adorns the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redūndant stores:
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

594 H. M.

Harvest Hymn.

LET all the people join,
To swell the solemn chord;
Your grateful notes combine
To magnify the Lord.
In lofty songs your voices raise,
The God of harvest claims your praise.

2 In rich luxuriance dressed,
Behold the spacious plain;
Its bounty stands confessed
In fields of yellow grain.
In lofty songs your voices raise,
The God of harvest claims your praise.

3 Fair plenty fills the land,
His mercies never cease:
The husbandman doth smile,
To see the large increase.
In lofty songs your voices raise,
The God of harvest claims your praise.

4 The precious fruits He gives,
O! may we ne'er abuse;
But through our future lives,
To his own glory use.
Then rise to heaven and sing his praise,
In sweeter strains and nobler lays.

595 L. M.

The Failure of Harvest.

GREAT God, we view thy chastening hand,
That turns to brass our fertile land;

Thy clouds withhold their rich supplies,
And parched nature faints and dies.

2 Revive our withering fields with rain,
Let fruitful showers descend again;
On thee, alone, our hopes rely;
Lord, hear our humble, earnest cry.

3 Then shall the withering corn arise,
And wave its homage to the skies;
And with loud praises we will own,
Our hopes depend on thee alone.

NATIONAL PRAISE, &c.

596 L. M.

National Thanksgiving.

GOD of the passing year, to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise,
With swelling heart and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 We bless thy name, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land our fathers trod,
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
For thou our country's arms didst guide,
And lead them on their conquering way.

4 We praise thee, that the gospel light,
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Scatters the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 When foes without, and foes within,
With threatening ills our land have pressed,

Thou hast our nation's bulwark been,
And, smiling, sent us peaceful rest.

6 O God, preserve us in thy fear,
In troublous times our Helper be;
Diffuse thy truth's bright precepts here,
And may we worship only thee.

597 L. P. M.

Praise for national Prosperity.

SAY, should we search the globe around
Where can such happiness be found,
As dwells in this much favoured land?
Here plenty reigns; here freedom sheds
Her choicest blessings on our heads:
By God supported, still we stand.

2 Here commerce spreads her ample store,
Which comes from every foreign shore;
Science and arts their charms display;
Religion teaches us to raise
Our voices in our Maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.

3 These are thy gifts, almighty King;
From thee our matchless blessings spring;
The extended shade, the fruitful skies,
The comforts liberty bestows,
The eternal joys the gospel shows,
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

4 With grateful hearts, with cheerful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His power and mercy we proclaim;
And still, through every age shall own
Jehovah here hath fixed his throne;
And triumph in his mighty name.

5 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or man behold the circling sun,

Do thou amidst our nation reign;
Still crown her counsels with success,
With peace and joy her borders bless,
And all her sacred rights maintain.

598 7s.

Praise for national Blessings.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praise to heaven's almighty King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand,
Pour around this happy land;
Let our hearts, beneath his sway,
Hail the bright, triumphant day.

3 Now to thee our joys ascend,
Thou hast been our heavenly Friend:
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Peace and freedom bless our shore.

4 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel a tyrant's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

5 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the heavenly notes prolong.

599 L. M.

American Independence.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds above,
Thy glory, with unclouded rays,
Shines through the realms of light and love,
Inspiring angels with thy praise.

2 Thy power we own, thy grace adore;
Thou deign'st to visit man below;
And in affliction's darkest hour,
The humble shall thy mercy know.

3 These western states at thy command,
Rose from dependence and distress;
Prosperity now crowns the land,
And millions join thy name to bless.

4 Praise is thy due, eternal King;
We 'll speak the wonders of thy love;
With grateful hearts our tribute bring,
And emulate the hosts above.

5 O! be thou still our guardian God;
Preserve these states from every foe;
From party rage, from scenes of blood,
From sin, and every cause of wo.

6 Here may the great Redeemer reign,
Display his grace, and saving power;
Here liberty and truth maintain,
Till empires fall to rise no more.

600 L. M.

Praise for national Blessings.

ALMIGHTY Sovereign of the skies,
To thee let songs of gladness rise,
Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
And every voice thy goodness sing.

2 From thee our choicest blessings flow,
Life, health and strength thy hands bestow;
The daily good thy creatures share,
Springs from thy providential care.

3 The rich profusion nature yields,
The harvest waving o'er the fields,
The cheering light, refreshing shower,
Are gifts from thy exhaustless store.

4 At thy command the vernal bloom
Revives the world from winter's gloom;
The summer's heat the fruit matures,
And autumn all her treasures pours.

5 From thee proceed domestic ties,
Connubial bliss, parental joys;
On thy support the nations stand,
Obedient to thy high command.

6 Let every power of heart and tongue,
Unite to swell the grateful song;
While age and youth in chorus join,
And praise the majesty divine.

601 C. M.

Humiliation for national Sins.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 What numerous crimes increasing rise,
Through this apostate land!
What land so favoured of the skies,
Yet thoughtless of thy hand!

4 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

5 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require;
And sink with gay indifference down
To everlasting fire.

6 O! turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By rich and sovereign grace:
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

7 Then should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

THE PRESENT LIFE.

602 C. M.

Brevity of Life.

OUR days, alas! our mortal days
Are short, and wretched too;
"Evil and few," the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That heaven allows to men,
And pains and sins run through the round
Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of wo,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

603 L. M.

Vanity of human Life.

SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, God?

Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just, than He?

2 Behold, He puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compared with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3 But how much meaner things are they,
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!
Touched by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and perish like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight:
Buried in dust whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.

5 Almighty Power, to thee we bow;
How frail are we! how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare,
With an eternal God compare.

604 C. M.

Shortness of human Life.

HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our souls' affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
Who slight the joys above!

What chains of vengeance should we feel,
Who break such cords of love!

5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

605 C. M.

Brevity and Uncertainty of Life.

THEE we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame;
What dying worms are we!

2 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We 're travelling to the grave.

3 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

4 Infinite joy or endless wo
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

606 C. M.

Uncertainty of Life and its Comforts.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and blessed be his name,
He takes but what He gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we 'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

607 C. M.

Man's Frailty and God's Goodness.

OUR life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh:
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

2 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share;
Yet with the bounties of thy grace,
Thou load'st the rolling year.

3 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.

4 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!

His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name adored.

5 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when we close our eyes,
Let future ages praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

608 S. M.

Value of present Time.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand,
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O! make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thy almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O! be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

609 C. M.

Time is short.

"THE time is short!" the season near,
When death will us remove,
To leave our friends, however dear,
And all we fondly love.

2 "The time is short!" sinners, beware,
Nor trifle time away;
The word of great salvation hear,
While it is called to-day.

3 "The time is short!" ye rebels, now
To Christ the Lord submit,
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

4 "The time is short!" ye saints, rejoice,
The Lord will quickly come;
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,
To call you to your home.

5 "The time is short!" it swiftly flies,
The hour is just at hand,
When we shall mount above the skies,
And reach the wished-for land.

6 "The time is short!" the moment near,
When we shall dwell above,
And be for ever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love.

610 L. M.

Life the Time to serve the Lord.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward,
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given,
To escape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love are lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that 's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

611 C. M

Life the Season of Grace.

AND is this life prolonged to me?
Are days and seasons given?
Shall I not then prepare to be
A fitter heir for heaven?

2 I will not let these moments pass,
These golden hours be gone:
Lord, I accept thine offered grace,
I bow before thy throne.

3 Now cleanse my soul from every sin,
Through my Redeemer's blood:
Now let my flesh and heart begin
The honours of my God.

4 Let me no more my soul defile
With sin's deceitful toys;
Let cheerful hope, increasing still,
Approach to heavenly joys.

5 O! may my thankful lips proclaim
The wonders of thy praise,
And spread the savour of thy name,
Where'er I spend my days.

6 On earth let my example shine;
And when I leave this state,
May heaven receive this soul of mine
To bliss divinely great.

612 L. M.

Life the Time to serve God.

THERE is a God who reigns above,
Lord of the heaven, and earth, and seas;
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

2 There is a law which He has made,
To teach us all that we must do;
My soul, be his commands obeyed,
For they are holy, just and true.

3 There is a gospel rich in grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw;
Lord, I repent and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.

4 There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
How many younger much than I,
Have passed by death to hear their doom!

5 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There 's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offered to the dead.

613 L. C. M.

Time and Eternity.

LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart,
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar:
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

614 L. C. M.

The Swiftness of Time.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole:
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
Till I must launch through boundless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen;
The moments swiftly pass between,

And whisper as they fly,
Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
Thou soon must gasp and die.

3 My soul, attend the solemn call;
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight,
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing and love as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

615 6s & 8s.

Separations in Time.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections, transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;

Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

616 C. M.

Contemplation of Death.

STOOP down, my thoughts, that used to rise,
Converse awhile with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 But O! the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay;
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

3 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts, triumphant there:
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

4 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
O! for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

5 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into my dust.

617 L. M.

Nearness to Eternity.

ETERNITY is just at hand;
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

2 Eternity without a bound,
To guilty souls a dreadful sound!
But O! if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents! how divine!

3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon sealed, and peace with God.

4 But should my highest hopes be vain,
The rising doubt, how sharp the pain!
My fears, O gracious God, remove,
Confirm my title to thy love.

5 Search, Lord, O! search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

618 C. M.

Death made desirable.

LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here:
O! make our joys the same.

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was filled,
When fondly in his withered arms,
He clasped the holy child!

3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried;
"Behold thy servant dies;
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.

4 "This is the light prepared to shine
Upon the Gentile lands;
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
To break their slavish bands."

5 Jesus! the vision of thy face,
Hath overpowering charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul!

619 C. M.

Happiness in Death.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How calm their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They 're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

620 C. M.

Dying in God's Embrace.

DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were called to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

621 L. M.

Fears of Death removed.

WHY should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

622 C. M.

Death disarmed.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?

Nor should we wish our hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints He blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

623 C. M.

Death dreadful without Preparation.

DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those who have no God,
When the poor soul is forced away,
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 He is a God of sovereign love,
Who promised heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

4 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand;
Then come the joyful day;
Come death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

624 L. M.

Death of the Righteous.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell.
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

625 S. M.

Peaceful Death.

O! FOR the death of those,
Who slumber in the Lord!
O! be, like theirs, my last repose,
Like theirs, my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

5 O! for the death of those,
Who slumber in the Lord!
O! be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

626 8s & 7s.

Dying Christian.

WHY lament the Christian dying?
Why indulge in tears or gloom?
Calmly on the Lord relying,
He can greet the opening tomb.

2 What if death, with icy fingers,
All the fount of life congeals?
'Tis not there thy brother lingers,
'Tis not death his spirit feels.

3 Though for him thy soul is mourning,
Though with grief thy heart is riven;
While his flesh to dust is turning,
All his soul is filled with heaven

4 Scenes seraphic, high and glorious,
Now forbid his longer stay;
See him rise o'er death victorious,
Angels beckon him away.

5 Hark! the golden harps are ringing,
Sounds unearthly fill his ear:
Millions now in heaven singing,
Greet his joyful entrance there.

627 11s.

Death welcome to the Believer.

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin;
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

628 L. P. M.

Death of a Friend.

O GOD of my salvation, hear
My nightly groan, my daily prayer,
That still employ my wasting breath;
My soul, declining to the grave,
Implores thy sovereign power to save
From dark despair and lasting death.

2 Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul,
And waves of sorrow o'er me roll,
While dust and silence spread the gloom:
My friends, beloved in happier days,
The dear companions of my ways,
Descend around me to the tomb

3 As, lost in lonely grief, I tread
The mournful mansions of the dead,
Or to some thronged assembly go;
Through all alike I rove alone,
While, here forgotten, there unknown,
The change renews my piercing wo.

4 And why will God neglect my call?
Or who shall profit by my fall,
When life departs and love expires?
Can dust and darkness praise the Lord,
Or wake or brighten at his word,
And tune the harp with heavenly choirs?

5 Yet through each melancholy day
I've prayed to thee, and still will pray
Imploring still thy kind return:
But O! my friends, my comfort 's fled,
And all my kindred of the dead
Recall my wandering thoughts to mourn.

629 L. M.

Death of the Saint and Sinner contrasted.

WHAT scenes of horror and of dread,
Await the sinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night

2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise;
Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.

3 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss;
His soul is filled with conscious peace;
A steady faith subdues his fear;
He sees the happy Canaan near.

4 His mind is tranquil and serene;
No terrors in his looks are seen;
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smooths his passage to the tomb.

5 Lord, make my faith and love sincere;
My judgment sound, my conscience clear;
And when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last.

630 C. M.

Death and Glory.

MY soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow, gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.

3 O! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

4 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

631 C. M.

Triumph over Death.

O! FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster, Death,
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted victory, grave,
And where the monster's sting?"

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power;
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ our living head.

632 C. M.

Triumph over Death.

WHEN death appears before my sight,
In all his dire array,

Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2 O! for the eye of faith divine,
To pierce beyond the grave;
To see that Friend, and call Him mine,
Whose arm is strong to save.

3 Lord, I commit my soul to thee,
Accept the sacred trust;
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust:

4 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, clothed in full, immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.

633 P. M.

Triumph over Death and the Grave.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O! quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O! the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper! angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away."
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight;
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly;
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?

634 C. M.

Triumph over Death.

GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He 'll clothe them all afresh.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong, immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace,
With pleasure and surprise.

635 12s & 11s.

Funeral Hymn.

THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee;
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave, we no longer
behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by
thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
enfold thee,
And sinners may hope since the Sinless has
died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansions
forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered
long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright
on thy waking,
And the song that thou heardst was the
seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong
to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian
and guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will
restore thee,
Where death has no sting, since the Saviour
has died.

636 C. M

Funeral Hymn.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!
My ears attend the cry;
"Ye living men, come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We 'll rise above the sky.

637 C. M.

Funeral Hymn.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.

3 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

4 Turn, mortal, turn, thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

5 Turn, Christian, turn, thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The bones which underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven.

638 C. M.

The House appointed for all Living.

HOW still and peaceful is the grave,
Where, life's vain tumults past,

The appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last.

2 The wicked there from troubling cease,
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

3 There rest the prisoners, now released
From slavery's sad abode:
No more they hear the oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.

4 There servants, masters, poor and rich
Partake the same repose;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

5 All leveled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment call them forth,
To meet their final doom.

639 L. M.

Death and Burial of a Christian.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invades thy bounds—no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch his soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept, God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn,
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

640 C. M.

On the Death of a Child.

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapour flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 Death spreads his withering, wintry arms,
And beauty smiles no more;
Ah! where are now those rising charms,
Which pleased our eyes before?

3 That once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs:
We weep our earthly comforts fled,
And withered all our joys.

4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

5 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears;
The Saviour dwells on high:
There everlasting spring appears,
There joys shall never die.

641 C. M.

Death of a young Child.

ALAS! how changed that lovely flower,
Which bloomed and cheered my heart;
Fair, fleeting comfort of an hour,
How soon we're called to part!

2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign
That God, whose ways are love?
Or vainly cherish anxious pain
For *her* who rests above?

3 No!—let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to his will,
And with my inmost spirit say,
"The Lord is righteous still."

4 From adverse blasts, and lowering storms,
Her favoured soul He bore;
And with yon bright, angelic forms,
She lives, to die no more.

5 Why should I vex my heart, or fast?
No more *she'll* visit me;
My soul will mount to *her* at last,
And there my child I'll see.

6 Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share
The bliss thy people prove;
Who round thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.

642 S. M.

Joy in View of the Resurrection.

AND must this body die,
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till He shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love:
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

5 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

643 C. M.

Death and Resurrection.

THRO' sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains, in solitude,
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of life shall beat.

4 Then love's soft light o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst,
With shouts of endless praise.

644 C. M. D.

The Resurrection of the Christian.

MY faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs:
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes:

Ere long I know He shall appear,
In power and glory great;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

2 Then, though the worms my flesh devour,
And make my form their prey,
I know I shall arise with power,
On the last judgment day:
When God shall stand upon the earth,
Him there mine eyes shall see;
My flesh shall feel a second birth,
And ever with Him be.

3 Then his own hand shall wipe the tears,
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
Shall cease eternally.
How long, dear Saviour, O! how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
O! hasten thy appearance, Lord,
And bring the welcome day.

645 L. M.

The Living and the Dead.

WHERE are the dead?—In heaven or hell
Their disembodied spirits dwell;
Their perished forms, in bonds of clay,
Reserved until the judgment day.

2 Who are the dead?—the sons of time
In every age, and state and clime;
Renowned, dishonoured or forgot,
The place that knew them, knows them not.

3 Where are the living?—On the ground
Where prayer is heard and mercy found:
Where in the compass of a span,
The mortal makes the immortal man.

4 Who are the living?—They whose breath
Draws every moment nigh to death;
Of endless bliss or wo the heirs,
O! what an awful lot is theirs!

5 Then, timely warned, let us begin
To follow Christ and flee from sin;
Daily grow up in Him our head,
Lord of the living and the dead.

646 6s & 5s.

Funeral Dirge.

HARK to the solemn bell,
Mournfully pealing!
What do its wailings tell,
On the ear stealing?
Seem they not thus to say,
Loved ones have passed away?
Ashes with ashes lay,
List to its pealing.

2 Earth is all vanity,
False as 'tis fleeting;
Grief is in all its joy,
Smiles with tears meeting;
Youth's brightest hopes decay,
Pass like morn's gems away,
Too fair on earth to stay,
Where all is fleeting.

3 When in their lonely bed,
Loved ones are lying;
When joyful wings are spread,
To heaven flying;
Would we to sin and pain,
Call back their souls again,
Weave round their hearts the chain
Severed in dying?

4 No, dearest Jesus, no;
To thee their Saviour,
Let their free spirits go,
Ransomed for ever:
Heirs of unending joy,
Theirs is the victory;
Thine let the glory be,
Now and for ever.

THE JUDGMENT.

647 C. M.

Judgment anticipated.

WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O! how shall I appear?

2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

3 When thou, O Lord, shall stand disclosed,
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O! how shall I appear?

4 Yet never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died,
To make her pardon sure.

648 L. C. M.

Apprehension of Judgment.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?

Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O! let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I 'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

649 7s.

Terrors of Judgment.

IN the sun and moon and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Tossed with stronger tempests rise;
Wilder storms the mountains sweep,
Louder thunders rock the skies.

3 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,
Pale amazement, restless fear;

And, amid the thunder-cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear.

4 But though from his awful face,
Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, his chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh.

650 S. M.

Preparation to meet God.

PREPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood:
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.

3 Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sovereign love make known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

4 Let me attest thy power,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

651 8s, 7s & 4s.

Christ descending to Judgment.

SEE the eternal Judge descending,
View Him seated on his throne:
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thy awful doom;
Trumpets call thee,
Stand and hear thy awful doom

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Filled with dread of fiercer pain;
While in anguish thus lamenting
That he ne'er was born again:
Greatly mourning,
That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder sits the slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
O! that I had sought his favour,
When I felt his Spirit move;
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move."

4 Now, despisers, look and wonder;
Hope and sinners here must part:
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
Lost for ever,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"

652 L. M.

The Day of Wrath.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

3 O! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

653 8s, 7s & 4s.

The Day of Judgment.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine;
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, This God is mine!
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 Horrors past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
Thou with Satan
And his angels have thy part."

5 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below;
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed
See the kingdom I bestow;
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought your courage raise—

Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be changed to praise:
We shall triumph,
When the world is in a blaze.

654 8s, 7s & 4s.

Christ coming to Judgment.

LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught, and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
"Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away."

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp appear:
All his saints by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air.
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

5 Mighty King, let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;

Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
O! come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come.

655 C. M.

Consolation in Christ, in View of the Judgment.

THAT awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart?"

3 O! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station, where
I must not taste his love.

4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

5 O! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

6 Give me one kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.

HEAVEN.

656 C. M.

The New Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O! when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and wo,
Or feel at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

657 C. M.

Prospect of Heaven.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O! the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 On all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore:
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

658 7s & 6s.

Aspiring after Heaven.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that 's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know,
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

659 8s.

Longing after Heaven.

YE angels who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make Him known;
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
While others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat:
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair;
For you He was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 O! when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong.
I'm fettered and chained up in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

4 I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name:
I want—O! I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.

660 C. M.

Contemplation of Heaven.

RAISE thee, my soul, fly up and run
Through every heavenly street,
And say, there 's nought below the sun
That 's worthy of thy feet.

2 There, on a high majestic throne,
The almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down,
On all the blissful plains.

3 Bright like the sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon;
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

4 Amidst those ever shining skies,
Behold the sacred Dove,
While banished sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

5 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three-One.

6 Jesus! O! when shall that blest day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell amongst them there?

661 L. M.

Longing for Heaven.

DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O! for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around Him stand,
And thrones and powers before Him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5 O! what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King.

6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing and love?

662 C. M.

Faith contemplating Heaven.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit, waiting, stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis He, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We 're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

663 C. M.

Assurance of Heaven.

DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home:
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finished my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.

3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love, and long to see
The appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From every ill design;
And to his heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To Him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise—*Amen.*

664 C. M.

Hope of Heaven.

BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead He raised his Son,
And called Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There 's an inheritance divine,
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept,
Till that salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

665 C. M.

Joyful anticipation of Heaven.

WHEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

666 C. M.

Heaven traced through Sorrow.

LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy.

2 But prickly thorns through all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dangerous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land:
Lord, we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.

4 Our souls shall tread the desert through,
With undiverted feet;
And faith, and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.

5 A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam;
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.

6 Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go,
Is everlasting day.

7 By glimmering hopes and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road;
Thro' dismal deeps, and dangerous snares,
We make our way to God.

8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Sion's hill.

9 See the kind angels, at the gates,
Inviting us to come;
There Jesus, the Forerunner, waits
To welcome travellers home.

10 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And, with transporting joys, recount
The labours of our feet.

11 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;

Infinite grace shall be our song,
And God rejoice to hear.

12 Eternal glory to the King,
Who brought us safely through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

667 C. M.

Death welcome in Prospect of Heaven.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

668 C. M.

The Christian longing for Heaven.

FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode:
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God.

2 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

3 There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in,
With wonder and with love.

4 The more thy glories strike my eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high.

669 L. M.

Home in View.

AS when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still.

2 While he surveys the much loved spot,
He slights the space that lies between;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.

3 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansions in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

4 The thought of home his spirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And He will wipe my tears away.

6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode:
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

670 11s.

Heaven the Christian's Home.

'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!

2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace;
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease:
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O! give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions, to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O! give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Inspire me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at home.

671 C. M.

Meditation of Heaven.

MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight,
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings;
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal future things,
The present we compare!

5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell,
Near my Redeemer's face.

672 L. M.

Longing for Heaven.

NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God,
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large;
Unbinds our chain, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

673 C. M.

Rejoicing in Prospect of Heaven.

SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Pilgrims, for Sion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

3 The garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While labouring up the hill.

674 C. M.

Heaven attained by following Christ.

GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them, whence their victory came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast:
And, following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

675 L. M.

Worship of Heaven.

O! FOR a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.

2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And with delightful worship own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all the assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs,
To boundless rapture, while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the followers of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir;
O! may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.

6 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

676 L. M.

Praises of Heaven.

HARK! how the choral song of heaven,
Swells full of peace and joy above;
Hark! how they strike their golden harps,
And raise the tuneful notes of love.

2 No anxious care nor thrilling grief,
No deep despair, nor gloomy wo
They feel, when high their lofty strains
In noblest, sweetest concord flow.

3 But we are pierced with inward pain,
And waste in sighs the livelong day;
Or if we join to praise our God,
How harsh, how feeble is our lay!

4 When shall we join the heavenly host,
Who sing Immanuel's praise on high,
And leave behind our doubts and fears,
To swell the chorus of the sky?

5 O! come thou rapture-bringing morn,
And usher in the joyful day;
We long to see thy rising sun
Drive all these clouds of grief away.

677 7s.

Praise of the redeemed in Heaven.

HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love:
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy wo.

2 Oft the big unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of wo they could not speak
But these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again.

3 Mid the chorus of the skies,
Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.
Happy spirits, ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

4 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose,
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows.
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

678 C. M.

Freedom from Sin and Misery in Heaven.

OUR sins, alas! how strong they be!
And, like a raging sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

3 There to fulfil his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we sit, and sing and tell
The wonders of his grace,

Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

5 For ever his dear, sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

679 7s.

Heaven in Prospect.

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne;
And proclaim in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.

3 Kings their crowns for harps resign,
Crying as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is thine,
King of kings and Lord of lords."

4 Round the altar priests confess,
"If these robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood that made them so."

5 Who were these? on earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved from all by grace.

6 They were mortal, too, like us;
Ah! when we like them shall die,
May our souls translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

HELL.

680 C. M.

Perdition.

FAR from the utmost verge of day,
Those gloomy regions lie,
Where flames amid the darkness play,
The worm shall never die.

2 The breath of God, his angry breath
Supplies and fans the fire;
Then sinners taste the second death,
And would, but can't expire.

3 Conscience, the never dying worm,
With torture gnaws the heart;
And wo and wrath in every form,
Is now the sinner's part.

4 Sad world indeed; ah! who can bear
For ever there to dwell,
For ever sinking in despair,
In all the pains of hell?

DOXOLOGIES.

C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

C. M. D.

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death:
Who saves by his redeeming Word
And new-creating Breath.

2 To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

L. M. D.

GLORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown;
In essence One, in persons Three;
A social nature, yet alone.

2 When all our noblest powers are joined,
The honours of thy name to raise;
Thy glories overmatch our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

S. M. D.

WE bless the Father's name,
Who chose us in his love;
To God the Son, we give the same,
Our Advocate above.

2 The Spirit too we bless,
And raise his honours high;
Who conquers by his sovereign grace,
And brings us strangers nigh.

H. M.

TO God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honours raise:
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

L. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host
And in the church below;

From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

L. P. M.

NOW to the great, the sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal power and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

5s & 6s.

BY angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be addressed
To God in three Persons,
One God ever blessed:
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

7s.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

7s & 6s.

TO the Father, to the Son,
And Spirit ever blessed,
Everlasting Three in One,
All worship be addressed.
Praise from all above, below,
As throughout the ages past,
Now is given, and shall be so,
While endless ages last.

8s.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and blessed,
The eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

8s & 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth, and heaven;
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

8s & 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

8s, 7s & 4s.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory to the eternal Son;
Sound aloud the Spirit's praises;
Join the elders round the throne;
Hallelujah,
Hail the glorious Three in One.

11s.

O FATHER Almighty to thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever blessed,
All glory and worship from earth, and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

11s & 8s.

ALL praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,
All praise to the Spirit, thrice blessed,
The Holy, Eternal, Supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

CHORUS.

GLORY, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise the Lord.

HYMNS.

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FORM OF GOVERNMENT

OF THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The Form of Government and Forms of Process of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, as amended and ratified by the General Assembly, in May, 1821.

CHAPTER I.—PRELIMINARY PRINCIPLES.*

THE Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, in presenting to the Christian public the system of union, and the form of government and discipline which they have adopted, have thought proper to state, by way of introduction, a few of the general principles by which they have been governed in the formation of the plan. This, it is hoped, will, in some measure, prevent those rash misconstructions, and uncandid reflections, which usually proceed from an imperfect view of any subject; as well as make the several parts of the system plain, and the whole perspicuous and fully understood.

They are unanimously of opinion:

I. That "God alone is Lord of the conscience; and hath left it free from the doctrine and commandments of men, which are in any thing contrary to his word, or beside it in matters of faith or worship." Therefore they consider the rights of private judgment, in all matters that respect religion, as universal and unalienable: they do not even wish to see any religious constitution aided by the civil power, further than may be necessary for protection and security, and, at the same time, be equal and common to all others.

II. That, in perfect consistency with the above principle of common right, every Christian church, or union or association of particular churches, is entitled to declare the terms of admission into its *communion*, and the qualifications of its ministers and members, as well as the whole system of its internal government which Christ hath appointed; that, in the exercise of this right, they may, notwithstanding, err, in making the terms of communion either too lax or too narrow; yet, even in this case, they do not infringe upon the liberty, or the rights of others, but only make an improper use of their own.

* This introductory chapter, with the exception of the first sentence, was first drawn up by the Synod of New York and Philadelphia, and prefixed to the Form of Government, &c., as published by that body in 1788. In that year, after arranging the plan on which the Presbyterian Church is now governed, the Synod was divided into four Synods, and gave place to the General Assembly, which met for the first time in 1789.

III. That our blessed Saviour, for the edification of the visible Church, which is his body, hath appointed officers, not only to preach the gospel *and administer the sacraments;* but also to exercise discipline, for the preservation both of truth and duty; and, that it is incumbent upon these *officers*, and upon the whole church, in whose name they act, to censure or cast out the erroneous and scandalous; observing, in *all* cases, the rules contained in the word of God.

IV. That truth is in order to goodness; and the great touchstone of truth, its tendency to promote holiness; according to our Saviour's rule, "by their fruits ye shall know them." And that no opinion can be either more pernicious or more absurd, than that which brings truth and falsehood upon a level, and represents it as of no consequence what a man's opinions are. On the contrary, they are persuaded that there is an inseparable connexion between faith and practice, truth and duty. Otherwise it would be of no consequence either to discover truth, or to embrace it.

V. That while under the conviction of the above principle, they think it necessary to make effectual provision, that all who are admitted as teachers, be sound in the faith; they also believe that there are truths and forms, with respect to which men of good characters and principles may differ. And in all these they think it the duty, both of private Christians and societies, to exercise mutual forbearance towards each other.

VI. That though the character, qualifications, and authority of church officers, are laid down in the Holy Scriptures, as well as the proper method of their investiture and institution; yet the election of the persons to the exercise of this authority, in any particular society, is in that society.

VII. That all church power, whether exercised by the body in general, or in the way of representation by delegated authority, is only ministerial and declarative; *That is to say*, that the Holy Scriptures are the only rule of faith and manners; that no church judicatory ought to pretend to make laws, to bind the conscience in virtue of their own authority; and that all their decisions should be founded upon the revealed will of God. Now though it will easily be admitted, that all synods and councils may err, through the frailty inseparable from humanity; yet there is much greater danger from the usurped claim of making laws, than from the right of judging upon laws already made, and common to all who profess the gospel; although this right, as necessity requires in the present state, be lodged with fallible men.

VIII. *Lastly.* That, if the preceding scriptural and rational

principles be steadfastly adhered to, the vigour and strictness of its discipline will contribute to the glory and happiness of any church. Since ecclesiastical discipline must be purely moral or spiritual in its object, and not attended with any civil effects, it can derive no force whatever, but from its own justice, the approbation of an impartial public, and the countenance and blessing of the great Head of the church universal.

CHAPTER II.—OF THE CHURCH.

I. JESUS CHRIST, who is now exalted far above all principality and power, hath erected, in this world, a kingdom, which is his church.

II. The universal church consists of all those persons in every nation, together with their children, who make profession of the holy religion of *Christ*, and of submission to his laws.

III. As this immense multitude cannot meet together in one place, to hold communion, or to worship God, it is reasonable, and *warranted by Scripture example*, that they should be divided into many particular churches.

IV. A particular church consists of a number of professing Christians, with their offspring, voluntarily associated together, for divine worship and godly living, agreeably to the Holy Scriptures; and submitting to a certain form of government.

CHAPTER III.—OFFICERS OF THE CHURCH.

I. OUR blessed Lord at first collected his church out of different nations, and formed it into one body, by the mission of men endued with miraculous gifts, which have long since ceased.

II. The ordinary and perpetual officers in the church are, *Bishops* or *Pastors;* the representatives of the people, usually styled *Ruling Elders;* and *Deacons.*

CHAPTER IV.—OF BISHOPS OR PASTORS.

THE *pastoral* office is the first in the church, both for dignity and usefulness. *The person who fills this office*, hath, in Scripture, obtained different names expressive of his various duties. As he has the oversight of the flock of Christ, he is termed Bishop.* As he feeds them with spiritual food he is termed Pastor. As he serves Christ in his church, he is

* As the office and character of the gospel minister is particularly and fully described in the Holy Scriptures, under the title of Bishop; and as this term is peculiarly expressive of his duty as an overseer of the flock, it ought not to be rejected.

termed Minister. As it is his duty to be grave and prudent, and an example of the flock, and to govern well in the house and kingdom of Christ, he is termed Presbyter or Elder. As he is the messenger of God, he is termed the Angel of the church. As he is sent to declare the will of God to sinners, and to beseech them to be reconciled to God through Christ, he is termed Ambassador. And as he dispenses the manifold grace of God, and the ordinances instituted by Christ, he is termed Steward of the mysteries of God.

CHAPTER V.—OF RULING ELDERS.

RULING elders are properly the representatives of the people, chosen by them for the purpose of exercising government and discipline, in conjunction with pastors or ministers. This office has been understood, by a great part of the Protestant Reformed Churches, to be designated in the Holy Scriptures, by the title of governments, and of those who rule well, but do not labour in the word and doctrine.

CHAPTER VI.—OF DEACONS.

THE Scriptures clearly point out deacons as distinct officers in the church, whose business it is to take care of the poor, and to distribute among them the collections which may be raised for their use. To them also may be properly committed the management of the temporal affairs of the church.

CHAPTER VII.—OF ORDINANCES IN A PARTICULAR CHURCH.

THE ordinances established by Christ, the head, in a particular church, which is regularly constituted with its proper officers, are prayer, singing praises, reading, expounding and preaching the word of God; administering baptism and the Lord's supper; public solemn fasting and thanksgiving, catechising, making collections for the poor, and other pious purposes; exercising discipline; and blessing the people.

CHAPTER VIII. — OF CHURCH GOVERNMENT, AND THE SEVERAL KINDS OF JUDICATORIES.

I. IT is absolutely necessary that the government of the church be exercised under some certain and definite form. And we hold it to be expedient, and agreeable to Scripture and the practice of the primitive Christians, that the church be governed by congregational, presbyterial, and synodical assemblies. In full consistency with this belief, we embrace, in the spirit of charity, those Christians who differ from us in opinion or in practice on these subjects.

II. These assemblies ought not to possess any civil jurisdiction, nor to inflict any civil penalties. Their power is wholly moral or spiritual, and that only ministerial and de-

clarative. They possess the right of requiring obedience to the laws of Christ; and of excluding the disobedient and disorderly from the privileges of the church. To give efficiency, however, to this necessary and scriptural authority, they possess the powers requisite for obtaining evidence and inflicting censure. They can call before them any offender against the order and government of the church; they can require members of their own society to appear and give testimony in the cause; but the highest punishment to which their authority extends, is to exclude the contumacious and impenitent from the congregation of believers.

CHAPTER IX.—OF THE CHURCH SESSION.

I. THE Church session consists of the pastor or pastors, and ruling elders, of a particular congregation.

II. Of this judicatory, two elders, if there be as many in the congregation, with the pastor, shall be necessary to constitute a quorum.

III. The pastor of the congregation shall always be the moderator of the session; except when, for prudential reasons, it may appear advisable that some other minister should be invited to preside; in which case the pastor may, with the concurrence of the session, invite such other minister as they may see meet, belonging to the same Presbytery, to preside in that case. The same expedient may be adopted in case of the sickness or absence of the pastor.

IV. It is expedient, at every meeting of the session, more especially when constituted for judicial business, that there be a presiding minister. When, therefore, a church is without a pastor, the moderator of the session shall be, either the minister appointed for that purpose by the Presbytery, or one invited by the session to preside on a particular occasion. But where it is impracticable, without great inconvenience, to procure the attendance of such a moderator, the session may proceed without it.

V. In congregations where there are two or more pastors, they shall, when present, alternately preside in the session.

VI. The church session is charged with maintaining the spiritual government of the congregation; for which purpose, they have power to inquire into the knowledge and Christian conduct of the members of the church; to call before them offenders and witnesses, being members of their own congregation, and to introduce other witnesses, where it may be necessary to bring the process to issue, and when they can

be procured to attend; to receive members into the church; to admonish, to rebuke, to suspend, or exclude from the sacraments, those who are found to deserve censure; to concert the best measures for promoting the spiritual interests of the congregation; and to appoint delegates to the higher judicatories of the church.

VII. The pastor has power to convene the session when he may judge it requisite; and he shall always convene them when requested to do so by any two of the elders. The session shall also convene when directed so to do by the Presbytery.

VIII. Every session shall keep a fair record of its proceedings; which record shall be, at least once in every year, submitted to the inspection of the Presbytery.

IX. It is important that every church session keep a fair register of marriages; of baptisms, with the times of the birth of the individuals baptized; of persons admitted to the Lord's table; and of the deaths, and other removals of church members.

CHAPTER X.—OF THE PRESBYTERY.

I. THE Church being divided into many separate congregations, these need mutual counsel and assistance, in order to preserve soundness of doctrine, and regularity of discipline, and to enter into common measures for promoting knowledge and religion, and for preventing infidelity, error, and immorality. Hence arise the importance and usefulness of Presbyterial and Synodical assemblies

II. A Presbytery consists of all the ministers, and one ruling elder from each congregation, within a certain district.

III. Every congregation, which has a stated pastor, has a right to be represented by one elder; and every collegiate church by two or more elders, in proportion to the number of its pastors.

IV. Where two or more congregations are united under one pastor, all such congregations shall have but one elder to represent them.

V. Every vacant congregation, which is regularly organized, shall be entitled to be represented by a ruling elder in Presbytery.

VI. Every elder not known to the Presbytery, shall produce a certificate of his regular appointment from the church which he represents.

VII. Any three ministers, and as many elders as may be present, belonging to the Presbytery, being met at the time

and place appointed, shall be a quorum competent to proceed to business.

VIII. The Presbytery has power to receive and issue appeals from church sessions, and references brought before them in an orderly manner; to examine and license candidates for the holy ministry; to ordain, install, remove, and judge ministers; to examine and approve or censure the records of church sessions; to resolve questions of doctrine or discipline seriously and reasonably proposed; to condemn erroneous opinions which injure the purity or peace of the church; to visit particular churches, for the purpose of inquiring into their state, and redressing the evils that may have arisen in them; to unite or divide congregations, at the request of the people, or to form or receive new congregations; and in general to order whatever pertains to the spiritual welfare of the churches under their care.

IX. It shall be the duty of the presbytery to keep a full and fair record of their proceedings, and to report to the synod, every year, licensures, ordinations, the receiving or dismissing of members, the removal of members by death, the union or division of congregations, or the formation of new ones; and in general, all the important changes which may have taken place within their bounds in the course of the year.

X. The presbytery shall meet on its own adjournment; and when any emergency shall require a meeting sooner than the time to which it stands adjourned, the moderator, or, in case of his absence, death, or inability to act, the stated clerk, shall, with the concurrence, or at the request of two ministers and two elders, the elders being of different congregations, call a special meeting. For this purpose he shall send a circular letter, specifying the particular business of the intended meeting, to every minister belonging to the presbytery, and to the session of every vacant congregation, in due time previous to the meeting: which shall not be less than ten days. And nothing shall be transacted at such special meeting besides the particular business for which the judicatory has been thus convened.

XI. At every meeting of presbytery, a sermon shall be delivered, if convenient; and every particular session shall be opened and closed with prayer.

XII. Ministers in good standing in other presbyteries, or in any sister churches, who may happen to be present, may be invited to sit with the presbytery, as corresponding members. Such members shall be entitled to deliberate and advise, but not to vote in any decisions of the presbytery.

CHAPTER XI.—OF THE SYNOD.

I. As a presbytery is a convention of the bishops and elders within a certain district: so a synod is a convention of the bishops and elders within a larger district, including at least three presbyteries. The ratio of the representation of elders in the synod is the same as in the presbytery.

II. Any seven ministers, belonging to the synod, who shall convene at the time and place of meeting, with as many elders as may be present, shall be a quorum to transact synodical business; provided not more than three of the said ministers belong to one presbytery.

III. The same rule, as to corresponding members, which was laid down with respect to the presbytery, shall apply to the synod.

IV. The synod has power to receive and issue all appeals regularly brought up from the presbyteries; to decide on all references made to them; to review the records of presbyteries, and approve or censure them; to redress whatever has been done by presbyteries contrary to order; to take effectual care that presbyteries observe the constitution of the church; to erect new presbyteries, and unite or divide those which were before erected; generally to take such order with respect to the presbyteries, sessions, and people under their care, as may be in conformity with the word of God and the established rules, and which tend to promote the edification of the church; and, finally, to propose to the General Assembly, for their adoption, such measures as may be of common advantage to the whole church.

V. The synod shall convene at least once in each year; at the opening of which a sermon shall be delivered by the moderator, or, in case of his absence, by some other member; and every particular session shall be opened and closed with prayer.

VI. It shall be the duty of the synod to keep full and fair records of its proceedings, to submit them annually to the inspection of the General Assembly, and to report to the Assembly the number of its presbyteries, and of the members and alterations of the presbyteries.

CHAPTER XII.—OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.*

I. The General Assembly is the highest judicatory of the Presbyterian Church. It shall represent, in one body, all the

* The radical principles of the Presbyterian church government and discipline are:—That the several different congregations of believers, taken collectively, constitute one church of Christ, called emphatically

particular churches of this denomination; and shall bear the title of THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

II. The General Assembly shall consist of an equal delegation of bishops and elders from each presbytery, in the following proportion; viz. each presbytery consisting of not more than twenty-four ministers, shall send one minister and one elder; and each presbytery consisting of more than twenty-four ministers, shall send two ministers and two elders; and in the like proportion for every twenty-four ministers in any presbytery: and these delegates, so appointed, shall be styled, *Commissioners to the General Assembly.*

III. Any fourteen or more of these commissioners, one half of whom shall be ministers, being met on the day, and at the place appointed, shall be a quorum for the transaction of business.

IV. The General Assembly shall receive and issue all appeals and references which may be regularly brought before them from the inferior judicatories. They shall review the records of every Synod, and approve or censure them: they shall give their advice and instruction in all cases submitted to them in conformity with the constitution of the church; and they shall constitute the bond of union, peace, correspondence, and mutual confidence among all our churches.

V. To the General Assembly also belongs the power of deciding in all controversies respecting doctrine and discipline; of reproving, warning, or bearing testimony against error in doctrine, or immorality in practice, in any church, presbytery, or synod; of erecting new synods when it may be judged necessary; of superintending the concerns of the whole church; of corresponding with foreign churches, on such terms as may be agreed upon by the Assembly and the corresponding body; of suppressing schismatical contentions and disputations; and, in general, of recommending and attempting reformation of manners, and the promotion of charity, truth, and holiness, through all the churches under their care.

the church;—that a larger part of *the church*, or a representation of it, should govern a smaller, or determine matters of controversy which arise therein:—that, in like manner, a representation of the whole should govern and determine in regard to every part, and to all the parts united; that is, that *a majority shall govern:* and consequently that appeals may be carried from lower to higher judicatories, till they be finally decided by the collected wisdom and united voice of *the whole church.* For these principles and this procedure, the example of the apostles, and the practice of the primitive church, are considered as authority. See Acts xv. to the 29th verse· and the proofs adduced under the last three chapters.

VI. Before any overtures or regulations proposed by the Assembly to be established as constitutional rules, shall be obligatory on the churches, it shall be necessary to transmit them to all the presbyteries, and to receive the returns of at least a majority of them, in writing, approving thereof.

VII. The General Assembly shall meet at least once in every year. On the day appointed for that purpose the moderator of the last Assembly, if present, or in case of his absence, some other minister, shall open the meeting with a sermon, and preside until a new moderator be chosen. No commissioner shall have a right to deliberate or vote in the Assembly, until his name shall have been enrolled by the clerk, and his commission examined, and filed among the papers of the Assembly.

VIII. Each session of the Assembly shall be opened and closed with prayer. And the whole business of the Assembly being finished, and the vote taken for dissolving the present Assembly, the moderator shall say from the chair,—"By virtue of the authority delegated to me, by the church, let this General Assembly be dissolved, and I do hereby dissolve it, and require another General Assembly, chosen in the same manner, to meet at on the day of A. D. "—after which he shall pray and return thanks, and pronounce on those present the apostolic benediction.

CHAPTER XIII.—OF ELECTING AND ORDAINING RULING ELDERS AND DEACONS.

I. HAVING defined the officers of the church, and the judicatories by which it shall be governed, it is proper here to prescribe the mode in which ecclesiastical rulers should be ordained to their respective offices, as well as some of the principles by which they shall be regulated in discharging their several duties.

II. Every congregation shall elect persons to the office of Ruling Elder, and to the office of Deacon, or either of them, in the mode most approved and in use in that congregation. But in all cases the persons elected must be male members in full communion in the church in which they are to exercise their office.

III. When any person shall have been elected to either of these offices, and shall have declared his willingness to accept thereof, he shall be set apart in the following manner.

IV. After sermon, the minister shall state, in a concise manner, the warrant and nature of the office of Ruling Elder or Deacon, together with the character proper to be sustained,

and the duties to be fulfilled by the officer elect: having done this, he shall propose to the candidate, in the presence of the congregation, the following questions:—viz.

1. Do you believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the word of God, the only infallible rule of faith and practice?

2. Do you sincerely receive and adopt the Confession of Faith of this church, as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures?

3. Do you approve of the government and discipline of the Presbyteriar Church in these United States?

4. Do you accept the office of Ruling Elder (or Deacon, as the case may be) in this congregation, and promise faithfully to perform all the duties thereof?

5. Do you promise to study the peace, unity, and purity of the church?

The Elder, or Deacon elect, having answered these questions in the affirmative, the minister shall address to the members of the church the following question:—viz.

Do you, the members of this church, acknowledge and receive this brother as a Ruling Elder, (or Deacon) and do you promise to yield him all that honour, encouragement, and obedience, in the Lord, to which his office, according to the word of God, and the Constitution of this church, entitles him?

The members of the church having answered this question in the affirmative, by holding up their right hands, the minister shall proceed to set apart the candidate, by prayer, to the office of Ruling Elder, (or Deacon, as the case may be) and shall give to him, and to the congregation, an exhortation suited to the occasion.

V. Where there is an existing session, it is proper that the members of that body, at the close of the service, and in the face of the congregation, take the newly ordained Elder by the hand, saying in words to this purpose,—"We give you the right hand of fellowship, to take part of this office with us."

VI. The offices of Ruling Elder and Deacon are both perpetual, and cannot be laid aside at pleasure. No person can be divested of either office but by deposition. Yet an Elder or Deacon may become, by age or infirmity, incapable of performing the duties of his office; or he may, though chargeable with neither heresy nor immorality, become unacceptable, in his official character, to a majority of the congregation to which he belongs. In either of these cases he may, as often

happens with respect to a minister, cease to be an acting Elder or Deacon.

VII. Whenever a Ruling Elder or Deacon, from either of these causes, or from any other, not inferring crime, shall be incapable of serving the church to edification, the session shall take order on the subject, and state the fact, together with the reasons of it, on their records. *Provided always*, that nothing of this kind shall be done without the concurrence of the individual in question, unless by the advice of presbytery.

CHAPTER XIV.—OF LICENSING CANDIDATES OR PROBATIONERS TO PREACH THE GOSPEL.

I. The Holy Scriptures require that some trial be previously had of them who are to be ordained to the ministry of the gospel, that this sacred office may not be degraded, by being committed to weak or unworthy men; and that the churches may have an opportunity to form a better judgment respecting the talents of those by whom they are to be instructed and governed. For this purpose presbyteries shall license probationers to preach the gospel, that after a competent trial of their talents, and receiving from the churches a good report, they may, in due time, ordain them to the sacred office.

II. Every candidate for licensure shall be taken on trials by that presbytery to which he most naturally belongs; and he shall be considered as most naturally belonging to that presbytery within the bounds of which he has ordinarily resided. But in case any candidate should find it more convenient to put himself under the care of a Presbytery at a distance from that to which he most naturally belongs, he may be received by the said presbytery, on his producing testimonials either from the Presbytery within the bounds of which he has commonly resided, or from any two ministers of that presbytery in good standing, of his exemplary piety, and other requisite qualifications.

III. It is proper and requisite that candidates applying to the Presbytery to be licensed to preach the gospel, produce satisfactory testimonials of their good moral character, and of their being regular members of some particular church. And it is the duty of the presbytery, for their satisfaction with regard to the real piety of such candidates, to examine them respecting their experimental acquaintance with religion, and the motives which influence them to desire the sacred office. This examination shall be close and particular, and, in most cases, may best be conducted in the presence of the Presbytery only. And it is recommended that the candidate be also

require to produce a diploma of bachelor or master of arts, from some college or university: or, at least, authentic testimonials of his having gone through a regular course of learning.

IV. Because it is highly reproachful to religion, and dangerous to the church, to intrust the holy ministry to weak and ignorant men, the presbytery shall try each candidate, as to his knowledge of the Latin language, and the original languages in which the Holy Scriptures were written. They shall also examine him on the arts and sciences; on theology, natural and revealed; and on ecclesiastical history, the sacraments, and church government. And in order to make trial of his talents to explain and vindicate, and practically to enforce, the doctrines of the gospel, the Presbytery shall require of him,

1. A Latin *exegesis* on some common head in divinity.

2. A *critical exercise;* in which the candidate shall give a specimen of his taste and judgment in sacred criticism; presenting an explication of the original text, stating its connexion, illustrating its force and beauties, removing its difficulties, and solving any important questions which it may present.

3. A *lecture*, or exposition of several verses of Scripture; and,

4. A *popular sermon.*

V. These, or other similar exercises, at the discretion of the Presbytery, shall be exhibited until they shall have obtained satisfaction as to the candidate's piety, literature, and aptness to teach in the churches. The lecture and popular sermon, if the presbytery think proper, may be delivered in the presence of a congregation.

VI. That the most effectual measures may be taken to guard against the admission of insufficient men into the sacred office, it is recommended, that no candidate, except in extraordinary cases, be licensed, unless, after his having completed the usual course of academical studies, he shall have studied divinity at least two years, under some approved divine or professor of theology.

VII. If the presbytery be satisfied with his trials, they shall then proceed to license him in the following manner: The moderator shall propose to him the following questions: viz.

1. Do you believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the word of God, the only infallible rule of faith and practice?

2. Do you sincerely receive and adopt the Confession of Faith of this church, as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures?

3. Do you promise to study the peace, unity, and purity of the church?

4. Do you promise to submit yourself, in the Lord, to the government of this Presbytery, or of any other Presbytery in the bounds of which you may be called?

VIII. The candidate having answered these questions in the affirmative, and the moderator having offered up a prayer suitable to the occasion, he shall address himself to the candidate to the following purpose:—"In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by that authority which he hath given to the church for its edification, we do license you to preach the gospel, wherever God in his providence may call you: and for this purpose, may the blessing of God rest upon you, and the Spirit of Christ fill your heart—*Amen!*" And record shall be made of the licensure in the following or like form: viz.

At ——— the — day of ——— the Presbytery of ——— having received testimonials in favour of —— —— of his having gone though a regular course of literature; of his good moral character; and of his being in the communion of the church; proceeded to take the usual parts of trial for his licensure: and he having given satisfaction as to his accomplishments in literature; as to his experimental acquaintance with religion; and as to his proficiency in divinity and other studies; the presbytery did, and hereby do, express their approbation of all these parts of trial: and he having adopted the Confession of Faith of this church, and satisfactorily answered the questions appointed to be put to candidates to be licensed; the presbytery did, and hereby do license him, the said —— —— to preach the gospel of Christ, as a probationer for the holy ministry, within the bounds of this presbytery, or wherever else he shall be orderly called.

IX. When any candidate for licensure shall have occasion while his trials are going on to remove from the bounds of his own Presbytery into those of another, it shall be considered as regular for the latter presbytery, on his producing proper testimonials from the former, to take up his trials at the point at which they were left, and conduct them to a conclusion, in the same manner as if they had been commenced by themselves.

X. In like manner, when any candidate, after licensure, shall, by the permission of his presbytery, remove without its

limits, an extract of the record of his licensure, accompanied with a presbyterial recommendation, signed by the clerk, shall be his testimonials to the presbytery under whose care he shall come.

XI. When a licentiate shall have been preaching for a considerable time, and his services do not appear to be edifying to the churches, the presbytery may, if they think proper, recall his license.

CHAPTER XV.—OF THE ELECTION AND ORDINATION OF BISHOPS OR PASTORS, AND EVANGELISTS.

I. When any probationer shall have preached so much to the satisfaction of any congregation, as that the people appear prepared to elect a pastor, the session shall take measures to convene them for this purpose: and it shall always be the duty of the session to convene them, when a majority of the persons entitled to vote in the case, shall, by a petition, request that a meeting may be called.

II. When such a meeting is intended, the session shall solicit the presence and counsel of some neighbouring minister to assist them in conducting the election contemplated, unless highly inconvenient on account of distance; in which case they may proceed without such assistance.

III. On a Lord's-day, immediately after public worship, it shall be intimated from the pulpit, that all the members of that congregation are requested to meet on ——— ensuing, at the church, or usual place for holding public worship; then and there, if it be agreeable to them, to proceed to the election of a pastor for that congregation.

IV. On the day appointed, the minister invited to preside, if he be present, shall, if it be deemed expedient, preach a sermon; and after sermon he shall announce to the people, that he will immediately proceed to take the votes of the electors of that congregation for a pastor, if such be their desire: and when this desire shall be expressed by a majority of voices, he shall then proceed to take votes accordingly. In this election no person shall be entitled to vote who refuses to submit to the censures of the church, regularly administered; or who does not contribute his just proportion, according to his own engagements, or the rules of that congregation, to all its necessary expenses.

V. When the votes are taken, if it appear that a large minority of the people are averse from the candidate who has a majority of votes, and cannot be induced to concur in the call, the presiding minister shall endeavour to dissuade the

congregation from prosecuting it further. But if the people be nearly or entirely unanimous; or if the majority shall insist upon their right to call a pastor, the presiding minister, in that case, after using his utmost endeavours to persuade the congregation to unanimity, shall proceed to draw a call, in due form, and to have it subscribed by the electors; certifying at the same time, in writing, the number and circumstances of those who do not concur in the call: all which proceedings shall be laid before the Presbytery, together with the call.

VI. The call shall be in the following or like form: viz.

The congregation of —— being, on sufficient grounds, well satisfied of the ministerial qualifications of you —— ——, and having good hopes, from our past experience of your labours, that your ministrations in the gospel will be profitable to our spiritual interests, do earnestly call and desire you to undertake the pastoral office in said congregation; promising you, in the discharge of your duty, all proper support, encouragement, and obedience in the Lord. And that you may be free from worldly cares and avocations, we hereby promise and oblige ourselves to pay to you the sum of —— in regular quarterly (or half yearly, or yearly) payments, during the time of your being and continuing the regular pastor of this church. In testimony whereof, we have respectively subscribed our names, this — day of —— A. D. —

Attested by A. D. *Moderator of the meeting.*

VII. But if any congregation shall choose to subscribe their call by their elders and deacons, or by their trustees, or by a select committee, they shall be at liberty to do so. But it shall, in such case, be fully certified to the Presbytery, by the minister, or other person who presided, that the persons signing have been appointed, for that purpose, by a public vote of the congregation; and that the call has been, in all other respects, prepared as above directed.

VIII. When a call shall be presented to any minister or candidate, it shall always be viewed as a sufficient petition from the people for his instalment. The acceptance of a call, by a minister or candidate, shall always be considered as a request, on his part, to be installed at the same time. And when a candidate shall be ordained in consequence of a call from any congregation, the Presbytery shall, at the same time, if practicable, install him pastor of that congregation.

IX. The call, thus prepared, shall be presented to the Presbytery, under whose care the person called shall be; that, if the Presbytery think it expedient to present the call to him, it may be accordingly presented: and no minister or candi-

date shall receive a call but through the hands of the Presbytery.

X. If the call be to the licentiate of another Presbytery, in that case the commissioners deputed from the congregation to prosecute the call, shall produce, to that judicatory, a certificate from their own Presbytery, regularly attested by the moderator and clerk, that the call has been laid before them, and that it is in order. If that Presbytery present the call to their licentiate, and he be disposed to accept it, they shall then dismiss him from their jurisdiction, and require him to repair to that Presbytery, into the bounds of which he is called; and there to submit himself to the usual trials preparatory to ordination.

XI. Trials for ordination, especially in a different Presbytery from that in which the candidate was licensed, shall consist of a careful examination as to his acquaintance with experimental religion; as to his knowledge of philosophy, theology, ecclesiastical history, the Greek and Hebrew languages, and such other branches of learning as to the presbytery may appear requisite; and as to his knowledge of the constitution, the rules and principles of the government and discipline of the church; together with such written discourse, or discourses, founded on the word of God, as to the Presbytery shall seem proper. The Presbytery, being fully satisfied with his qualifications for the sacred office, shall appoint a day for his ordination, which ought to be, if convenient, in that church of which he is to be the minister. It is also recommended that a fast day be observed in the congregation previous to the day of ordination.

XII. The day appointed for ordination being come, and the Presbytery convened, a member of the Presbytery, previously appointed to that duty, shall preach a sermon adapted to the occasion. The same, or another member appointed to preside, shall afterwards briefly recite from the pulpit, in the audience of the people, the proceedings of the Presbytery preparatory to this transaction: he shall point out the nature and importance of the ordinance; and endeavour to impress the audience with a proper sense of the solemnity of the transaction.

Then, addressing himself to the candidate, he shall propose to him the following questions, viz.

1. Do you believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the word of God, the only infallible rule of faith and practice?

2. Do you sincerely receive and adopt the Confession of

Faith of this church, as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures?

3. Do you approve of the government and discipline of the Presbyterian Church in these United States?

4. Do you promise subjection to your brethren in the Lord?

5. Have you been induced, as far as you know your own heart, to seek the office of the holy ministry from love to God, and a sincere desire to promote his glory in the gospel of his Son?

6. Do you promise to be zealous and faithful in maintaining the truths of the gospel, and the purity and peace of the church; whatever persecution or opposition may arise unto you on that account?

7. Do you engage to be faithful and diligent in the exercise of all private and personal duties, which become you as a Christian and a minister of the gospel; as well as in all relative duties; and the public duties of your office; endeavouring to adorn the profession of the gospel by your conversation; and walking with exemplary piety before the flock over which God shall make you overseer?

8. Are you now willing to take the charge of this congregation, agreeably to your declaration at accepting their call? And do you promise to discharge the duties of a pastor to them, as God shall give you strength?

XIII. The candidate having answered these questions in the affirmative, the presiding minister shall propose to the people the following questions:—

1. Do you, the people of this congregation, continue to profess your readiness to receive ——— whom you have called to be your minister?

2. Do you promise to receive the word of truth from his mouth, with meekness and love; and to submit to him in the due exercise of discipline?

3. Do you promise to encourage him in his arduous labour, and to assist his endeavours for your instruction and spiritual edification?

4. And do you engage to continue to him, while he is your pastor, that competent worldly maintenance which you have promised; and whatever else you may see needful for the honour of religion, and his comfort among you?

XIV. The people having answered these questions in the affirmative, by holding up their right hands, the candidate shall kneel down in the most convenient part of the church. Then the presiding minister shall, by prayer, and with the

aying on of hands of the Presbytery, according to the apostolic example, solemnly ordain him to the holy office of the gospel ministry. Prayer being ended, he shall rise from his knees; and the minister who presides shall first, and afterwards all the members of the Presbytery in their order, take him by the right hand, saying, in words to this purpose,—"We give you the right hand of fellowship, to take part of this ministry with us." After which the minister presiding or some other appointed for the purpose, shall give a solemn charge in the name of God, to the newly ordained bishop and to the people, to persevere in the discharge of their mutual duties; and shall then, by prayer, recommend them both to the grace of God, and his holy keeping, and finally, after singing a psalm, shall dismiss the congregation with the usual blessing. And the Presbytery shall duly record the transaction.

XV. As it is sometimes desirable and important that a candidate who has not received a call to be pastor of a particular congregation, should, nevertheless, be ordained to the work of the gospel ministry, as an evangelist to preach the gospel, administer sealing ordinances, and organize churches, in frontier or destitute settlements; in this case, the last of the preceding questions shall be omitted, and the following used as a substitute:—viz.

Are you now willing to undertake the work of an evangelist; and do you promise to discharge the duties which may be incumbent on you in this character, as God shall give you strength?

CHAPTER XVI.—OF TRANSLATION, OR REMOVING A MINISTER FROM ONE CHARGE TO ANOTHER.

I. No bishop shall be translated from one church to another, nor shall he receive any call for that purpose, but by the permission of the Presbytery.

II. Any church, desiring to call a settled minister from his present charge, shall, by commissioners properly authorized, represent to the Presbytery the ground on which they plead his removal. The Presbytery, having maturely considered their plea, may, according as it appears more or less reasonable, either recommend to them to desist from prosecuting the call, or may order it to be delivered to the minister to whom it is directed. If the parties be not prepared to have the matter issued at that Presbytery, a written citation shall be given to the minister and his congregation, to appear before the Presbytery at their next meeting. This citation shall be read from the pulpit in that church, by a member of the Presbytery

appointed for that purpose, immediately after public worship; so that at least two Sabbaths shall intervene betwixt the citation and the meeting of the Presbytery at which the cause of translation is to be considered. The Presbytery being met, and having heard the parties, shall, upon the whole view of the case, either continue him in his former charge, or translate him, as they shall deem to be most for the peace and edification of the church; or refer the whole affair to the synod at their next meeting, for their advice and direction.

III. When the congregation calling any settled minister is within the limits of another Presbytery, that congregation shall obtain leave from the Presbytery to which they belong, to apply to the Presbytery of which he is a member: and that Presbytery, having cited him and his congregation as before directed, shall proceed to hear and issue the cause. If they agree to the translation, they shall release him from his present charge; and having given him proper testimonials, shall require him to repair to that Presbytery, within the bounds of which the congregation calling him lies, that the proper steps may be taken for his regular settlement in that congregation: and the Presbytery to which the congregation belongs, having received an authenticated certificate of his release, under the hand of the clerk of that Presbytery, shall proceed to install him in the congregation, as soon as convenient. Provided always, that no bishop or pastor shall be translated without his own consent previously obtained.

IV. When any minister is to be settled in a congregation, the instalment, which consists in constituting a pastoral relation between him and the people of that particular church, may be performed either by the Presbytery, or by a committee appointed for that purpose, as may appear most expedient: and the following order shall be observed therein:

V. A day shall be appointed for the instalment at such time as may appear most convenient, and due notice thereof given to the congregation.

VI. When the Presbytery, or committee, shall be convened and constituted on the day appointed, a sermon shall be delivered by some one of the members previously appointed thereto; immediately after which, the bishop who is to preside shall state to the congregation the design of their meeting, and briefly recite the proceedings of the Presbytery relative thereto. And then, addressing himself to the minister to be installed, shall propose to him the following or similiar questions:

1. Are you now willing to take the charge of this congre-

gation, as their pastor, agreeably to your declaration at accepting their call?

2. Do you conscientiously believe and declare, as far as you know your own heart, that in taking upon you this charge, you are influenced by a sincere desire to promote the glory of God, and the good of his church?

3. Do you solemnly promise, that by the assistance of the grace of God, you will endeavour faithfully to discharge all the duties of a pastor to this congregation; and will be careful to maintain a deportment in all respects becoming a minister of the gospel of Christ, agreeably to your ordination engagements?

To all these having received satisfactory answers, he shall propose to the people the same or like questions as those directed under the head of ordination; which having been also satisfactorily answered, by holding up the right hand in testimony of assent, he shall solemnly pronounce and declare the said minister to be regularly constituted the pastor of that congregation. A charge shall then be given to both parties, as directed in the case of ordination; and, after prayer, and singing a psalm adapted to the transaction, the congregation shall be dismissed with the usual benediction.

VII. It is highly becoming, that, after the solemnity of the instalment, the heads of families of that congregation who are then present, or at least the elders and those appointed to take care of the temporal concerns of that church, should come forward to their pastor, and give him their right hand, in token of cordial reception and affectionate regard.

CHAPTER XVII.—OF RESIGNING A PASTORAL CHARGE.

WHEN any minister shall labour under such grievances in his congregation, as that he shall desire leave to resign his pastoral charge, the Presbytery shall cite the congregation to appear, by their commissioners, at their next meeting, to show cause, if any they have, why the Presbytery should not accept the resignation. If the congregation fail to appear, or if their reasons for retaining their pastor be deemed by the Presbytery insufficient, he shall have leave granted to resign his pastoral charge, of which due record shall be made; and that church shall be held to be vacant, till supplied again, in an orderly manner, with another minister; and if any congregation shall desire to be released from their pastor, a similar process, *mutatis mutandis*, shall be observed.

CHAPTER XVIII.—OF MISSIONS.

WHEN vacancies become so numerous in any Presbytery

that they cannot be supplied with the frequent administration of the word and ordinances, it shall be proper for such Presbytery, or any vacant congregation within their bounds, with the leave of the Presbytery, to apply to any other Presbytery, or to any Synod, or to the General Assembly, for such assistance as they can afford. And, when any Presbytery shall send any of their ministers or probationers to distant vacancies, the missionary shall be ready to produce his credentials to the Presbytery or Presbyteries, through the bounds of which he may pass, or at least to a committee thereof, and obtain their approbation. And the General Asssembly may, of their own knowledge, send missionaries to any part to plant churches, or to supply vacancies: and, for this purpose, may direct any Presbytery to ordain evangelists, or ministers without relation to particular churches: *provided always*, that such missions be made with the consent of the parties appointed; and that the judicatory sending them, make the necessary provision for their support and reward in the performance of this service.

CHAPTER XIX.—OF MODERATORS.

I. IT is equally necessary in the judicatories of the church, as in other assemblies, that there should be a moderator or president; that the business may be conducted with order and dispatch.

II. The moderator is to be considered as possessing, by delegation from the whole body, all authority necessary for the preservation of order; for convening and adjourning the judicatory; and directing its operations according to the rules of the church. He is to propose to the judicatory every subject of deliberation that comes before them. He may propose what appears to him the most regular and speedy way of bringing any business to issue. He shall prevent the members from interrupting each other; and require them, in speaking, always to address the chair. He shall prevent a speaker from deviating from the subject, and from using personal reflections. He shall silence those who refuse to obey order. He shall prevent members who attempt to leave the judicatory without leave obtained from him. He shall, at a proper season, when the deliberations are ended, put the question and call the votes. If the judicatory be equally divided, he shall possess the casting vote. If he be not willing to decide, he shall put the question a second time; and if the judicatory be again equally divided, and he decline to give his vote, the question shall be lost. In all questions he shall give a con-

cise and clear state of the object of the vote; and the vote being taken, shall then declare how the question is decided. And he shall likewise be empowered, on any extraordinary emergency, to convene the judicatory, by his circular letter, before the ordinary time of meeting.

III. The moderator of the Presbytery shall be chosen from year to year, or at every meeting of the Presbytery, as the Presbytery may think best. The moderator of the Synod, and of the General Assembly, shall be chosen at each meeting of those judicatories: and the moderator, or, in case of his absence, another member appointed for the purpose, shall open the next meeting with a sermon, and shall hold the chair till a new moderator be chosen.

CHAPTER XX.—OF CLERKS.

EVERY judicatory shall choose a clerk, to record their transactions, whose continuance shall be during pleasure. It shall be the duty of the clerk, besides recording the transactions, to preserve the records carefully; and to grant extracts from them, whenever properly required: and such extracts, under the hand of the clerk, shall be considered as authentic vouchers of the fact which they declare, in any ecclesiastical judicatory, and to every part of the church.

CHAPTER XXI.—OF VACANT CONGREGATIONS ASSEMBLING FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

CONSIDERING the great importance of weekly assembling the people, for the public worship of God; in order thereby to improve their knowledge; to confirm them in their habits of worship, and their desire of the public ordinances; to augment their reverence for the most high God; and to promote the charitable affections which unite men most firmly in society: it is recommended, that every vacant congregation meet together, on the Lord's-day, at one or more places, for the purpose of prayer, singing praises, and reading the Holy Scriptures, together with the works of such approved divines, as the Presbytery, within whose bounds they are, may recommend, and they may be able to procure; and that the elders or deacons be the persons who shall preside, and select the portions of Scripture, and of the other books to be read; and to see that the whole be conducted in a becoming and orderly manner.

CHAPTER XXII.—OF COMMISSIONERS TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

I. THE commissioners to the General Assembly shall always be appointed by the Presbytery from which they come,

at its last stated meeting, immediately preceding the meeting of the General Assembly; provided, that there be a sufficient interval between that time and the meeting of the Assembly, for their commissioners to attend to their duty in due season; otherwise, the Presbytery may make the appointment at any stated meeting, not more than seven months preceding the meeting of the Assembly. And as much as possible to prevent all failure in the representation of the Presbyteries, arising from unforeseen accidents to those first appointed, it may be expedient for each Presbytery, in the room of each commissioner, to appoint also an alternate commissioner to supply his place, in case of necessary absence.

II. Each commissioner, before his name shall be enrolled as a member of the Assembly, shall produce from his Presbytery, a commission under the hand of the moderator and clerk, in the following or like form: viz.

"The Presbytery of —— being met at —— on the — day of —— doth hereby appoint ——— bishop of the congregation of —— [or —— ruling elder in the congregation of ——— as the case may be;] (to which the Presbytery may, if they think proper, make a substitution in the following form) "or in case of his absence, then ——— bishop of the congregation of —— [or —— ruling elder in the congregation of —— as the case may be;] to be a commissioner, on behalf of this Presbytery, to the next General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, to meet at —— on the — day of —— A. D. — or wherever and whenever the said Assembly may happen to sit; to consult, vote, and determine, on all things that may come before that body, according to the principles and constitution of this church, and the word of God. And of his diligence herein, he is to render an account at his return.

Signed by order of the Presbytery,

—— —— *Moderator,*

—— —— *Clerk.*"

And the Presbytery shall make record of the appointment.

III. In order, as far as possible, to procure a respectable and full delegation to all our judicatories, it is proper that the expenses of ministers and elders in their attendance on these judicatories, be defrayed by the bodies which they respectively represent.

DIRECTORY FOR THE WORSHIP OF GOD

IN THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.*

CHAPTER I.—OF THE SANCTIFICATION OF THE LORD'S DAY.

I. It is the duty of every person to remember the Lord's day; and to prepare for it, before its approach. All worldly business should be so ordered, and seasonably laid aside, as that we may not be hindered thereby from sanctifying the Sabbath as the Holy Scriptures require.

II. The whole day is to be kept holy to the Lord; and to be employed in the public and private exercises of religion. Therefore, it is requisite, that there be a holy resting, all the day, from unnecessary labours; and an abstaining from those recreations which may be lawful on other days; and also, as much as possible, from worldly thoughts and conversation.

III. Let the provisions for the support of the family on that day, be so ordered, that servants or others be not improperly detained from the public worship of God; nor hindered from sanctifying the Sabbath.

IV. Let every person and family, in the morning, by secret and private prayer, for themselves and others, especially for the assistance of God to their minister, and for a blessing upon his ministry, by reading the Scriptures, and by holy meditation, prepare for communion with God in his public ordinances.

V. Let the people be careful to assemble at the appointed time; that, being all present at the beginning, they may unite, with one heart, in all the parts of public worship; and let none unnecessarily depart, till after the blessing be pronounced.

VI. Let the time after the solemn services of the congregation in public are over, be spent in reading, meditation, repeating of sermons, catechising, religious conversation, prayer for a blessing upon the public ordinances, the singing of psalms, hymns, or spiritual songs; visiting the sick, relieving the poor, and in performing such like duties of piety, charity, and mercy.

* The Scripture-warrant for what is specified in the various articles of this directory, will be found at large in the Confession of Faith and Catechisms, in the places where the subjects are treated in a doctrinal form.

CHAPTER II.—OF THE ASSEMBLING OF THE CONGREGATION, AND THEIR BEHAVIOUR DURING DIVINE SERVICE.

I. When the time appointed for public worship is come, let the people enter the church, and take their seats in a decent, grave, and reverent manner.

II. In time of public worship, let all the people attend with gravity and reverence; forbearing to read any thing, except what the minister is then reading or reciting; abstaining from all whisperings, from salutations of persons present, or coming in; and from gazing about, sleeping, smiling, and all other indecent behaviour.

CHAPTER III.—OF THE PUBLIC READING OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

I. The reading of the Holy Scriptures, in the congregation, is a part of the public worship of God, and ought to be performed by the ministers and teachers.

II. The Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, shall be publicly read, from the most approved translation, in the vulgar tongue, that all may hear and understand.

III. How large a portion shall be read at once, is left to the discretion of every minister: however, in each service, he ought to read, at least one chapter; and more, when the chapters are short, or the connexion requires it. He may, when he thinks it expedient, expound any part of what is read; always having regard to the time, that neither reading, singing, praying, preaching, or any other ordinance, be disproportionate the one to the other; nor the whole rendered too short, or too tedious.

CHAPTER IV.—OF THE SINGING OF PSALMS.

I. It is the duty of Christians to praise God, by singing psalms, or hymns, publicly in the church, as also privately in the family.

II. In singing the praises of God, we are to sing with the spirit and with the understanding also; making melody in our hearts unto the Lord. It is also proper, that we cultivate some knowledge of the rules of music; that we may praise God in a becoming manner with our voices, as well as with our hearts.

III. The whole congregation should be furnished with books, and ought to join in this part of worship. It is proper to sing without parcelling out the psalm, line by line. The practice of reading the psalm, line by line, was introduced in times of ignorance, when many in the congregation could not read: therefore, it is recommended that it be laid aside, as far as convenient.

IV. The proportion of the time of public worship to be spent in singing, is left to the prudence of every minister: but it is recommended, that more time be allowed for this excellent part of divine service than has been usual in most of our churches.

CHAPTER V.—OF PUBLIC PRAYER.

I. It seems very proper to begin the public worship of the sanctuary by a short prayer; humbly adoring the infinite majesty of the living God; expressing a sense of our distance from him as creatures, and unworthiness as sinners; and humbly imploring his gracious presence, the assistance of his Holy Spirit in the duties of his worship, and his acceptance of us through the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

II. Then, after singing a psalm, or hymn, it is proper that, before sermon, there should be a full and comprehensive prayer. *First*, Adoring the glory and perfections of God, as they are made known to us in the works of creation, in the conduct of providence, and in the clear and full revelation he hath made of himself in his written word. *Second*, Giving thanks to him for all his mercies of every kind, general and particular, spiritual and temporal, common and special; above all, for Christ Jesus, his unspeakable gift, and the hope of eternal life through him. *Third*, Making humble confession of sin, both original and actual; acknowledging, and endeavouring to impress the mind of every worshipper with a deep sense of, the evil of all sin, as such, as being a departure from the living God; and also taking a particular and affecting view of the various fruits which proceed from this root of bitterness:—as sins against God, our neighbour, and ourselves; sins in thought, in word, and in deed; sins secret and presumptuous; sins accidental and habitual: also, the aggravations of sin, arising from knowledge, or the means of it; from distinguishing mercies; from valuable privileges; from breach of vows, &c. *Fourth*, Making earnest supplication for the pardon of sin, and peace with God, through the blood of the atonement, with all its important and happy fruits; for the Spirit of sanctification, and abundant supplies of the grace that is necessary to the discharge of our duty; for support and comfort, under all the trials to which we are liable, as we are sinful and mortal; and for all temporal mercies that may be necessary, in our passage through this valley of tears: always remembering to view them as flowing in the channel of covenant love, and intended to be subservient to the pre-

servation and progress of the spiritual life. *Fifth*, Pleading from every principle warranted in Scripture; from our own necessity; the all-sufficiency of God; the merit and intercession of our Saviour; and the glory of God in the comfort and happiness of his people. *Sixth*, Intercession for others, including the whole world of mankind; the kingdom of Christ, or his church universal; the church or churches with which we are more particularly connected; the interest of human society in general, and in that community to which we immediately belong; all that are invested with civil authority; the ministers of the everlasting gospel; and the rising generation: with whatever else, more particular, may seem necessary, or suitable, to the interest of that congregation where divine worship is celebrated.

III. Prayer after sermon, ought generally to have a relation to the subject that has been treated of in the discourse; and all other public prayers, to the circumstances that gave occasion for them.

IV. It is easy to perceive, that in all the preceding directions there is a very great compass and variety; and it is committed to the judgment and fidelity of the officiating pastor to insist chiefly on such parts, or to take in more or less of the several parts, as he shall be led to by the aspect of Providence; the particular state of the congregation in which he officiates; or the disposition and exercise of his own heart at the time. But we think it necessary to observe, that although we do not approve, as is well known, of confining ministers to set, or fixed forms of prayer for public worship; yet it is the indispensable duty of every minister, previously to his entering on his office, to prepare and qualify himself for this part of his duty, as well as for preaching. He ought, by a thorough acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, by reading the best writers on the subject, by meditation, and by a life of communion with God in secret, to endeavour to acquire both the spirit and the gift of prayer. Not only so, but when he is to enter on particular acts of worship, he should endeavour to compose his spirit, and to digest his thoughts for prayer, that it may be performed with dignity and propriety, as well as to the profit of those who join in it; and that he may not disgrace that important service by mean, irregular, or extravagant effusions.

CHAPTER VI.—OF THE PREACHING OF THE WORD.

I. THE preaching of the word being an institution of God for the salvation of men, great attention should be paid to the

manner of performing it. Every minister ought to give diligent application to it; and endeavour to prove himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed; rightly dividing the word of truth.

II. The subject of a sermon should be some verse or verses of Scripture; and its object, to explain, defend, and apply some part of the system of divine truth; or, to point out the nature, and state the bounds and obligation, of some duty. A text should not be merely a motto, but should fairly contain the doctrine proposed to be handled. It is proper also that large portions of Scripture be sometimes expounded, and particularly improved, for the instruction of the people in the meaning and use of the Sacred Oracles.

III. The method of preaching requires much study, meditation, and prayer. Ministers ought, in general, to prepare their sermons with care; and not to indulge themselves in loose, extemporary harangues; nor to serve God with that which cost them nought. They ought, however, to keep to the simplicity of the gospel; expressing themselves in language agreeable to Scripture, and level to the understanding of the meanest of their hearers; carefully avoiding ostentation, either of parts or learning. They ought also to adorn, by their lives, the doctrine which they teach; and to be examples to the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.

IV. As one primary design of public ordinances is to pay social acts of homage to the *Most High God*, ministers ought to be careful not to make their sermons so long as to interfere with or exclude the more important duties of prayer and praise; but preserve a just proportion between the several parts of public worship.

V. The sermon being ended, the minister is to pray, and return thanks to Almighty God: then let a psalm be sung; a collection raised for the poor, or other purposes of the church; and the assembly dismissed with the apostolic benediction.

VI. It is expedient that no person be introduced to preach in any of the churches under our care, unless by the consent of the pastor or church session.

CHAPTER VII.—OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF BAPTISM.

I. BAPTISM is not to be unnecessarily delayed; nor to be administered in any case by any private person; but by a minister of Christ, called to be the steward of the mysteries of God.

II. It is usually to be administered in the church, in the presence of the congregation; and it is convenient that it be performed immediately after sermon.

III. After previous notice is given to the minister, the child to be baptized is to be presented by one or both the parents, signifying their desire that the child may be baptized.

IV. Before baptism, let the minister use some words of instruction, respecting the institution, nature, use, and ends of this ordinance; showing,

"That it is instituted by Christ; that it is a seal of the righteousness of faith; that the seed of the faithful have no less a right to this ordinance, under the gospel, than the seed of Abraham to circumcision, under the Old Testament; that Christ commanded all nations to be baptized; that he blessed little children, declaring that of such is the kingdom of heaven; that children are federally holy, and therefore ought to be baptized; that we are, by nature, sinful, guilty, and polluted, and have need of cleansing by the blood of Christ, and by the sanctifying influences of the Spirit of God."

The minister is also to exhort the parents to the careful performance of their duty; requiring,

"That they teach the child to read the word of God; that they instruct it in the principles of our holy religion as contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament; an excellent summary of which we have in the Confession of Faith of this church, and in the Larger and Shorter Catechisms of the Westminster Assembly, which are to be recommended to them, as adopted by this church, for their direction and assistance, in the discharge of this important duty; that they pray with and for it; that they set an example of piety and godliness before it; and endeavour, by all the means of God's appointment, to bring up their child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

V. Then the minister is to pray for a blessing to attend this ordinance; after which, calling the child by its name, he shall say,

"I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

As he pronounces these words, he is to baptize the child with water, by pouring or sprinkling it on the face of the child, without adding any other ceremony: and the whole shall be concluded with prayer.

Although it is proper that baptism be administered in the presence of the congregation; yet there may be cases when it will be expedient to administer this ordinance in private houses; of which the minister is to be the judge.

CHAPTER VIII.—OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

I. THE communion, or supper of the Lord, is to be celebrated frequently; but how often may be determined by the minister and eldership of each congregation, as they may judge most for edification.

II. The ignorant and scandalous are not to be admitted to the Lord's supper.

III. It is proper that public notice should be given to the congregation, at least the Sabbath before the administration of this ordinance, and that, either then, or on some day of the week, the people be instructed in its nature, and a due preparation for it; that all may come in a suitable manner to this holy feast.

IV. When the sermon is ended, the minister shall show,

"That this is an ordinance of Christ; by reading the words of institution, either from one of the evangelists, or from 1 Cor. xi. *chapter;* which, as to him may appear expedient, he may explain and apply; that it is to be observed in remembrance of Christ, to show forth his death till he come; that it is of inestimable benefit, to strengthen his people against sin; to support them under troubles; to encourage and quicken them in duty; to inspire them with love and zeal; to increase their faith and holy resolution; and to beget peace of conscience, and comfortable hopes of eternal life."

He is to warn the profane, the ignorant, and scandalous, and those that secretly indulge themselves in any known sin, not to approach the holy table. On the other hand, he shall invite to this holy table, such as, sensible of their lost and helpless state by sin, depend upon the atonement of Christ for pardon and acceptance with God; such as, being instructed in the gospel doctrine, have a competent knowledge to discern the Lord's body, and such as desire to renounce their sins, and are determined to lead a holy and godly life.

V. The table, on which the elements are placed, being decently covered, the bread in convenient dishes, and the wine in cups, and the communicants orderly and gravely sitting around the table, (or in their seats before it,) in the presence of the minister; let him set the elements apart by prayer and thanksgiving.

The bread and wine being thus set apart by prayer and thanksgiving, the minister is to take the bread, and break it, in the view of the people, saying, in expressions of this sort,

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, on the same night in which he was betrayed, having taken bread, and blessed and broken it,

gave it to his disciples; as I, ministering in his name, give this bread unto you; saying, [here the bread is to be distributed] Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me."

After having given the bread, he shall take the cup, and say,

"After the same manner our Saviour also took the cup; and having given thanks, as hath been done in his name, he gave it to the disciples; saying, [while the minister is repeating these words let him give the cup] This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for many, for the remission of sins: drink ye all of it."

The minister himself is to communicate, at such time as may appear to him most convenient.

The minister may, in a few words, put the communicants in mind,

"Of the grace of God, in Jesus Christ, held forth in this sacrament; and of their obligation to be the Lord's; and may exhort them to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they are called; and, as they have professedly received Christ Jesus the Lord, that they be careful so to walk in him, and to maintain good works."

It may not be improper for the minister to give a word of exhortation also to those who have been only spectators, reminding them,

"Of their duty; stating their sin and danger, by living in disobedience to Christ, in neglecting this holy ordinance; and calling upon them to be earnest in making preparation for attending upon it, at the next time of its celebration."

Then the minister is to pray and give thanks to God,

"For his rich mercy, and invaluable goodness, vouchsafed to them in that sacred communion; to implore pardon for the defects of the whole service; and to pray for the acceptance of their persons and performances; for the gracious assistance of the Holy Spirit, to enable them, as they have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so to walk in him; that they may hold fast that which they have received, that no man take their crown; that their conversation may be as becometh the gospel; that they may bear about with them, continually, the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be manifested in their mortal body; that their light may so shine before men, that others, seeing their good works, may glorify their Father who is in heaven."

The collection for the poor, and to defray the expense of the elements, may be made after this; or at such other time as may seem meet to the eldership.

Now let a psalm or hymn be sung, and the congregation dismissed with the following or some other gospel benediction:

"Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. *Amen.*"

VI. As it has been customary, in some parts of our church, to observe a fast before the Lord's supper; to have a sermon on Saturday and Monday; and to invite two or three ministers on such occasions; and as these seasons have been blessed to many souls, and may tend to keep up a stricter union of ministers and congregations; we think it not improper that they who choose, it may continue in this practice.

CHAPTER IX.—OF THE ADMISSION OF PERSONS TO SEALING ORDINANCES.

I. CHILDREN, born within the pale of the visible church, and dedicated to God in baptism, are under the inspection and government of the church; and are to be taught to read, and repeat the catechism, the apostle's creed, and the Lord's prayer. They are to be taught to pray, to abhor sin, to fear God, and to obey the Lord Jesus Christ. And, when they come to years of discretion, if they be free from scandal, appear sober and steady, and to have sufficient knowledge to discern the Lord's body, they ought to be informed it is their duty and their privilege to come to the Lord's supper.

II. The years of discretion, in young Christians, cannot be precisely fixed. This must be left to the prudence of the eldership. The officers of the church are the judges of the qualifications of those to be admitted to sealing ordinances; and of the time when it is proper to admit young Christians to them.

III. Those who are to be admitted to sealing ordinances, shall be examined as to their knowledge and piety.

IV. When unbaptized persons apply for admission into the church, they shall, in ordinary cases, after giving satisfaction with respect to their knowledge and piety, make a public profession of their faith, in the presence of the congregation; and thereupon be baptized.

CHAPTER X.—OF THE MODE OF INFLICTING CHURCH CENSURES.

I. THE power which Christ hath given the rulers of his

church is for edification and not for destruction. As, in the preaching of the word, the wicked are, doctrinally, separated from the good; so, by discipline, the church authoritatively makes a distinction between the holy and the profane. In this she acts the part of a tender mother, correcting her children only for their good, that every one of them may be presented faultless, in the day of the Lord Jesus.

II. When any member of the church shall have been guilty of a fault, deserving censure, the judicatory shall proceed with all tenderness, and restore their offending brother in the spirit of meekness; considering themselves, lest they also be tempted. Censure ought to be inflicted with great solemnity; that it may be the means of impressing the mind of the delinquent with a proper sense of his danger, while he stands excluded from the privileges of the church of the living God; and that, with the divine blessing, it may lead him to repentance.

III. When the judicatory has resolved to pass sentence, suspending a member from church privileges, the moderator shall address him to the following purpose:

"Whereas you are guilty [by your own confession, or convicted by sufficient proof, as the case may be] of the sin of [here mention the particular offence] we declare you suspended from the sacraments of the church, till you give satisfactory evidence of the sincerity of your repentance." To this shall be added such advice, admonition, or rebuke, as may be judged necessary; and the whole shall be concluded by prayer to Almighty God, that he would follow this act of discipline with his blessing. We judge it prudent, in general, that such censures be inflicted in the presence of the judicatory only; but, if any church think it expedient to rebuke the offender publicly, this solemn suspension from the sacraments may be in the presence of the congregation.

IV. After any person hath been thus suspended from the sacraments, it is proper that the ministers, and elders, and other Christians, should frequently converse with him, as well as pray for him in private, that it would please God to give him repentance. And it may be requisite, likewise, particularly on days preparatory to the dispensing of the Lord's supper, that the prayers of the church be offered up for those unhappy persons who, by their wickedness, have shut themselves out from this holy communion.

V. When the judicatory shall be satisfied as to the reality of the repentance of any offender, he shall be admitted to profess his repentance; and be restored to the privileges of the

church; which restoration shall be declared to the penitent in the presence of the session, or of the congregation, and followed with prayer and thanksgiving.

VI. When any offender has been adjudged to be cut off from the communion of the church, it is proper that the sentence be publicly pronounced against him.

VII. The design of excommunication is, to operate upon the offender as a means of reclaiming him; to deliver the church from the scandal of his offence; and to inspire all with fear, by the example of his punishment.

The minister shall give the church or congregation a short narrative of the several steps which have been taken with respect to their offending brother, and inform them, that it has been found necessary to cut him off from the communion: and shall in the presence of the church or congregation pronounce this sentence, in the following or like form: viz.

He shall begin by showing the authority of the church to cast out unworthy members, from Matt. xviii. 15—18; 1 Cor. v. 1—5; and shall briefly explain the nature, use, and consequences of this censure; warning the people to avoid all unnecessary intercourse with him who is cast out.

Then he shall say,

"Whereas A. B. hath been, by sufficient proof, convicted of [here insert the sin] and after much admonition and prayer, obstinately refuseth to hear the church, and hath manifested no evidence of repentance; therefore, in the name, and by the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ, I pronounce him to be excluded from the communion of the church."

After which, prayer shall be made that the blessing of God may follow his ordinance, for the conviction and reformation of the excommunicated person, and for the establishment of all true believers.

VIII. When one who hath been excommunicated shall be so affected with his state as to be brought to repentance, and to desire to be re-admitted to the privileges of the church; the session, having obtained sufficient evidence of his sincere penitence, shall, with the advice and concurrence of the presbytery, restore him. In order to which, the minister shall, on two Lord's days previous thereto, inform the congregation of the measures which have been taken with the excommunicated person, and of the resolution of the session to receive him again to the communion of the church.

On the day appointed for his restoration, when the other parts of divine service are ended, before pronouncing the blessing, the minister shall call upon the excommunicated

person, and propose to him, in the presence of the congregation, the following questions:

"Do you, from a deep sense of your wickedness freely confess your sin, in thus rebelling against God, and in refusing to hear his church, and do you acknowledge that you have been in justice and mercy cut off from the communion of the saints? *Answer*, I do. Do you now voluntarily profess your sincere repentance and deep contrition, for your sin and obstinacy: and do you humbly ask the forgiveness of God, and of his church? *Answer*, I do. Do you sincerely promise through divine grace, to live in all humbleness of mind and circumspection; and to endeavour to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour, by having your conversation as becometh the gospel? *Answer*, I do."

Here the minister shall give the penitent a suitable exhortation, addressing him in the bowels of brotherly love, encouraging and comforting him. Then he shall pronounce the sentence of restoration, in the following words:

"Whereas you, A. B., have been shut out from the communion of the faithful, but have now manifested such repentance as satisfies the church; in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by his authority, I declare you absolved from the sentence of excommunication formerly denounced against you; and I do receive you into the communion of the church, that you may be a partaker of all the benefits of the Lord Jesus, to your eternal salvation."

The whole shall be concluded with prayer, and the people dismissed with the usual blessing.

CHAPTER XI.—OF THE SOLEMNIZATION OF MARRIAGE.

I. MARRIAGE is not a sacrament; nor peculiar to the church of Christ. It is proper that every commonwealth, for the good of society, make laws to regulate marriage; which all citizens are bound to obey.

II. Christians ought to marry in the Lord: therefore it is fit that their marriage be solemnized by a lawful minister; that special instruction may be given them, and suitable prayers made, when they enter into this relation.

III. Marriage is to be between one man and one woman only: and they are not to be within the degrees of consanguinity or affinity prohibited by the word of God.

IV. The parties ought to be of such years of discretion as to be capable of making their own choice: and if they be under age, or live with their parents, the consent of the parents or others, under whose care they are, ought to be previously ob-

tained and well certified to the minister, before he proceeds to solemnize the marriage.

V. Parents ought neither to compel their children to marry contrary to their inclinations, nor deny their consent without just and important reasons.

VI. Marriage is of a public nature. The welfare of civil society, the happiness of families, and the credit of religion, are deeply interested in it. Therefore the purpose of marriage ought to be sufficiently published a proper time previously to the solemnization of it. It is enjoined on all ministers to be careful that, in this matter, they neither transgress the laws of God, nor the laws of the community: and that they may not destroy the peace and comfort of families, they must be properly certified with respect to the parties applying to them, that no just objections lie against their marriage.

VII. Marriage must always be performed before a competent number of witnesses; and at any time, except on a day of public humiliation. And we advise that it be not on the Lord's day. And the minister is to give a certificate of the marriage when required.

VIII. When the parties present themselves for marriage, the minister is to desire, if there is any person present who knows any lawful reason why these persons may not be joined together in the marriage relation, that they will now make it known or ever after hold their peace.

No objections being made, he is then severally to address himself to the parties to be married, in the following or like words:

"You, the man, declare in the presence of God, that you do not know any reason by precontract or otherwise, why you may not lawfully marry this woman."

Upon his declaring he does not, the minister shall address himself to the bride, in the same or similar terms:

"You, the woman, declare in the presence of God, that you do not know any reason, by precontract or otherwise, why you may not lawfully marry this man."

Upon her declaring she does not, he is to begin with prayer, for the presence and blessing of God.

The minister shall then proceed to give them some instruction from the Scriptures, respecting the institution and duties of this state, showing,

"That God hath instituted marriage for the comfort and happiness of mankind, in declaring a man shall forsake his father and mother, and cleave unto his wife; and that marriage is honourable in all; that he hath appointed various

duties, which are incumbent upon those who enter into this relation; such as, a high esteem and mutual love for one another; bearing with each other's infirmities and weaknesses, to which human nature is subject in its present lapsed state; to encourage each other under the various ills of life; to comfort one another in sickness; in honesty and industry to provide for each other's temporal support; to pray for and encourage one another in the things which pertain to God, and to their immortal souls; and to live together as the heirs of the grace of life."

Then the minister shall cause the bridegroom and bride to join their hands, and shall pronounce the marriage covenant, first to the man, in these words:

"You take this woman, whom you hold by the hand, to be your lawful and married wife; and you promise, and covenant, in the presence of God and these witnesses, that you will be unto her a loving and faithful husband, until you shall be separated by death."

The bridegroom shall express his consent, by saying, "Yes, I do."

Then the minister shall address himself to the woman, in these words:

"You take this man, whom you hold by the hand, to be your lawful and married husband; and you promise, and covenant, in the presence of God and these witnesses, that you will be unto him a loving, faithful, and obedient wife, until you shall be separated by death."

The bride shall express her consent, by saying, "Yes, I do."

Then the minister is to say,

"I pronounce you husband and wife, according to the ordinance of God; whom therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

After this the minister may exhort them in a few words, to the mutual discharge of their duty.

Then let him conclude with prayer suitable to the occasion.

Let the minister keep a proper register for the names of all persons whom he marries, and of the time of their marriage, for the perusal of all whom it may concern.

CHAPTER XII.—OF THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

I. When persons are sick, it is their duty, before their strength and understanding fail them, to send for their minister and to make known to him, with prudence, their spiritual

state; or to consult him on the concerns of their precious souls. And it is his duty to visit them, at their request, and to apply himself with all tenderness and love, to administer spiritual good to their immortal souls.

II. He shall instruct the sick out of the Scriptures, that diseases arise not out of the ground, nor do they come by chance; but that they are directed and sent by a wise and holy God, either for correction of sin, for the trial of grace, for improvement in religion, or for other important ends: and that they shall work together for good to all those who make a wise improvement of God's visitation, neither despising his chastening hand, nor fainting under his rebukes.

III. If the minister finds the sick person to be grossly ignorant, he shall instruct him in the nature of repentance and faith, and the way of acceptance with God, through the mediation and atonement of Jesus Christ.

IV. He shall exhort the sick to examine himself, to search his heart, and try his former ways, by the word of God; and shall assist him, by mentioning some of the obvious marks and evidences of sincere piety.

V. If the sick shall signify any scruple, doubt, or temptation, under which he labours, the minister must endeavour to resolve his doubts, and administer instruction and direction, as the case may seem to require.

VI. If the sick appear to be a stupid, thoughtless, and hardened sinner, he shall endeavour to awaken his mind; to arouse his conscience; to convince him of the evil and danger of sin; of the curse of the law, and the wrath of God due to sinners; to bring him to an humble and penitential sense of his iniquities; and to state before him the fulness of the grace and mercy of God, in and through the glorious Redeemer; the absolute necessity of faith and repentance, in order to his being interested in the favour of God, or his obtaining everlasting happiness.

VII. If the sick person shall appear to have knowledge, to be of a tender conscience, and to have been endeavouring to serve God in uprightness, though not without many failings and sinful infirmities; or if his spirit be broken with a sense of sin, or through apprehensions of the want of the divine favour; then it will be proper to administer consolation and encouragement to him, by setting before him the freeness and riches of the grace of God, the all-sufficiency of the righteousness of Christ, and the supporting promises of the gospel.

VIII. The minister must endeavour to guard the sick per-

son against ill-grounded persuasions of the mercy of God, without a vital union to Christ; and against unreasonable fears of death, and desponding discouragements; against presumption upon his own goodness and merit, upon the one hand, and against despair of the mercy and grace of God in Jesus Christ, on the other.

IX. In one word, it is the minister's duty to administer to the sick person instruction, conviction, support, consolation or encouragement, as his case may seem to require.

At a proper time, when he is most composed, the minister shall pray with and for him.

X. Lastly, the minister may improve the present occasion to exhort those about the sick, to consider their mortality; to turn to the Lord and make their peace with him; in health to prepare for sickness, death and judgment.

CHAPTER XIII.—OF THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

I. When any person departs this life, let the corpse be taken care of in a decent manner; and be kept a proper and sufficient time before interment.

II. When the season for the funeral comes, let the dead body be decently attended to the grave, and interred. During such solemn occasions, let all who attend conduct themselves with becoming gravity; and apply themselves to serious meditation or discourse: and the minister, if present, may exhort them to consider the frailty of life, and the importance of being prepared for death and eternity.

CHAPTER XIV.—OF FASTING, AND OF THE OBSERVATION OF DAYS OF THANKSGIVING.

I. There is no day under the gospel commanded to be kept holy, except the Lord's day, which is the Christian Sabbath.

II. Nevertheless, to observe days of fasting and thanksgiving, as the extraordinary dispensations of divine providence may direct, we judge both scriptural and rational.

III. Fasts and thanksgivings may be observed by individual Christians, or families, in private; by particular congregations; by a number of congregations contiguous to each other; by the congregations under the care of a presbytery, or of a synod; or by all the congregations of our church.

IV. It must be left to the judgment and discretion of every Christian and family, to determine when it is proper to observe a private fast or thanksgiving; and to the church-sessions to determine for particular congregations; and to the presbyteries or synods to determine for larger districts.

When it is deemed expedient that a fast or thanksgiving should be general, the call for them must be judged of by the Synod or General Assembly. And if at any time the civil power should think it proper to appoint a fast or thanksgiving, it is the duty of the ministers and people of our communion, as we live under a Christian government, to pay all due respect to the same.

V. Public notice is to be given a convenient time before the day of fasting or thanksgiving comes, that persons may so order their temporal affairs, that they may properly attend to the duties thereof.

VI. There shall be public worship upon all such days: and let the prayers, psalms, portions of Scripture to be read, and sermons, be all in a special manner adapted to the occasion.

VII. On fast days, let the minister point out the authority and providences calling to the observation thereof; and let him spend a more than usual portion of time in solemn prayer, particular confession of sin, especially of the sins of the day and place, with their aggravations, which have brought down the judgments of heaven. And let the whole day be spent in deep humiliation and mourning before God.

VIII. On days of thanksgiving, he is to give the like information respecting the authority and providences which call to the observance of them; and to spend a more than usual part of the time in the giving of thanks, agreeably to the occasion, and in singing psalms or hymns of praise.

It is the duty of the people on these days to rejoice with holy gladness of heart; but let trembling be so joined with our mirth, that no excess or unbecoming levity be indulged.

CHAPTER XV.—THE DIRECTORY FOR SECRET AND FAMILY WORSHIP.

I. BESIDES the public worship in congregations, it is the indispensable duty of each person, alone, in secret; and of every family, by itself, in private, to pray to, and worship God.

II. Secret worship is most plainly enjoined by our Lord. In this duty every one, apart by himself, is to spend some time in prayer, reading the Scriptures, holy meditation, and serious self-examination. The many advantages arising from a conscientious discharge of these duties, are best known to those who are found in the faithful discharge of them.

II. Family worship, which ought to be performed by every

family, ordinarily morning and evening, consists in prayer, reading the Scriptures, and singing praises.

IV. The head of the family, who is to lead in this service, ought to be careful that all the members of his household duly attend; and that none withdraw themselves unnecessarily from any part of family worship; and that all refrain from their common business while the Scriptures are read, and gravely attend to the same, no less than when prayer or praise is offered up.

V. Let the heads of families be careful to instruct their children and servants in the principles of religion. Every proper opportunity ought to be embraced for such instruction. But we are of opinion, that the Sabbath evenings, after public worship, should be sacredly preserved for this purpose. Therefore we highly disapprove of paying unnecessary private visits on the Lord's day; admitting strangers into the families, except when necessity or charity requires it; or any other practices, whatever plausible pretences may be offered in their favour, if they interfere with the above important and necessary duty.

THE

SHORTER CATECHISM.

Q. 1. *What is the chief end of man?*

A. Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy him for ever.

Q. 2. *What rule hath God given to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy him?*

A. The word of God, which is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, is the only rule to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy him.

Q. 3. *What do the Scriptures principally teach?*

A. The Scriptures principally teach what man is to believe concerning God, and what duty God requires of man.

Q. 4. *What is God?*

A. God is a Spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth.

Q. 5. *Are there more Gods than one?*

A. There is but one only, the living and true God.

Q. 6. *How many persons are there in the Godhead?*

A. There are three persons in the Godhead; the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one God, the same in substance, equal in power and glory.

Q. 7. *What are the decrees of God?*

A. The decrees of God are his eternal purpose, according to the counsel of his will, whereby, for his own glory, he hath fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass.

Q. 8. *How doth God execute his decrees?*

A. God executeth his decrees in the works of creation and providence.

Q. 9. *What is the work of creation?*

A. The work of creation is God's making all things of nothing, by the word of his power, in the space of six days, and all very good.

Q. 10. *How did God create man?*

A. God created man, male and female, after his own image, in knowledge, righteousness, and holiness, with dominion over the creatures.

Q. 11. *What are God's works of providence?*

A. God's works of providence are his most holy, wise, and powerful preserving and governing all his creatures and all their actions.

Q. 12. *What special act of providence did God exercise toward man in the estate wherein he was created?*

A. When God had created man he entered into a covenant of life with him, upon condition of perfect obedience; forbidding him to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, upon the pain of death.

Q. 13. *Did our first parents continue in the estate wherein they were created?*

A. Our first parents being left to the freedom of their own will, fell from the estate wherein they were created, by sinning against God.

Q. 14. *What is sin?*

A. Sin is any want of conformity unto, or transgression of, the law of God.

Q. 15. *What was the sin whereby our first parents fell from the estate wherein they were created?*

A. The sin whereby our first parents fell from the estate wherein they were created, was their eating the forbidden fruit.

Q. 16. *Did all mankind fall in Adam's first transgression?*

A. The covenant being made with Adam, not only for himself, but for his posterity, all mankind, descending from him by ordinary generation, sinned in him, and fell with him, in his first transgression.

Q. 17. *Into what estate did the fall bring mankind?*

A. The fall brought mankind into an estate of sin and misery.

Q. 18. *Wherein consists the sinfulness of that estate whereinto man fell?*

A. The sinfulness of that estate whereinto man fell, consists in the guilt of Adam's first sin, the want of original righteousness, and the corruption of his whole nature, which is commonly called original sin, together with all actual transgressions which proceed from it.

Q. 19. *What is the misery of that estate whereinto man fell?*

A. All mankind by their fall, lost communion with God, are under his wrath and curse, and so made liable to all the miseries of this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell for ever.

Q. 20. *Did God leave all mankind to perish in the estate of sin and misery?*

A. God having, out of his mere good pleasure, from all eternity, elected some to everlasting life, did enter into a cove-

nant of grace, to deliver them out of the estate of sin and misery, and to bring them into an estate of salvation, by a Redeemer.

Q. 21. *Who is the Redeemer of God's elect?*

A. The only Redeemer of God's elect is the Lord Jesus Christ, who, being the eternal Son of God, became man, and so was, and continueth to be God and man, in two distinct natures, and one person for ever.

Q. 22. *How did Christ, being the Son of God, become man?*

A. Christ, the Son of God, became man, by taking to himself a true body and a reasonable soul; being conceived by the power of the Holy Ghost, in the womb of the virgin Mary, and born of her, yet without sin.

Q. 23. *What offices doth Christ execute as our Redeemer?*

A. Christ, as our Redeemer, executeth the offices of a prophet, of a priest, and of a king, both in his estate of humiliation and exaltation.

Q. 24. *How doth Christ execute the office of a prophet?*

A. Christ executeth the office of a prophet, in revealing to us, by his word and Spirit, the will of God for our salvation.

Q. 25. *How doth Christ execute the office of a priest?*

A. Christ executeth the office of a priest, in his once offering up himself a sacrifice to satisfy divine justice, and reconcile us to God, and in making continual intercession for us.

Q. 26. *How doth Christ execute the office of a king?*

A. Christ executeth the office of a king, in subduing us to himself, in ruling and defending us, and in restraining and conquering all his and our enemies.

Q. 27. *Wherein did Christ's humiliation consist?*

A. Christ's humiliation consisted in his being born, and that in a low condition, made under the law, undergoing the miseries of this life, the wrath of God, and the cursed death of the cross; in being buried, and continuing under the power of death for a time.

Q. 28. *Wherein consisteth Christ's exaltation?*

A. Christ's exaltation consisteth in his rising again from the dead on the third day, in ascending up into heaven, in sitting at the right hand of God the Father, and in coming to judge the world at the last day.

Q. 29. *How are we made partakers of the redemption purchased by Christ?*

A. We are made partakers of the redemption purchased by Christ, by the effectual application of it to us by his Holy Spirit.

Q. 30. *How doth the Spirit apply to us the redemption purchased by Christ?*

A. The Spirit applieth to us the redemption purchased by Christ, by working faith in us, and thereby uniting us to Christ in our effectual calling.

Q. 31. *What is effectual calling?*

A. Effectual calling is the work of God's Spirit, whereby, convincing us of our sin and misery, enlightening our minds in the knowledge of Christ, and renewing our wills, he doth persuade and enable us to embrace Jesus Christ, freely offered to us in the gospel.

Q. 32. *What benefits do they that are effectually called, partake of in this life?*

A. They that are effectually called, do in this life partake of justification, adoption, and sanctification, and the several benefits which in this life do either accompany or flow from them.

Q. 33. *What is justification?*

A. Justification is an act of God's free grace, wherein he pardoneth all our sins, and accepteth us as righteous in his sight, only for the righteousness of Christ, imputed to us, and received by faith alone.

Q. 34. *What is adoption?*

A. Adoption is an act of God's free grace, whereby we are received into the number, and have a right to all the privileges of the sons of God.

Q. 35. *What is sanctification?*

A. Sanctification is the work of God's free grace, whereby we are renewed in the whole man after the image of God, and are enabled more and more to die unto sin, and live unto righteousness.

Q. 36. *What are the benefits which in this life do accompany or flow from justification, adoption, and sanctification?*

A. The benefits which in this life do accompany or flow from justification, adoption, and sanctification, are, assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, joy in the Holy Ghost, increase of grace, and perseverance therein to the end.

Q. 37. *What benefits do believers receive from Christ at death?*

A. The souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory; and their bodies being still united to Christ, do rest in their graves till the resurrection.

Q. 38. *What benefits do believers receive from Christ at the resurrection?*

A. At the resurrection, believers being raised up in glory, shall be openly acknowledged and acquitted in the day of judgment, and made perfectly blessed in the full enjoying of God to all eternity.

Q. 39. *What is the duty which God requireth of man?*

A. The duty which God requireth of man is obedience to his revealed will.

Q. 40. *What did God at first reveal to man for the rule of his obedience?*

A. The rule which God at first revealed to man for his obedience was the moral law.

Q. 41. *Wherein is the moral law summarily comprehended?*

A. The moral law is summarily comprehended in the ten commandments.

Q. 42. *What is the sum of the ten commandments?*

A. The sum of the ten commandments is to love the Lord our God, with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our strength, and with all our mind; and our neighbour as ourselves.

Q. 43. *What is the preface to the ten commandments?*

A. The preface to the ten commandments is in these words, *I am the Lord thy God which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.*

Q. 44. *What doth the preface to the ten commandments teach us?*

A. The preface to the ten commandments teacheth us, that because God is the Lord, and our God and Redeemer, therefore we are bound to keep all his commandments.

Q. 45. *Which is the first commandment?*

A. The first commandment is, *Thou shalt have no other gods before me.*

Q. 46. *What is required in the first commandment?*

A. The first commandment requireth us to know and acknowledge God to be the only true God, and our God, and to worship and glorify him accordingly.

Q. 47. *What is forbidden in the first commandment?*

A. The first commandment forbiddeth the denying, or not worshipping and glorifying the true God as God, and our God, and the giving of that worship and glory to any other which is due to him alone.

Q. 48. *What are we especially taught by these words, "before me," in the first commandment?*

A. These words, "*before me*," in the first commandment, teach us, that God, who seeth all things, taketh notice of,

and is much displeased with the sin of having any other God.

Q. 49. *Which is the second commandment?*

A. The second commandment is, *Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me: and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.*

Q. 50. *What is required in the second commandment?*

A. The second commandment requireth the receiving, observing, and keeping pure and entire, all such religious worship and ordinances as God hath appointed in his word.

Q. 51. *What is forbidden in the second commandment?*

A. The second commandment forbiddeth the worshipping of God by images, or any other way not appointed in his word.

Q. 52. *What are the reasons annexed to the second commandment?*

A. The reasons annexed to the second commandment are, God's sovereignty over us, his propriety in us, and the zeal he hath to his own worship.

Q. 53. *Which is the third commandment?*

A. The third commandment is, *Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.*

Q. 54. *What is required in the third commandment?*

A. The third commandment requireth the holy and reverent use of God's names, titles, attributes, ordinances, word, and works.

Q. 55. *What is forbidden in the third commandment?*

A. The third commandment forbiddeth all profaning or abusing of any thing whereby God maketh himself known.

Q. 56. *What is the reason annexed to the third commandment?*

A. The reason annexed to the third commandment is, that however the breakers of this commandment may escape punishment from men, yet the Lord our God will not suffer them to escape his righteous judgment.

Q. 57. *Which is the fourth commandment?*

A. The fourth commandment is, *Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour and do all*

thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Q. 58. *What is required in the fourth commandment?*

A. The fourth commandment requireth the keeping holy to God such set times as he hath appointed in his word, especially one whole day in seven, to be a holy Sabbath to himself.

Q. 59. *Which day of the seven hath God appointed to be the weekly Sabbath?*

A. From the beginning of the world to the resurrection of Christ, God appointed the seventh day of the week to be the weekly Sabbath, and the first day of the week ever since, to continue to the end of the world, which is the Christian Sabbath.

Q. 60. *How is the Sabbath to be sanctified?*

A. The Sabbath is to be sanctified by a holy resting all that day, even from such worldly employments and recreations as are lawful on other days, and spending the whole time in the public and private exercises of God's worship, except so much as is to be taken up in the works of necessity and mercy.

Q. 61. *What is forbidden in the fourth commandment?*

A. The fourth commandment forbiddeth the omission or careless performance of the duties required, and the profaning the day by idleness, or doing that which is in itself sinful, or by unnecessary thoughts, words, or works, about our worldly employments or recreations.

Q. 62. *What are the reasons annexed to the fourth commandment?*

A. The reasons annexed to the fourth commandment are, God's allowing us six days of the week for our own employments, his challenging a special propriety in the seventh, his own example, and his blessing the Sabbath day.

Q. 63. *Which is the fifth commandment?*

A. The fifth commandment is, *Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*

Q. 64. *What is required in the fifth commandment?*

A. The fifth commandment requireth the preserving the honour, and performing the duties belonging to every one in

their several places and relations, as superiors, inferiors, or equals.

Q. 65. *What is forbidden in the fifth commandment?*

A. The fifth commandment forbiddeth the neglecting of, or doing any thing against, the honour and duty which belongeth to every one in their several places and relations.

Q. 66. *What is the reason annexed to the fifth commandment?*

A. The reason annexed to the fifth commandment is a promise of long life and prosperity, (as far as it shall serve for God's glory and their own good,) to all such as keep this commandment.

Q. 67. *Which is the sixth commandment?*

A. The sixth commandment is, *Thou shalt not kill.*

Q. 68. *What is required in the sixth commandment?*

A. The sixth commandment requireth all lawful endeavours to preserve our own life and the life of others.

Q. 69. *What is forbidden in the sixth commandment?*

A. The sixth commandment forbiddeth the taking away of our own life, or the life of our neighbour unjustly, or whatsoever tendeth thereunto.

Q. 70. *Which is the seventh commandment?*

A. The seventh commandment is, *Thou shalt not commit adultery.*

Q. 71. *What is required in the seventh commandment?*

A. The seventh commandment requireth the preservation of our own and our neighbour's chastity, in heart, speech, and behaviour.

Q. 72. *What is forbidden in the seventh commandment?*

A. The seventh commandment forbiddeth all unchaste thoughts, words, and actions.

Q. 73. *Which is the eighth commandment?*

A. The eighth commandment is, *Thou shalt not steal.*

Q. 74. *What is required in the eighth commandment?*

A. The eighth commandment requireth the lawful procuring and furthering the wealth and outward estate of ourselves and others.

Q. 75. *What is forbidden in the eighth commandment?*

A. The eighth commandment forbiddeth whatsoever doth or may unjustly hinder our own or our neighbour's wealth or outward estate.

Q. 76. *Which is the ninth commandment?*

A. The ninth commandment is, *Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.*

Q. 77. *What is required in the ninth commandment?*

A. The ninth commandment requireth the maintaining and promoting of truth between man and man, and of our own and our neighbour's good name, especially in witness-bearing.

Q. 78. *What is forbidden in the ninth commandment?*

A. The ninth commandment forbiddeth whatsoever is prejudicial to truth, or injurious to our own, or our neighbour's good name.

Q. 79. *Which is the tenth commandment?*

A. The tenth commandment is, *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.*

Q. 80. *What is required in the tenth commandment?*

A. The tenth commandment requireth full contentment with our own condition, with a right and charitable frame of spirit toward our neighbour, and all that is his.

Q. 81. *What is forbidden in the tenth commandment?*

A. The tenth commandment forbiddeth all discontentment with our own estate, envying or grieving at the good of our neighbour, and all inordinate motions and affections to any thing that is his.

Q. 82. *Is any man able perfectly to keep the commandments of God?*

A. No mere man, since the fall, is able in this life, perfectly to keep the commandments of God, but doth daily break them in thought, word, and deed.

Q. 83. *Are all transgressions of the law equally heinous?*

A. Some sins in themselves, and by reason of several aggravations, are more heinous in the sight of God than others.

Q. 84. *What doth every sin deserve?*

A. Every sin deserveth God's wrath and curse, both in this life, and that which is to come.

Q. 85. *What doth God require of us, that we may escape his wrath and curse due to us for sin?*

A. To escape the wrath and curse of God due to us for sin, God requireth of us faith in Jesus Christ, repentance unto life, with the diligent use of all the outward means whereby Christ communicateth to us the benefits of redemption.

Q. 86. *What is faith in Jesus Christ?*

A. Faith in Jesus Christ is a saving grace, whereby we receive and rest upon him alone for salvation, as he is offered to us in the gospel.

Q. 87. *What is repentance unto life?*

A. Repentance unto life is a saving grace, whereby a sinner, out of a true sense of his sin, and apprehension of the

mercy of God in Christ, doth with grief and hatred of his sin, turn from it unto God, with full purpose of, and endeavour after, new obedience.

Q. 88. *What are the outward and ordinary means, whereby Christ communicateth to us the benefits of redemption?*

A. The outward and ordinary means, whereby Christ communicateth to us the benefits of redemption are his ordinances, especially the word, sacraments and prayer; all which are made effectual to the elect for salvation.

Q. 89. *How is the word made effectual to salvation?*

A. The Spirit of God maketh the reading, but especially the preaching of the word, an effectual means of convincing and converting sinners, and of building them up in holiness and comfort, through faith unto salvation.

Q. 90. *How is the word to be read and heard, that it may become effectual to salvation?*

A. That the word may become effectual to salvation, we must attend thereunto with diligence, preparation, and prayer; receive it with faith and love, lay it up in our hearts, and practice it in our lives.

Q. 91. *How do the sacraments become effectual means of salvation?*

A. The sacraments become effectual means of salvation, not from any virtue in them, or in him that doth administer them; but only by the blessing of Christ, and the working of his Spirit, in them that by faith receive them.

Q. 92. *What is a sacrament?*

A. A sacrament is a holy ordinance, instituted by Christ, wherein, by sensible signs, Christ and the benefits of the new covenant are represented, sealed, and applied to believers.

Q. 93. *Which are the sacraments of the New Testament?*

A. The sacraments of the New Testament are baptism, and the Lord's supper.

Q. 94. *What is baptism?*

A. Baptism is a sacrament, wherein the washing with water, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, doth signify and seal our ingrafting into Christ, and partaking of the benefits of the covenant of grace, and our engagement to be the Lord's.

Q. 95. *To whom is baptism to be administered?*

A. Baptism is not to be administered to any that are out of the visible church, till they profess their faith in Christ, and obedience to him; but the infants of such as are members of the visible church, are to be baptized.

Q. 96. *What is the Lord's supper?*

A. The Lord's supper is a sacrament, wherein, by giving and receiving bread and wine, according to Christ's appointment, his death is showed forth, and the worthy receivers are, not after a corporal and carnal manner, but by faith, made partakers of his body and blood, with all its benefits, to their spiritual nourishment, and growth in grace.

Q. 97. *What is required to the worthy receiving of the Lord's supper?*

A. It is required of them that would worthily partake of the Lord's supper, that they examine themselves of their knowledge to discern the Lord's body, of their faith to feed upon him, of their repentance, love, and new obedience; lest, coming unworthily, they eat and drink judgment to themselves.

Q. 98. *What is prayer?*

A. Prayer is an offering up of our desires unto God, for things agreeable to his will, in the name of Christ, with confession of our sins, and thankful acknowledgment of his mercies.

Q. 99. *What rule hath God given for our direction in prayer?*

A. The whole word of God is of use to direct us in prayer; but the special rule of direction is that form of prayer, which Christ taught his disciples, commonly called, *The Lord's prayer.*

Q. 100. *What doth the preface of the Lord's prayer teach us?*

A. The preface of the Lord's prayer, which is, *Our Father which art in heaven*, teacheth us to draw near to God, with all holy reverence and confidence, as children to a father, able and ready to help us; and that we should pray with and for others.

Q. 101. *What do we pray for in the first petition?*

A. In the first petition, which is, *Hallowed be thy name*, we pray, that God would enable us and others to glorify him in all that whereby he maketh himself known, and that he would dispose all things to his own glory.

Q. 102. *What do we pray for in the second petition*

A. In the second petition, which is, *Thy kingdom come*, we pray, that Satan's kingdom may be destroyed, and that the kingdom of grace may be advanced, ourselves and others brought into it, and kept in it, and that the kingdom of glory may be hastened.

Q. 103. *What do we pray for in the third petition?*

A. In the third petition, which is, *Thy will be done on*

earth as it is in heaven, we pray, that God, by his grace would make us able and willing to know, obey, and submit to his will in all things, as the angels do in heaven.

Q. 104. *What do we pray for in the fourth petition?*

A. In the fourth petition, which is, *Give us this day our daily bread*, we pray, that of God's free gift, we may receive a competent portion of the good things of this life, and enjoy his blessing with them.

Q. 105. *What do we pray for in the fifth petition?*

A. In the fifth petition, which is, *And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors*, we pray, that God, for Christ's sake, would freely pardon all our sins; which we are the rather encouraged to ask, because by his grace we are enabled from the heart to forgive others.

Q. 106. *What do we pray for in the sixth petition?*

A. In the sixth petition, which is, *And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil*, we pray, that God would either keep us from being tempted to sin, or support and deliver us when we are tempted.

Q. 107. *What doth the conclusion of the Lord's prayer teach us?*

A. The conclusion of the Lord's prayer, which is, *For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever, Amen*, teacheth us to take our encouragement in prayer from God only, and in our prayers to praise him, ascribing kingdom, power, and glory to him. And in testimony of our desire and assurance to be heard, we say, *Amen*.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

EXODUS XX.

GOD spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

V. Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.

THE CREED.

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the virgin Mary,

suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; he descended into hell;* the third day he arose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

GENERAL RULES FOR JUDICATORIES.†

1. The moderator shall take the chair precisely at the hour to which the judicatory stands adjourned; shall immediately call the members to order; and, on the appearance of a quorum, shall open the session with prayer.

2. If a quorum be assembled at the hour appointed, and the moderator be absent, the last moderator present shall be requested to take his place without delay.

3. If a quorum be not assembled at the hour appointed, any two members shall be competent to adjourn from time to time, that an opportunity may be given for a quorum to assemble.

4. After calling the roll, and marking the absentees, the minutes of the last sitting shall be read, and, if requisite, corrected.

5. It shall be the duty of the moderator, at all times, to preserve order, and to endeavour to conduct all business before the judicatory to a speedy and proper result.

6. It shall be the duty of the clerk, as soon as possible after the commencement of the sessions of every judicatory, to form a complete roll of the members present, and put the same into the hands of the moderator. And it shall also be the duty of the clerk, whenever any additional members take their seats, to add their names, in their proper places, to the said roll.

* That is, he continued in the state of the dead, and under the power of death, until the third day.

† The following rules, not having been submitted to the presbyteries, make no part of the Constitution of the Presbyterian Church. Yet the General Assembly of 1821, considering uniformity in proceedings in all the subordinate judicatories as greatly conducive to order and despatch of business, and having revised and approved these rules, recommend them to the synods, presbyteries, and sessions, as a system of regulations, which, *if they think proper*, may be advantageously adopted by them.

7. It shall be the duty of the clerk, immediately to file all papers, in the order in which they have been read, with proper indorsements, and to keep them in perfect order.

8. It shall be the duty of the moderator, carefully to keep notes of the several articles of business which may be assigned to particular days, and to call them up at the time appointed.

9. The moderator may speak to points of order, in preference to other members, rising from his seat for that purpose; and shall decide questions of order, subject to an appeal to the judicatory by any two members.

10. Business left unfinished at the last sitting, is ordinarily to be taken up first.

11. A motion made must be seconded, and afterwards repeated by the moderator, or read aloud, before it is debated; and every motion shall be reduced to writing, if the moderator or any member require it.

12. Any member, who shall have made a motion, shall have liberty to withdraw it with the consent of his second, before any debate has taken place thereon; but not afterwards, without the leave of the judicatory.

13. Motions to lay on the table, to take up business, and to adjourn, and the call for the previous question, shall be put without debate. On questions of order, postponement, or commitment, no member shall speak more than once. On all other questions, each member may speak twice, but not oftener, without express leave of the judicatory.

14. When a question is under debate, no motion shall be received, unless to adjourn, to lay on the table, to postpone indefinitely, to postpone to a day certain, to commit, or to amend; which several motions shall have precedence in the order in which they are herein arranged; and the motion for adjournment shall always be in order.

15. An amendment may be moved on any motion, and shall be decided before the original motion.

16. If a motion under debate contains several parts, any two members may have it divided, and a question taken on each part.

17. The previous question shall be in this form; "Shall the main question be now put?" and when demanded by a majority of the members present, shall be put without debate; and until it is decided, shall preclude all amendment and further debate on the main question.

18. If the previous question be decided in the affirmative, the main question shall be immediately put without debate; if in the negative, the debate may proceed.

19. A question shall not be again called up, or reconsidered at the same sessions of the judicatory at which it has been decided, unless by the consent of two-thirds of the members who were present at the decision; and, unless the motion to reconsider be made and seconded by persons who voted with the majority.

20. A subject which has been indefinitely postponed, either by the operation of the previous question, or by a direct motion for indefinite postponement, shall not be again called up during the same sessions of the judicatory, unless by the consent of three-fourths of the members who were present at the decision.

21. Every member, when speaking, shall address himself to the moderator, and shall treat his fellow-members, and especially the moderator, with decorum and respect.

22. Without express permission, no member of a judicatory, while business is going on, shall engage in private conversation; nor shall members address one another, nor any person present, but through the moderator.

23. No speaker shall be interrupted, unless he be out of order, or for the purpose of correcting mistakes or misrepresentations.

24. It is indispensable that members of ecclesiastical judicatories maintain great gravity and dignity while judicially convened; that they attend closely, in their speeches, to the subject under consideration, and avoid prolix and desultory harangues; and when they deviate from the subject, it is the privilege of any member, and the duty of the moderator, to call them to order.

25. No member, in the course of debate, shall be allowed to indulge in personal reflections.

26. If more than one member rise to speak at the same time, the member who is most distant from the moderator's chair shall speak first.

27. When more than three members of the judicatory shall be standing at the same time, the moderator shall require all to take their seats, the person only excepted who may be speaking.

28. If any member act, in any respect, in a disorderly manner, it shall be the privilege of any member, and the duty of the moderator, to call him to order.

29. If any member consider himself as aggrieved by a decision of the moderator, it shall be his privilege to appeal to the judicatory; and the question on such appeal shall be taken without debate.

30. Members ought not, without weighty reasons, to decline voting, as this practice might leave the decision of very interesting questions to a small proportion of the judicatory. Silent members, unless excused from voting, must be considered as acquiescing with the majority.

31. It is the duty of the moderator to appoint all committees, except in those cases in which the judicatory shall decide otherwise.

32. The person first named on any committee, shall be considered as the chairman thereof, whose duty it shall be to convene the committee; and, in case of his absence, or inability to act, the second named member shall take his place, and perform his duties.

33. When various motions are made with respect to the filling of blanks with particular numbers or times, the question shall always be first taken on the highest number, and the longest time.

34. When the moderator has commenced taking the vote, no further debate or remark shall be admitted, unless there has evidently been a mistake; in which case, the mistake shall be rectified, and the moderator shall recommence taking the vote.

35. When a vote is taken by ballot in any judicatory, the moderator shall vote with the other members; but he shall not vote in any other case, unless the judicatory be equally divided; when, if he do not choose to vote, the question shall be lost.

36. The yeas and nays on any question shall not be recorded, unless it be required by one-third of the members present.

37. All judicatories have a right to sit in private, on business which, in their judgment, ought not to be matter of public speculation.

38. Besides the right to sit judicially in private, whenever they think it right to do so, all judicatories have a right to hold what are commonly called "*interlocutory meetings*," or a sort of committees of the whole judicatory, in which members may freely converse together without the formalities which are usually necessary in judicial proceedings.

39. Whenever a judicatory is about to sit in a judicial capacity, it shall be the duty of the moderator, solemnly to announce from the chair, that the body is about to pass to the consideration of the business assigned for trial; and to enjoin on the members to recollect and regard their high character,

as judges of a court of Jesus Christ, and the solemn duty in which they are about to act.

40. In all process before a judicatory, where there is an accuser, or prosecutor, it is expedient that there be a committee of the judicatory appointed, (provided the number of members be sufficient to admit of it without inconvenience) who shall be called the *Judicial Committee;* and whose duty it shall be, to digest and arrange all the papers, and to prescribe, under the direction of the judicatory, the whole order of the proceedings. The members of this committee shall be entitled, notwithstanding their performance of this duty, to sit and vote in the cause as members of the judicatory.

41. But in cases of process on the ground of *general rumour*, where there is, of course, no particular accuser, there may be a committee appointed, (if convenient) who shall be called the *Committee of Prosecution*, and who shall conduct the whole cause on the part of the prosecution. The members of this committee shall not be permitted to sit in judgment in the case.

42. No member shall retire from any judicatory, without the leave of the moderator, nor withdraw from it to return home, without the consent of the judicatory.

43. The moderator of every judicatory, above the church session, in finally closing its sessions, in addition to prayer, may cause to be sung an appropriate psalm or hymn, and shall pronounce the apostolical benediction.

THE END